¶ A Dialogue
betweene *Experience* and
a *Courtier*, of the miſerable ſtate
of the worlde.

Compiled in the Scottiſh tung
by Syr Dauid Lindſey *Knight, a man of*
great learning and ſcience:

Firſt turned and made perfect En-
gliſhe: And now the ſeconde time cor-
rected and amended according
to the firſt Copie.

A worke very pleaſant and profi-
table for all Eſtates, but chiefly for
Gentlemen, and ſuche as are in
aucthoritie.

Heerevnto alſo are annexed certein other
Works inuented by the ſayde Knight, as
may more at large appeare in
a Table following.

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mas Purfoote.

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An Epiſtle to the Reader.

PLato the Prince of Philoſophers perfectly perceyuing by proofe of experience, that we are not borne to benefite oure ſelues alone, but lykewiſe our friends, together with the common wealth, & countrey wherin we haue receiued life and lyuing: did not onely commende this ſacred ſaying vnto letters, for profite of poſterity, but alſo laboured to accōpliſh it with toyling trauaile and great anxietie. For how much he hath deſerued, as well of ſtraungers ſtudious in vertue, as of his owne natiue nation: his worthy workes, & deuine volumes moſt abundanly declare and teſtifie. Whoſe counſell & example, diuers men diuerſly haue followed, ſtudying rather the wealth of many than the eaſe & pleaſure of one. But in my iudgement, they are firſt to be regiſtred in the booke of fame, who by their watch and labour, *leaue in letters, ornatly and pleaſantly penned, the ſtate and condicion of former time, wherin (as it were in a glaſſe) what end, doings good or euil haue had, we may clearely ſee & behold. Therfore the Author of this booke meriteth no ſmal praiſe: who being a Gentleman, borne of a worſhipfull houſe, had his childhood furniſhed with good letters, as he that was plaifelow with the Prince: & after that ſpent all his youthe, and mooſt of his age in the Court, where, for his wiſdome, grauitie, & learning, he was alwaies occupyed in the mooſt waightie affaires of the kingdome. And now, after he came vnto crooked old age, applied himſelfe to write ſuch things as the court had taught him by experiēce, for the behoofe and inſtruction of others. But what inditeth he? the ſemely ſights? the pleſure or delights? the bliſſe & brauery of the Court? nothing leſſe: but the miſery, the chaunge, & inſtabilitie of the world.*

world. Why (I pray you) is that to be learned in the Court? In no place ſoner, for the higher a tree groweth, the more he is ſubiect to the blaſt and tempeſt: ſo that if the roote be loſened & ſhaken, moſt great & feareful is the fall therof, as in this worke by many reaſons and examples, is made moſt plaine and manifeſt. Therfore I will no longer deteine thee (gentle Reader) from reading ſo fruitfull a booke, but now keepe ſilence, that thou maiſt heare himſelfe ſpeake therof.

Farewell.

To the Byer of this booke.

Reade and regard, thẽ grateful gaine
Thou ſhalt receiue hereby,
Both to requiite thy coſt and paine,
Though deare thou do it bye.
Thy Pecocks pride it pulleth down,
Thy hart to honour bent:
It tells thee how fortune cã frowne,
and take that ſhe had lent.
It telles thee how the loweſt tree
The wind doth ſeldome blow,
But thoſe that are growen vpon hie,
Doth often ouerthrow.
Therfore to heauen lift vp thy hart,
This world is ſhort and vaine:
Then from it willingly depart,
With God in ioyes to reigne.

FINIS.

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The Prologe.

Muſing and marueling on the miſerie
That doth on earth frō day to day increace,
And on the troublouſe inſtabilitie
Proceeding of the reſtleſſe buſineſſe,
Wherwith yͤ moſt part do their minds oppreſſe
Inordinatly through hungry couetice,
Vaine glorionſneſſe, deceypt, and other vice.

When tumbling in my bed I could not reſt,
I went forth earely in a morne of May,
To ſeeke ſome comfort for my combred breſt:
And ere freſhe Phebus gan to cheere the day,
Into a pleaſant parke I toke my way,
Which natures art had deckt in euery thing,
Where I might heare the birds full ſweetly ſing.

It were a proceſſe ouer long to tell,
What kindly comfort I receyued there,
As how the ſweet & wholeſome herbes did ſmell,
Whereon the Balmy dew hung euery where,
Like orient pearles in dropps right faire & cleere:
Or how the ſent like ſpice and pleaſant odoures,
Proceeded from the yong and tender flowres:

Or how that Phebus that king ethereall
Aſcending ſwiftly in the Orient,
And ſitting in his throne imperiall,
With bright and royall beames reſplendent,
Whoſe lyght from eaſt to weſt on al things went,
Did comfort euery creature bodily,
That nature formeth vnderneath the ſky.

And how his purple nightgowne and his gray
Imbroydred morning mantle he aſyde,
Within his Eaſtrne palace gan to lay,
To meete with him againe at euening tyde,
When weſtward he his fyrie ſteeds ſhould guide:
And roſe in robe more glorious vnto ſyght,
Thā burniſht gold or precious ſtones moſt bright

But horned Phebee Ladie of the night,
Who keeps by kynd another lower race,
Whē once hir ſoueraigne lord was come in ſight,
Wext pale and dim, and caſt vpon hir face,
A miſty veyle, and ſo did in like cace
The goddeſſe Venus, ſutle Mercurie,
Unfreendly Mars, and Ioue that rules the ſkye.

And crabbed Saturne with his griſly looke,
Perceiuing Titan with his beames moſt bright
Aboue the earth, no longer leyſure tooke,
But gatte him thence full quickly out of ſyght,
And durſt not ſhew himſelfe againe till nyght,
The plough, ỳ Beares & other ſtars which whole
Are wont to ſhyne about the Artike pole

To ſayling ſhippes, directly them to guide
Amid the ſtormie waues in cheerleſſe nyght,
Within their froſtie circle did them hide:
And all the other ſtarres which take their lyght
ſheading foorth of Titans beames moſt bright,
Durſt not that day within the ſkye appeare,
Till he had paſſed all our hemiſpheere.

Me thought it was a heauenly ſight to ſee,
So Angelike freſh Phebus to aſcend,
In firie chariot moſt tryumphantly
Whoſe bewtie bright I could not comprehend:

All worldly care anone did from me wend,
When Flora freſh ſpred forth hir Tapiſtrie
Wrought by dame Nature fyne and curiouſly,

Well peynted out with many heauenly hewes,
And cheered with the ryſing of their king,
Among the bloſſoms on the tender bowes,
Which did prouoke my hart for ioy to ſpring,
No noiſe of wynd or wether then did ring:
Men might a far heare the pleaſant ſound:
Of birdes whoſe ſonges did vp to heuen reboūd.

The gallant Peacocke propd his feathers fayre,
The mirthfull Mauis made greate melodie,
The luſtie Larke aſcending in the aire
Recorded all hir notes right cunningly:
The goldſmith gay, the Merle rihgt merily,
The pleaſant tunes of Noble Nyghtingales
Rang through mountaines, medowes, wods, and (dales

At ſyght of this melodious harmonie,
How euery bird himſelfe did forth aduance,
To greet dame Nature with their melodie.
I ſtode me gaſing more than halfe in traunce,
To heere them kepe their kindly obſeruaunce
So royall that all the rocks did ring,
With cheerfull reere of ſong that they did ſing.

But now I loſe my tyme thus to reherſe
Such frutleſſe matters, whoſe deſcription
Set downe in rude ragged homely verſe,
Can yelde no good edification,
Conſydering how that myne intent theron
Is to bewaile mens wretched miſeries,
Their endleſſe toyles and ſore calamities,

Whyles they be dwelling in this vale of ſorrow,
But matters ſad I ſadly muſt indyte,
Cherefull termes behoues it me to borrow
To ſet forth mourning things without delight.
In dolefull termes now therfore I wryght,
With ſobbing ſyghes that from the ſpleene aryſe,
And bytter teares diſtilling from mine eyes.

No vaine and heatheniſh inuocation,
To learned Minerua on Melpomenee,
I mynd to make, nor ſupplication
For helpe to Clio or Calliopee:
Such feyned Muſes cannot further me,
Apollo, Juno, Joue, and Proſerpyne,
Erictho, and Euterp are no Gods of myne.

Although to Poets they be comforting:
Yet ſith I am not of their liuery,
I craue of them no kynd of mayntening.
For in Parnaſus I did neuer lye
A ſleepe, as did the Poetes, ſpecially
The eloquent and cunning Ennius.
I neuer dranke with ſweet Heſiodus,

The cheefe of Grecian Poets, of the well
Of Hellicon which gyueth eloquence,
To ſuch as drinke therof as Poets tell:
Wherfore I owe to them no reuerence,
Ne mynd to yeeld vp any obedience
To ſuch lewd Muſes made of Mawmetrie
Afore tymes vſed in fooliſh Poetrie.

The rauining Rhaminuſe goddeſſe of deſpite
Myght be to me a Muſe right couenable,
If I deſyrde ſuch helpers to indite

This mourning matter mad and miſerable,
I muſt go ſeeke a muſe more comfortable,
And ſuch fond ſuperſtition quite refuſe
Beſeching God alone to be my muſe.

By whoſe gret wiſdome euery thing is wrought
The ſkyes aboue with tall their ornaments,
For he creating all things euen of nought,
Set the earth amids the other Elements.
That Muſe mind I to ſeeke for all euents,
Which gaue true wiſdome vnto Salomon,
To Dauid grace, and ſtrength vnto Sampſon,

And of the fiſher Peter made a preacher,
And by the power of his high dietie,
Of cruel Saule made Paule a fruitfull teacher:
His high and farre ſurmounting maieſtie
Muſt I beſech ryght lowly on my knee,
That with his holy Ghoſt he me inſpire,
To vtter nought againſt his iuſt deſire.

His deare ſonne Jeſus alſo I beſeke
Conceiued ſoothly by the holy ſpirite,
Incarnate of the virgin pure and meeke,
In whom the Prophets ſayings had their might
That prince of peace which ruleth all with right,
Which vnder Pilate ſuffered paſſion
Vpon the croſſe for our ſaluation,

And by that cruell death intolerable
Did ſet vs free from bands of Beliall,
Which deede was doubtleſſe ſo auaylable,
That to this howre came neuer man, nor ſhal
Heareafter come to ioy celeſtial,

A.iii. (Although

Heb 9. (Although that he were nere ſo pure and good)
But by the vertue of his precious bloud,

Wherfore in ſted of forked mount Pernaſo,
I will right forth to ſeeke my ſoueraine,
Directly to mount Caluarie now go,
My hart and mynd is very glad and faine
To get a taſt of that moſt ſweet fountaine
Of Helicon, which Longius deepe and wide,
Job.10. By dint of ſpeare hath doluen in his ſyde.

From that freſh fountaine ſprang a famous floud
Which through ẏ world wͭ helthful ſtreames doth
Of Chriſtal water mixt with ſcarlet bloud,(flow
Whoſe waues aboue the higheſt heuens do grow
And yet do waſh all ſinnes away bylow:
And therfore I beſech his influence,
To graunt me wiſedome, grace, and eloquence.

And for to bath me in thoſe ſtreames moſt ſweet,
Which on the croſſe right ſpedily did ſpring,
From his moſt giltleſſe hands and precious feete,
That throgh his grace I may not write ẏ thing
Which ſhall not be to his high honor and lyking,
Without whoſe help ther cã be nothing wrought
Aright in deed, in word, or yet in thought.

Therefore O Lord I pray thy maieſtie,
That as thou diddeſt ſhewe thy poure diuine,
By open proofe in Cane of Galile,
In turning water into pleaſant wyne:
Conuey my matter vnto fruitfull fyne,
And ſaue my ſayinges both from ſhame & ſinne.
Giue eare, for now I purpoſe to beginne.

FINIS.

The first booke of the Monarche.

Courtier.

WIthin that parke I ſaw appeare,
An aged man which drew me neare,
Whoſe berd was well.iii.quarters long,
His heare down both his ſhoulders hõg,
The which as any Snow was white,
Whom to behold I had delight,
His garment Angellike of hew,
Of cullour like the Saphir blew.
Under an Oliue he repoſed,
And of his preſence I reioyſed:
I did ſalute him reuerently,
So did he me right courteouſly,
To ſit downe he required me,
Under the ſhadow of that tree,
To ſaue me from the burning heat,
Amongſt the flowers ſoft and ſweet,
For I was wea ry of walking,
Then we began to fall in talking.
I aſked him his name, with reuerence.
I am (ſaith he) Experience.
Then ſir (ſaide I) ye cannot fayle,
To gyue a needie man counſaile.
Ye ſeeme to be a man of fame,
And ſince Experience is your name,
I pray you father honorable,
Geue me counſaile comfortable.

Experience

What is then thy vocation,
Which makeſt ſuch ſupplication?

Courtier,

I haue alway bin to this hower,
Since I could ride, a Courtier:

Courtier. But now good father I thinke beſt,
By your aduice to lyue at reſt,
And from henceforth to take myne eaſe,
And quietly my God to pleaſe,
And leauing curioſity,
Forſake the Courte and learne to dye.
I oft haue ſayled ouer the ſtrandes,
And trauaild thorow diuers landes,
Both South and North, both Eaſt and Weſt,
Yet find I not the place where reſt
Doth make his habitation,
Without your ſupportation,
When I beleue to be beſt eaſed,
Moſt ſodenly I am diſpleaſed,
From trouble when I faſteſt flye,
Then fynde I moſt aduerſity,
Shew me I pray you hartely,
How I may liue moſt pleaſantly,
To ſerue my God, of kinges the king,
Since I am tyred with trauailing:
And learne for to be content
With quiet lyfe and eaſy rent,
That I may thanke my God therfore,
As though I had a Million more.
Since euery court is variant,
Enuious, ſpitefull, and inconſtant:
Might I vntroubled liue in reſt,
Now in myne age I thinke it beſt,
Experience Thou art a foole ſonne I tell thee,
That to deſire that may not be,
Thinking to haue prerogatiue,
Aboue all wights that are alyue,
Since Adam was created in
Damaſco feeldes yet voyde of ſin,

May no man ſay vnto this houre,
That euer he found the perfect pleaſure,
Nor neuer ſhall till that he ſee
God in his high Maieſtie,
Wherfore prepare thee for to trauell,
For heere mans lyfe is but a battell. Iob.7.
All men begin foorth with to dye,
Euen from their firſt natiuitie:
And walking on they doo proceede,
Till Atropos cut of their threede,
And in the ſhort time that they haue
Betwixt their birthday and their graue,
Thou ſeeſt what mutabilities,
What ſore and great calamities,
what trouble trauell and debate,
Heere reigne in euery mortall ſtate,
Begin at poore and ſimple wightes,
Aſcending vp to noble Knightes,
To mightie Kings and Poteſtates,
And thou ſhalt finde in no eſtates,
Since the beginning generally,
Nor in our time now ſpecially,
But tedious reſtleſſe buſineſſe,
Quite voyde of quiet pleaſantneſſe.
Right prudent father now alas, Courtier.
You tell me here a wofull cace.
Ye ſay that no man to this houre
Hath found in earth a perfect pleaſure,
without vnhappie variaunce:
Since we be thrall to ſuch miſchaunce,
why ſet we ſo our whole intentes
On riches, honour, wealth, and rents?
Sith on the earth is no man ſure
One day vntroubled to endure.

And worſt of all when leaſt we weene,
By cruell death ſuppriſed we beene,
If I your fatherhood durſt demaund,
The cauſe I fayne would vnderſtande:
And alſo father I you pray,
Some former things before me lay,
That hearing others indigence,
I may the more haue patience:
For Hiſtories in tribulation
Are vnto wretches conſolation.

Experience. My ſonne now after my ſmall ſkill,
To thee an anſwere make I will:
And orderly for to beginne,
This miſerie proceedes of ſinne:
But long it were for to define,
How all men do to ſinne incline.
Howbeit ſith ſin ſo ſore doth raigne,
Of iuſtice God muſt ſende vs payne.
Wherefore our God in both his hands
To ſtrike the worlde hath diuers wands.
And after as our ſtate requires,
So giues vs he our rightfull hyres,
With hunger, death and indigence,
Sometime with plague and peſtilence,
And ſometime eke with bloudie bande,
Through cruell warre by ſea and land.
And ſoothly all our miſerie
Proceedes of ſinning vtterly.

Courtier. I pray you father ſhew you me
The cauſe of this fragilitie,
That we are all to ſinne inclinde,
In worke, in worde, and in our minde,
I would the truth were fully ſhowne
Who hath this ſeede among vs ſowne,

And why we are condemde to dye,
And how we may haue remedie.
My ſonne the Scripture hath concluded,
Experience
That men from welfare were excluded
By Adam our progenitour,
Gen. 3.
Of Paradice once the poſſeſſour,
By whoſe moſt wilfull arrogance
Mankinde was brought to this miſchance,
When he was diſobedient
In breaking Gods commaundement,
By counſell of his witleſſe wife
Rom. 5.
He loſt that perfect pleaſant life,
In eating the forbidden tree.
There firſt gan all our myſerie.
So Adam was cauſe principall
That we are now frayle ſinners all.
He brought vpon his generation,
Sinne, death, and eke damnation.
Who ſo will ſay he is no ſinner,
Chriſt ſayth he is a great lyer.
Mankinde ſprong foorth of Adams loynes,
1. John. 1.
And tooke of him fleſh, bloud and bones,
And ſo through Adams qualitie,
To ſinning all inclined be.
But yet my ſonne diſpayre thou not,
For God that all the world hath wrought
Hath made a ſoueraigne remedie,
From ſinne to ſaue vs not to dye,
And from eternall damnation.
Therefore take conſolation,
For God (as Scriptures teſtifie)
Hauing of man ſo much mercy,
Sent downe his onely ſonne Ieſu,
Which lighted in a Virgin true,

And clad his hye diuinitie
With our poore humanitie,
And through his precious bloud ſo wrought,
That from our ſinnes he quite vs brought,
Apo.2. And as in Adam all men dye,
Rom.5. And through our Lorde we riſe on hye,
Hebr.10. And euery man he ſhall releeue,
Which in his bloud doth ſure beleeue,
And ſo to glory we be borne,
The which through Adam are forlorne,
Without that we for lacke of fayth
In him, procure his rightfull wrath.
But firmely who in Chriſt beleeues
Iohn.3.b. Shall be releaſed from all miſcheeues.

Courtier. What fayth is that which you call firme?
Sir let me vnderſtande that tearme.

Experience Fayth without hope and charitie,
Auayleth not my ſonne truely.

Courtier. That charitie I fayne would know.

Experience My ſonne forſooth that ſhall I ſhow:
Fyrſt loue thy God aboue all thing,
Thy neighbour next without feyning,
Doe thou no wrong nor vilanie,
But as thou would were done to thee.
A liuely fayth (as write great Clarkes)
Can neuer be without good warkes,
No more than fyre without ſome might
Of heate, or ſunne without ſome light.
If charitie within thee fayle,
Thy fayth and hope no whit auayle,
The feende hath fayth and quakes for drede,
But yet wantes hope and loue in deede.
Doo all the good that may be wrought,
Without good loue it profites nought,

Where-

Wherfore pray to the Trinitie,
For to ſupport thy charitie.

Experience

Now haue I ſhewde thee as I can,
How father Adam that firſt man,
Brought in this world both death and ſin,
And how Chriſt Ieſu brought life in,
Which in the day of iudgement
Shall vs deliuer from torment,
And bring vs vnto ioy great ſtore,
Which ſhall indure for euermore.
But in this world thou gets no reſt,
I make it to thee manyfeſt.
Therefore my ſonne be diligent,
And learne for to be patient,
Thy truſt vpon the Lorde let reſt,
And then ſhall all turne to the beſt.

Courtier.

Father I thanke you hartely,
Of your comfort and companie
And heauenly conſolation,
Making you ſupplication,
(If I durſt put you to ſuche payne)
That ye would pleaſe to ſhew me playne,
And let me clearely vnderſtande
How Adam brake that God commaunde,
And how through his tranſgreſſion
Were puniſht his ſucceſſion.

Experience

My ſonne if that thou liſt to looke
On Scripture writ in holy booke:
Within the booke of Geneſis,
That Storie there thou ſhalt not miſſe.
And alſo ſundrie cunning Clarkes,
Haue made rehearſall in their warks,
Of Adams fall more decently
A thouſande times, and mo than I

Can write of that vnhappie man:
But I ſhall doe the beſt I can,
Shortly to ſhew that carefull cace,
By furthering helpe of Gods good grace.

An exhortation to the Reader touthe writing of vulgar ſpeeche.

GEntle Reader haue thou no deſpite,
Thinking that I preſumptuouſly intende
In vulgar tong ſo hye matters to write,
But where I miſſe I pray thee it amende,
To the vnlearned I would the cauſe were kend,
Of our miſerable trauell and torment,
And how in earth no place is permanent.

Howbeit that diuers deuout cunning Clarkes,
In Latin tong haue written diuers bookes,
The vnlearned know full little of their warkes,
More than they doo the rauing of the Rookes,
Wherfore to Colliers, Carters, and to Cookes,
To Jacke and Tom rime ſhall be directed,
Of cunning men I know it will be lacked.

Though euery common may not be a Clarke,
Nor other than his mother tong doo know,
Why ſhould of God the wondrous heuẽly warke
Be hid from him? that were not as I trow
Scarſe brotherly. The heauenly king did ſhowe
His law by Moſes from the mountaine Synay, *Exod. 20.*
Not in the Greeke nor Latin I heare ſay.

He wrote the law in tables harde of ſtone,
In their owne language of the Hebrew,
That children, men, and women euery one
Might know the law, and ſo the ſame enſue,
Had he in Latin written neere ſo true,
It had bin to them but an idle ieſt:
Ye may well know, God wrought al for the beſt.

Ariſtotle nor Plato, I heare ſay playne,
Wrote not their Philoſophie naturall
In Dutche nor Frenche, nor ſpeath Italian,
But in their mother tong conueniently,
Whoſe name and fame reigne euerlaſtingly.
The famous Virgill Prince of Poetrie,
Nor Cycero the flower of Oratorie,

Wrote not in Caldey language this is trew,
Nor in the language of the Sarazene,
Nor in the vulgar language of Hebrew:
But in the Romane toung as may be ſeene,
Which was their proper language as I weene.
When Romanes did as Gouernours proceede,
The decked Latin was their ſpeech in deede.

The Romanes hauing once by happy chaunce
Ouer all the worlde obteyned dominion,
Made Latin ſcholes their glory to aduaunce,
That ouer all their language might be common,
And by that meanes in my opinion
They hoped that their Empire ſhould endure,
But they of Fortune were not alway ſure.

Of languages the firſt diuerſitie
Was made by Gods own curſe, when Babylon
Was

Was buylded in the lande of Chaldee,
For then did God ſende that confuſion:
Before the time of that affliction,
There was but one which Adã ſpake himſelue,
Where now of tongs are threeſcore ful & twelue.

Howbeit I thinke it a great pleaſure,
Where cunning men haue languages knowe,
And in their youth by diligent labour,
Haue learned Latin, Greke, and alſo Hebrw:
That I am none of that ſort ſore I rew.
Wherfore I wold all bookes that might vs teach
Our fayth, were altered into common ſpeach.

Chriſt after his moſt glorious aſcent,
To his Diſciples ſent the holy ſprite
In clouen tungs of fyre, to thintent
That hauing ſkill of euery tung, they might
Through all the worlde teach euery man aright
The Chriſtian fayth, and in their mother tong
Deliuer foorth Gods law to olde and yong.

Therefore I thinke it great deriſion,
To heare theſe Nunnes and ſiſters night & day,
Singing and ſaying Pſalmes and Oriſon,
Not knowing what they mumble, ſing, or ſay,
But like a Starling or a Popingay,
Which learned are to ſpeake by long vſage,
And are no wiſer than birds in a cage.

Right ſo children and Ladies of Honours
Pray all in Latin, through the lande ſo wide,
Mumbling their Mattens, Euenſong & howres,
Their Pater noſter, Aue, and the Crede.

It were more pleaſant to their ſprite in deed
To ſay, O God haue mercy on me, ywis,
Than for to ſay, Miſerere mei Deus.

Saint Ierom in his owne tung Romaine,
The law of God did turely tranſlate
From Greeke and Hebrew into Latine plaine,
Which hath bin hid frō vs long time (God wate)
Vnto this time. But after my conceite,
Had Saint Ierom bene borne in Argyle,
Into Iriſhe his bookes he would compile.

Prudent Saint Paule doth make narration, 1 Cor. 14.
Touching the diuers ſpeach of euery land,
Saying, there is more edification,
In ſome fyue words that men did vnderſtand,
Then to pronounce of words ten thouſand
In language ſtraunge, whereof there is no reaſon,
I thinke ſuch pattring is not worth two peaſon.

Vnlearned people on the holy day,
Heere ſolemly the holy goſpell ſung,
Not knowing what the prieſt at all doth ſay,
But as a bell when they do heere it rung.
But if the prieſts would in their mother tung,
The pulpet take, and wholeſome lore declare,
The ſimple people ſhould the better fare.

I would Prelats and Doctours of the law,
With vs lewd people were not diſcontent,
Although we in our vulgar tung did know,
Of Ieſus Chriſt the life and teſtament.
And how to keepen his commaundement:
Both in our language let vs pray and reede,
The praier of our lord and eke our Creede.

I would ſome Prince of great diſcretion,
In vulgar language would tranſlate
The needfull lawes of this religion,
Then would there not be halfe ſo great debate
Amoug vs people of the loweſt ſtate:
If euery man the certein truth did know,
We needed not to intreat theſe men of law.

To do our neighbours wrong we wold beware,
If we did know the rightfull puniſhment,
There would not be ſuch brauling at the bar,
Nor men of law leape to ſuch royall rent:
To keepe the law if all men were content,
And eche man do as he would be done vnto,
The iudges ſhould haue but little ado.

The Prophet Dauid king of Iſraell,
Compild the pleaſant Pſalmes of the Pſalter,
In his owne proper toung as I heere tell:
And Salomon which was his ſonne and heyre,
Did make his booke in his ſpeech vulgar.
Why ſhould not their ſaying to vs be ſhowne,
In our own language I would it were knowne.

Let doctours write their curious queſtions,
And arguments ſo full of ſophiſtry,
Their logicke, and their high opinions,
Their darkſom iudgement of aſtronomy,
Their Phiſike, and their depe Philoſophy:
The glory of their witts let Poets ſeeke,
Where they thinke beſt in Latin or in Greeke.

But let vs haue the bookes that do vs teach
Our owne common welfare and ſaluation,
Tranſlated truely in our mother ſpeach.

And alſo I make to thee ſupplication,
O gentle reader haue no indignation,
Ne thinke I medle with to hie a matter,
Now to my purpoſe forward will I fare.

Here followeth the creation of Adam and Eue.

WHen God had made ẏ heauens ſo bright,
The ſunne, the Moone, for to giue light,
The ſtarry heauen and chriſtalline,
And by his ſapience ſo deuine,
The planets on their circles round,
Whirling about with mery ſound,
Of whom the ſunne was principall,
Iuſt in his line eclipticall,
And gaue by godly ſapience,
To euery ſtarre their influence,
With motion continuall,
Which doth indure perpetuall,
And fartheſt from the hie empire,
The earth the water, ayre, and fyre,
He clad the earth with herbes and trees
All kind of fyſhes in the ſeas,
All kind of beaſtes he did prepare,
With foules ay flying in the ayre:
Thus by his word all things were wrought,
Without materiall made of naught.
And ſo by wiſedome infinite,
Were all things ſet in perfect plight.
When heauen and earth and their contents,
Were ended with their ornaments:
Then laſt of all the Lord began
Of moſt vile earth to make the man,

Not of the Lylly nor of the roſe,
Nor Cipers tree as I ſuppoſe,
Nor yet of gold and precious ſtones,
Of earth he made fleſh bloud and bones.
To that intent god made him thus,
That man ſhould not be glorious,
Nor in himſelfe aught fynd or ſee,
But matter of humilitie.
When man was made as I haue tolde,
God in his face did him behold,
Gen. 2. And brethd on him a liuely ſprite,
When all his works were ſet in plyght.
He made man to his ſimilitude,
Excelling all in pulchritude:
Decked with gifts of dame Nature
Aboue all other earthly creature,
And pleaſantly did him conuay,
Into a region full of ioy
And pleaſure, which did beare the price,
And hight the earthly Paradiſe.
There brought he by his prouidence,
All Beaſts and Birdes to Adams preſence.
And Adam gaue to them anone,
A ſpeciall name to euery one,
And to all things materiall,
He gaue them names eſpeciall,
Now he them named it is vnknowen,
Ne to the worldes ende ſhalbe ſhowen.
Within that garden of delight,
There grew two tres moſt faire to ſyght,
Aboue all other bearing price,
Amid that goodlie Paradice,
The one was calld the tree of lyfe,
The other tree began our ſtryfe,
The tree to know both good and euill,

Which by perſwaſion of the deuill,
Began our miſery and wo,
But let vs to our purpoſe go.
God charged Adam ſaying, ſee
Thou taſte not of this pleaſant tree.
All other fruits of Paradiſe,
He bad him eate at his deuiſe,
Saying if thou eate of that tree,
To double death thou thrall ſhalt be.
Therfore I charge thee to beware,
And from this tree to keepe thee chare.
Yet Father Adam was alone,
Without companion any one:
Then thought the Lord that good it were,
For him to make another helper.
God caſt on Adam ſuch a vapor,
That for to ſleepe he tooke pleaſure,
And laide him downe vpon the ground,
When Adam was ſo ſleeping ſound,
God toke a rib forth from within,
And fyld it vp with fleſhe and ſkyn,
And made a woman of that bone,
Of fayrer forme was neuer none,
Then vnto Adam incontinent,
That faire lady he did preſent:
And Adam ſayd with ioyfull hart
My fleſh, and bone, and bloud thou art.
And woman he did call hir than
Bycauſe ſhe did proceede of man.
But Eua was hir proper name
Bycauſe of hir all mankind came.
Then did the lord them ſanctify,
Saying increace and multiply.
Therfore ſhould men their kin forſake,

And with their wyues their dwelling make,
And for their ſakes leaue father and mother,
And loue them beſt aboue all other.
For God hath ordayned them truely,
To be two ſoules in one body.
My wit is weake for to indite
Their heauenly pleaſure infinite,
There neuer was any earthly creature,
Since that time forth which had ſuch pleaſure,
For they had power imperiall
Aboue all thing materiall.
And as moſt cunning Clarkes conclude,
Adam excelld in pulchritude,
Moſt naturall, the fayreſt man
That euer was ſince world began,
Except Chriſt Ieſu Gods owne ſon,
To whom was no compariſon,
And Eua was the fayreſt creature,
That formed was by nature.
Though they were naked as they were made,
No ſhame they either of other had.
What pleaſure might a man haue more,
Then haue his Lady him before,
So luſty, pleaſant, faire, and perfect,
Redy to ſerue his apetite?
They had no other care I wis,
But paſt the time with ioy and bliſſe,
Wyld beaſts did vnto them repayre,
So did the foules that fly in ayre,
With noiſe that was Angelicall,
Making them mirth moſt muſicall.
The fyſhes ſwymming in the ſtrand,
Would at their pleaſure come to hand.

All creatures eke with one accorde,
Obayd them as their ſoueraine lorde.
They ſuffered neither heat nor colde,
They had what pleaſure that they wold.
Alſo to death they were not thrall,
No more ſhould any of vs all.
For he and all his ſucceſſours
Should haue poſſeſſed all theſe pleaſures,
And from that ioy materiall
Gone to the glory celeſtiall.
They had if I can well diſcriue,
Great ioy in all their wittes fyue,
In hearing, ſeeing, taſting, ſmelling,
Induring there deliteſome dwelling.
Hearing the birdes Armonious,
Taſting the fruite of diuers trees:
Smelling the balmy ſweete odours,
Which did proceede from fragrant flowers:
Seeing ſo many heauenly hewes,
Of bloſſomes breaking on the bowes.
Of touching alſo they had delight,
Eche others bodies ſoft and white,
Howbeit without thoſe pleaſures
Which long to fleſhly paramours.
No maruell though it ſhould ſo be,
Conſydering their great beauty:
And god had giuen them leaue expreſſe,
To multiply and to increaſe,
So that their ſeede and their ſucceſſion.
Might repleniſh euery nation,
I will not tary now to trace
The properties of that goodly place,
To ſhew how herbes, and trees grew greene,
And fayre weather was ſtill there ſeene,
How pleaſant fruites of ſent and taſte

Were alwaies rype and neuer did waſt,
Nor how fayre flowers and other things
Did grow about the ſtreames and ſprings.
That matter clarkes haue ſhewed before,
Wherefore I ſpeake therof no more,
The ſcripture makes no mention,
How long they raigned in that region,
But I beleue the time was ſhort,
As diuers doctours do report.

Of the miſerable tranſgreſſion of Adam.

Courtier. FAther, how happened this miſchaunce,
I pray ye ſhew me the circumſtaunce,
Shewing to me that carefull caſe,
How Adam loſt that pleaſant place
From him and his ſucceſſion,
How came that tranſgreſſion,

Experince. My Sonne, according to my ſkill,
That ruine ſhew to thee I will,
When God the workmaiſter of al,
Within the heauen imperiall
Created all the Angels bright,
He made an Angell moſt of might,
To whom he gaue preheminence
Aboue them all in Sapience,
And for he paſt all other farre,
He named was bright Lucifer:
He was ſo pleaſant and ſo faire,
He thought himſelfe he might compare,
And grew ſo gay and glorious,
He gan to be preſumptuous,

And thought that he would ſet his ſeate
Into the North, and worke his feate
Agaynſt the maieſtie deuine,
Which was the cauſe of his ruine:
For he incurred Gods iuſt yre,
And baniſht was from his Empyre,
With Angels many a legion
That were of his opinion.
Innumerable with him there fell,
Some lighted in the loweſt hell,
Some in the Sea did make repayre,
Some in the earth, ſome in the ayre.
That moſt vnhappie companie
At father Adam had enuie,
Perceyuing Adam and his ſeede
Them in their places ſhould ſucceede:
The Serpent was the ſubtilleſt
Aboue all beaſtes, and craftieſt.
Then Satan with a falſe intent
Did enter into that Serpent,
Imagining ſome craftie wyle,
How he might Adam fyrſt beguile,
And make him breake commaundement:
But to the woman firſt he went,
Truſting the better to auayle.
And therevpon did her aſſayle,
With pleaſant words full falſe and ſlye,
In hope to winde her in thereby.
What is the cauſe Madam (quod he)
That yee forbeare this pleaſant tree,
Which doubtleſſe is moſt precious,
Whoſe fruite is moſt delicious?
I nill (quoth ſhe) thereto accorde,
We are forbidden of the Lorde,

The which hath giuen vs libertie
To eate of euery fruite and tree,
Which groweth within this Paradiſe,
If we it breake we are not wiſe:
The Lord did ſtraightly vs commaunde,
We ſhould not touch it with our hande.
And if we eate it we ſhall dye
Without all doubt or remedie.
Beleeue not that ſayde the Serpent,
Eate ye of it incontinent,
Ye ſhall be filled with ſcience,
And haue perfect intelligence,
Like God himſelfe of euill and good.
Then haſtily where ſhe then ſtood,
Hearing of this prerogatiue,
She pulled downe the fruite beliue,
Through counſell of the falſe Serpent,
And eate of it to that intent,
And put hir huſbande in beleeue,
The pleaſant fruite if he would preue,
That he ſhould be as ſapient
As was the God omnipotent.
Is it not pleaſant ſayde ſhe playne,
That we like God ſhould euer raigne?
When Adam heard thoſe words of hir,
His wauering minde they did ſo ſtir,
That beeing puft with proud ambition,
He eate on that condition.
The cheefeſt poynts of this offence
Were pride and diſobedience,
Deſiring for to be equall
To God the workmaſter of all.
Alas Adam why didſt thou ſo?
Why cauſedſt thou this mortall wo?

Hadſt thou bin conſtant, firme, and ſtable,
Thy glory had bin incomparable.
Where was thy conſideration,
Which hadſt the dominion
Of euery liuing creature
That God had formed by nature?
Tell vs then now by ſad aduice,
Waſt thou not Prince of Paradice?
There was ſince no man aliue
That God gaue ſuch prerogatiue.
He gaue thee ſtrength aboue Sampſon,
And wiſedome more than Salomon,
Yong Abſolon in his time moſt fayre
With thy beautie might not compare.
Ariſtotle thou didſt excell
In hye Philoſophie, truth to tell:
Virgill in all his Poetrie,
Nor Cicero in his Oratorie,
Were neuer halfe ſo eloquent.
Why brakſt then Gods commandement?
Where was thy wit that would not flee
Farre from the preſence of that tree?
Gaue not thy maker thee free will
To take the good and leaue the ill?
How may thy fault be now excuſed
That Gods commaundement haſt refuſed,
Through thy wiues perſuaſion?
Which hath bin the occaſion
Since then that many noble men
By euill counſell of women
All vtterly deſtroyed haue bene,
As in olde Stories may be ſeene,
Which now we neede not to declare,
But forwarde to our purpoſe fare.

When they had eaten of the fruite,
Of ioy then were they deſtitute.
Then gan they both their ſhame to ſee,
It greeued them naked to bee.
They made them breches of leaues greene,
Bicauſe their ſecrets ſhould not be ſeene.
But in the time of innocence
They had no ſuche experience.
But when they were to ſinne ſubiect,
Then ſhame and dread did them detect,
Fled in a buſhe they did them hide,
Gods voyce aſhamed to abide,
Which called Adam by his name.
(Quod he) my Lorde I thinke great ſhame
Naked to come into thy preſence.
Thou had no ſuche experience
(Quod God) when thou waſt innocent,
Why brakeſt thou my commaundement?
Alas (quod Adam to the Lorde)
The veritie I ſhall recorde:
This woman that thou gaueſt me,
Made me eate of that pleaſant tree.
Right ſo the woman hir ſelfe excuſed,
And ſayde, the Serpent me abuſed.
Then to the Serpent God ſayde thus:
O thou deceyuer venemous,
Bicauſe the woman thou haſt beguyled
From hencefoorth thou ſhalt be exiled,
Yea curſt and banned ſhalt thou bee,
So ſhall thy ſeede be after thee.
Colde earth ſhall be thy foode alſo,
Thou creeping on thy breſt ſhalt go:
Alſo I will put enmitie
Betwixt the woman euer and thee,

Betwixt thee and the womans ſeede
Continuall hate ſhall ſtill proceede,
Although thou now haſt wrought their wo,
Yet ſhall it not ay happen ſo.
A ſeede ſhall once of woman grow
Which ſhall thy power quite ouerthrow,
And cruſh thy head as thou ſhalt feele,
And thou ſhalt treade him on the heele.
This ment his promiſe as I weene,
That the immaculate Virgin
Should beare the Prince omnipotent,
Which ſhould tread downe the falſe Serpent,
Satan and all his companie,
And them confounde all vtterly.

Courtier.

Father, if that the prince of hell
Spake in the Serpent as you tell,
And beaſtes can no way ſinne at all:
Why was the Serpent made ſo thrall?
I heare men ſay before that houre
The Serpent had a fayre figure,
And did go ſtreight vpon his feete,
And had his members faſhioned meete.

Experience

As others be vpon the bent,
My ſonne, for he was the inſtrument
To Satan in this myſterie,
Puniſht he was as you may ſee:
As by experience you may know,
Expreſt within the common Law,
When one is caſt for buggeree,
The beaſt is burnt as well as hee,
Howbeit the beaſt is innocent:
And ſo befell of the Serpent.
It was the feende full of deſpite
Of Adams fall that had the wyte,

As he hath had of many mo:
But to our purpoſe let vs go.
Then to the woman for hir offence
God did pronounce this ſhort ſentence:
All pleaſure earſt that did thee follow,
Shall chaunged be to laſting ſorrow.
Whereas thou ſhould with ioy and mirth
All thy life time haue borne thy birth,
Now all thy children ſhalt thou beare
With dolour and continuall care:
And thou ſhalt be for all thou can,
For euer ſubiect to the man.
By this ſentence it is concluded
That women are from libertie excluded,
As by experience ye may ſee
How Queenes of moſt renowmed degree
Are vnder moſt ſubiection,
And ſuffer moſt correction.
For they like birds in euery thing
Are kept in homage to the king:
So all women in their degree
Should to their huſbands ſubiect bee.
Howbeit ſome will ſtriue for ſtate,
And for the maſtry make debate:
If they it want, both euen and morrow
Their huſbands are like to ſuffer ſorrow.
Of Eua they take that qualitie
For to deſire ſoueraintie.
And then to Adam ſayde the Lorde,
Bicauſe thou diddeſt ſo accorde
Thy will and hart to thy wife,
5
Now ſhalt thou loſe this pleaſant life.
Thou waſt to her obedient,
And brakeſt my commaundement,

Curſed and barren the earth ſhall be,
Where euer thou goeſt till that thou dye,
Without labour it ſhall beare no corne,
But thiſtle, nettle, brier and thorne.
For foode thou gets no other thing,
But eate the hearbs in feelds growing.
Sore labouring till thy browes do ſweat
From hencefoorth ſhalt thou win thy meat:
I made thee of the earth certayne,
And into earth thou ſhalt turne agayne.
Then God did make a lethern cote
For eche of them, which ſerud I wote
To keepe them from heate and colde.
Then grew their dolour manyfolde.
Now Adam are ye like to vs,
With your gay garment glorious.
To them theſe words the Lord did ſay,
They cride him mercy both night and day.
Then from that garden with hart full ſore
Baniſht they were for euermore,
Into this wretched vale of ſorow,
To dayly trauell euen and morow.
After whoſe dolorous departing,
The Lorde gaue Paradiſe in keeping
Vnto an angell Cherubin,
That none ſhould after enter in,
For at the entrie he doth ſtande
With flaming fiery ſworde in hande,
To keepe that Adam and his wife
Should taſt no more the tree of lyfe:
For if they of that tree had proued,
Perpetually they might haue liued.
So Adam and his whole ſucceſſion
Of Paradiſe loſt the poſſeſſion,

And by this ſinne originall
Were men to myſerie made thrall.
My ſonne now mayſt thou clearely ſee
This worlde began with myſerie,
With myſerie it doth proceede,
Whoſe ende ſhall dolour be and dread.
Courtier. Father I pray yee what kinde of lyfe,
Led Adam with his luſtie wife,
After their dolefull baniſhing.
Experience My ſonne continuall lamenting,
My hart hath yet compaſſion
How they went wandring vp & downe,
Weeping with many loude alas,
That they had loſt that pleaſant place,
In wilderneſſe to be exilde,
Where they found nought but beaſts moſt wilde
Now threatning them for to deuoure,
Where earſt they had no wil nor power.
Courtier. Father I pray you in what countree
Did Adam lyue, after that he
Was baniſht from that great delyte?
Experience Some Clerkes of Adam thus do write,
How Adam dwelt with mickle bale
In Mamre, in that luſtie vale,
Which after was the Iewiſh lande,
Where yet his Sepulture doth ſtande.
I liſt not tary to diſcriue
The woe of Adam and his wife,
Nor tell how when they had ſonnes two,
Falſe Cayne and Abell, and no mo,
The curſed Cayne for very enuy
Did ſlea his brother cruelly,
Nor of their mourning and their mone,
When they were childleſſe left alone:

Abell lay ſlaine vpon the grounde,
And Caine was gone like a vacabound,
Nor how god of his ſpeciall grace,
Sent them the third ſonne faire of face,
Moſt like Adam of fleſhe and bloud,
Seath was his name, gracious and good,
Nor how blind Lamech rechleſly,
Did ſlay falſe Cayne vnhappily.
Adam (as is in writing ryfe)
Begat of Eue his wofull wife,
Of men children thirtie and two,
And of daughters as many alſo.
By this ye may well vnderſtand,
That Adam ſaw many a thouſand, Gen. 5.
That of his body did diſcend,
Or he out of this world did wend.
For Adam liud in this earth heere
Nine hundred full and thirty yeere,
But wofull yet were all his daies,
Remembring in his mynd alwaies,
Of Paradice the proſperitie,
And eke his great aduerſitie.
His hart did neuer greatly ioy.
For thought that heauen was put away
From him and his ſucceſſion,
And that by his tranſgreſſion.
After his death as I heere tell,
His ſoule diſtended into hell,
And there remayned priſoner
In that dongeon three thouſand yeere,
As did all other bad and good,
Tyll Chriſt for them had ſhed his bloud.
For then by that moſte precious ranſom,
They were deliuered out of priſon.

I haue declared now as I can
The miſery of the firſt man.

Here followeth howe God deſtroyed all lyuing creatures in Earth for ſinne, and drowned them by a terrible floud in the tyme of Noy.

Courtier. PRudent father experience,
Declare to me or ye go hence,
What was the cauſe god did deſtroy
All creatures in the tyme of Noy.
Experince. (My ſon) I tremble for to tell,
That great miſfortune as it fell,
The cauſe is ſo abhominable,
And matter eke ſo miſerable.
But for to ſhew the circumſtaunce,
Now plainly of the ſaid miſchaunce,
Fyrſt I muſt let thee vnderſtand,
How Adam ſtraightly did commaund,
That thoſe which came of Seaths bloud,
Bicauſe they gracious were and good,
Should not contract with Caynes kynne
Which were inclined all to ſinne,
To further that commaundement,
Cayne paſt into the orient.
His wife Calmana with him went,
Which was his ſiſter verament.
His offſpring long did there remaine,
Beſide the Mountaine of Terbane,
And Seath did long time leade his life,
With Delbora his prudent wife,

Which was his Siſter good and fayre,
And in Damaſco kept repayre.
In that countrey of Seath as than
Deſcended many a holy man.
So long as Adam was liuing,
They did obſerue his commaunding:
When he was dead and laid in ground,
The people greatly did abound.
And Caine was ſlaine as I haue ſhowen,
And Seaths dayes all ouer blowen.
The ſonnes then of Seaths race,
Beholding the beauty and comely grace
Of the Ladies of Caynes kinne,
(Howbeit they knew well it was ſinne)
Oppreſt with ſenſuall luſtes rage,
Did take them into mariage,
And ſo corrupted was that bloud,
The good with yll, an yll with good,
Then as the people did increaſe,
They did abound in wickednes.
As holy ſcripture doth rehearſe,
Which I abhorre to put to vearſe.
To tell with toung I am not able,
(The vice was ſo abhominable,)
How men and women ſhamefully
Abuſed themſelues vnnaturally,
Whoſe foule abhomination,
And wicked fornication,
I thinke great ſhame the ſame to write,
That Paule Oroſius did indite,
Which if I ſhould at length declare,
It were inough to fyle the aire.
Great clarkes of old antiquities,
Haue written many hiſtories:

Which worthy are to be commended,
Howbeit they be not comprehended.
At length in the deuine Scripture.
But I ſhal do my buſie cure,
To take the beſt as I ſuppoſe,
That moſt pertaines to my purpoſe,
And with ſupport of Chriſt our kyng,
I purpoſe to confirme nothing
Out of the olde hiſtorience,
Contrary to his excellence,
Howbeit ſome mens traditions,
Againſt Chriſtes inſtitutions,
Of them, though ſomething I declare
Yet let vs now procede further
And with a language lamentable,
Deſcribe this matter miſerable.
Courtier. Father the cauſes would I know
Why they of nature brake the lawe?
Experince. Thou knowſt (my ſonne) that wickednes
Ingendred is thorow idlenes,
The feend with all the craft he can,
When he perceiues an idle man,
Or woman giuen to idleneſſe,
Doth enter eaſly more or leſſe.
Right ſo by this occaſion
And by the feendes perſwation,
The whole world vniuerſally,
Corrupted was all vtterly.
Courtier, What was the cauſe, they idle were?
That caſe (good ſir) to me declare.
By my imagination:
Experience For lacke of vertuous occupation
Of ſciences the vſe was ſmall
No marchandice they vſde at all,

The earth then was ſo plenteous
Of fruit and ſpice delicious,
The herbes were ſo comfortable,
Deliteſome, and ſo mediſinable,
The freſh fountaines ſo redolent,
To labour was not their intent.
All maner of Beaſtes at their pleaſure,
Did multiply without labour.
The time betwixt Adam and Noy,
To ſee the earth it was great ioy,
Planted with precious trees of price.
Foure famous Flouds of Paradice,
In ſundry partes ran thorow the earth,
Sheading their ſtreames, there was no dearth.
The water was ſtrong and fyne,
They would not labour to make wine:
The fruite and herbes were then ſo good,
They tooke no care for other food.
They did not care I you inſure,
But paſt the tyme at their pleaſure,
And new inuentions ſtill did finde
To ſatiſfy the luſts of mynd.
So that the Lord omnipotent,
That he had made man did repent,
And ſhewed vnto his ſeruant Noy,
That he would all the world deſtroy,
Saue Noy himſelfe and his meyny.
Alas (quod Noy) when ſhall that be?
Then ſayd the Lord it is not neere,
As yet by fyue or ſixe ſcore yeere.
I tary yet for their repentance,
Or I fulfyll my ryghtfull ſentence.
In the meane time fall thou to worke
Incontinent, and builde an arke.

Then Noy began obediently,
And wrought theron continually,
And ſtyll he preacht and them beſaught
To cry for grace and ſtill them taught,
And to them plainely did declare
That Gods iuſt rod no more would ſpare,
But on them he would worke vengeance,
To Noy yet gaue they no credence,
And ſo they were vnreformable,
Vſing their luſts abhominable,
And toke his counſell in diſpite
And followed ay their foule delight,
Still more and more, till that ſore day
Which all the world did put to ſtay.

Courtier.

Father of you I vnderſtand
When Adam did Gods heſt withſtand,
He did augment his wretchedneſſe
And god did ſend all curſedneſſe,
Vpon the earth which was ſo fayre,
That it ſhould barrayn be and bare,
And without labour beare no corne
Nor fruite, but thiſtle, bryer and thorne:
And now ſay ye in the time of Noy,
To ſee the earth it was great ioy,
Planted with fruites both good and rare.
The truth of this to me declare,
These ſayings twa, make me conſider
How ye make them gree together,

Experience

God made that promiſe verely,
Howbeit it came not inſtantly
My ſonne, as clarkes right well do wryte,
But after when the floud had quite
Deſtroyed the earth all vtterly,
Then came his promiſe verely:

So lykewiſe God did once commaund,
That Adam ſhould not touch with hand
Nor eat of the forbidden tree:
Or if he did then ſhould he die.
Howbeit he died not very neere,
After that day nyne hundred yeare:
Right ſo the Prophet Eſayas
Speaking of Chriſt our Meſſias. *Eſay.9.*
Did ſay, a child is to be borne,
To ſaue mankind that was forlorne
As he had bin borne then inſtantly
Yet was he not borne certenly
After that ſaying many a yeare,
As in the ſcripture doth appeare.
A thouſand yeere who reckens right, *2.Pe.3.*
Is but an houre in Gods ſight.
Examples many I might tell
Were it not tedious for to dwell.
To our purpoſe let vs proceede,
Shewing the length, the height, the brede,
And quality of Noyes arke,
Which was a right excellent warke,
Of Pinetree made, bound well about,
Laid ouer with pitch within and without.
Ioyned full cloſe with nayles moſt ſtrong
And was three hundred cubits long.
Fifty in bredth, thirtie in height,
And baleſt with a maruelous weight.
Three lofts one aboue another,
Withouten anker ſayle or ruther.
A right cubite as I heare tell,
Of meaſure now may be an ell.
In the ſaid ſide a dore there was,
Wherby the beaſts might eaſly pas.

This arke which was both long and large
Made in the bottome like a barge,
Then couered was with bordes aboue,
Moſt like a houſe, therin a roofe,
Whoſe ridging was a cubite broade,
Wherin there was a window made,
Some ſay well cloſed with chriſtall cleere,
Wherethorow the day light myght appeere.
This worke the more was to be prayſed,
Bicauſe by God it was deuiſed.
Gen.2. The making of this arke welneere
Indured full an hundred yeere.
When Noy had throughly made his warke,
God did him cloſe within the arke,
With him his wife, and ſonnes three,
With their thre wiues a whyle to be.
And eke of all foules of the aire,
Of euery kind there were a payre:
Alſo two beaſts of euery kynde,
For why it was the Lords good mynd,
That generation ſhould not fayle,
Wherfore a female and a male,
Of euery ſort were ſaued tho.
But to rehearſe my hart is wo,
The dolent lamentation
That time of euery nation,
Saying alas with many cryes,
When wind and raine began to riſe.
The rockes that roard began to riue,
When vgly clouds did ſhowres out driue,
And darkened ſo the heauens bright,
That Sunne, and Moone, might ſhew no light,
The dreadfull trembling of the earthquake,
Made buildings bow and Cities ſhake,

The thunder rent the cloudes of Sable,
With horrible ſound and lamentable,
The fyrie flames fell downe from ſkies,
Then was there nought but ſhoutes and cries.
Then they perceyued without remedie
That all creatures ſo ſhould dye.
The fountaynes from the earth vp ſprong,
And from the heauen the rayne downe throng,
Full fortie dayes and fortie nightes:
Then ranne the people to the heightes,
Some climd in cragges, and ſome in trees,
And ſome to higheſt mountaynes flies,
With terrour more than I can tell,
But all for nought, the flouds downe fell,
The winde did rore with ſuche great mighte,
That euery thing was marred quite.
Crying alas that they were borne,
Within that floud to be forlorne.
Men might no helpe giue to their wiues,
Nor yet ſupport their childrens liues.
The floudes roſe vp with ſo great ſtrength
That they did couer all at length,
They might no more their liues prolong,
As they had ſtrength ſo ſwom they long.
And ſo with cries moſt lamentable
Ended their liues moſt miſerable.
Aboue all mountaynes by account
The ſea did fiftie cubites mount,
Men may imagine in their minde,
That euery creature in his kinde,
Both beaſts, and foules that flye in ayre,
Did in their maner make much care,
The fiſhes thought them euill beguyld,
When they ſwom through the woods wild,

Whales tumbled then among the trees,
Wilde beaſts ſwam floting on the ſeas,
And birdes with many a pitedus cry,
Full fayntly in the ayre did flye,
So long as they had ſtrength to flee,
And then fell downe into the ſee.
Nothing on earth was left aliue,
No beaſts, no foules, no man nor wife,
God did them wholly all deſtroy,
Except them in the arke with Noy,
The which lay floting on the flood,
Weltring among the ſurges wood,
With many terrible afrays,
A hundred full and fiftie dayes,
In great langour and heauines,
Ere winde and rayne began to ceaſe,
Sometime effectuouſly praying,
Sometime the beaſtes in feeding:
For by the Lords commaundement
He made prouiſion ſufficient.
Gen. 8. Noy dwelt in that arke without doubt,
A yeere complet or he came out,
As more at length in holy writ
This dolefull ſtorie you may wit.
And how that Noy with gladneſſe roſe,
When conduites of the heauens did cloſe,
So that the raine no more deſcended,
Nor further vp the floud aſcended.
When he perceyued the heauens cleere,
He ſent a Rauen meſſenger
Into the ayre for to eſpie
If he ſawe any mountaynes dry:
Some ſay the Rauen did foorth remayne,
And came not to the arke agayne.

Foorth flew a Doue out of Noyes hande,
And when ſhe did perceiue dry lande,
She from an Oliue brake a braunch,
That Noy might know the water ſtaunch,
And there no more ſhe did ſoiourne,
But with the braunch ſhe did returne,
That Noy might clearely vnderſtande
The floud was paſſed from the lande.
And ſo it did till at the laſt
The arke vpon the ground ſtooke faſt.
Vpon the top of a mountayne hye,
Within the lande of Armonye.
Aſſoone as Noy did playnly ſpie
How that the earth began to dry,
Then beat he downe the doores all,
And looſed them the which were thrall.
The foules flew foorth into the ayre,
And all the beaſts by payre and payre,
Paſt foorth to ſeeke their Paſtorages,
Then was there but eyght perſonages,
Noy, his three ſonnes, and their three wiues,
On earth that left were with their liues,
Whom God did bleſſe and ſanctifie,
Saying increaſe and multiply.
God knowes then Noy was wondrous glad,
That from the arke he paſſage had,
When Noy had made his ſacrifice,
Thanking GOD of his benefice:
He ſtanding on mount Armonie,
Where he the countrey might eſpie.
Ye may beleeue his hart was ſore,
To ſee the earth which was before
The floud ſo pleaſant vnto ſight,
Which to beholde had bin delight.

Now made ſo barren, bare and rough,
Where earſt it fruitfull was inough:
The trees that pleaſant fruites did beare,
Lay rent and ſcattered euery where,
The holeſome hearbes and fragrant floures,
Had loſt their vertue and their cullours,
The feeldes greene and flouriſhing medes
Were ſpoyled of their pleaſant weedes,
The earth that firſt was fayre formed,
Was by that furious floud deformed,
Where ſometime were the pleaſant playnes,
Were hollow vales or high mountaynes:
From clattering crags great and gray,
The earth was waſhed cleane away.
Yet Noyes greateſt greefes then were
The carrions ſcattered euery where,
Which was a ſight right lamentable,
Men, women, and beaſtes innumerable,
Lay dead by heapes vpon the lands;
And ſome lay groueling on the ſandes.
Whales and monſters of the ſeas,
Did ſticke on ſtubbes among the trees,
And when the floud was gone away,
They weltring on the lande ſtill lay.
Before the floud during that ſpace
The ſea was alway in one place:
Right ſo the earth as is diſcriued,
In ſundry parts was now deuided.
For Europe now and Aſia
Deuided are from Africa,
Ye ſee now diuers famous Iles
Stande from the mayne lande many miles.
All thoſe great Iles I vnderſtande,
Were equall with firme mayne lande.

There was no midlande ſea at all,
But one great Ocean cleeped all,
Which did not ſprede ſuche whurling ſtrandes,
As now it doth within the landes,
But by the raging of the flud
The earth was ſtript of floure and bud,
The beautie which was prayſed afore,
Was now diſgraced very ſore.
Then was the curſe full playnly knowen,
Which was by God on Adam throwen.
I reade in Stories of times paſt,
That while this furious floud did laſt,
With which the earth was ſo oppreſt,
The winde blew foorth of the South weſt,
As may be ſeene by experience,
How through the waters violence
The hye mountaynes that might not ſtart
Were made bare on the South weſt part:
As the mountaynes of Pyraneis,
The Alpes and rockes within the ſeas.
So are the Rockes full great and gray,
Which ſtande in lande that hight Norway.
The hyeſt hilles (I ſpeake by arte)
In Scotlande for the greateſt part,
All bare of earth ſince that time ſtood,
By gulling of that furious flood,
And beating of the South weſt winde,
As traueling men may eaſily finde.
Ere you conclude declare I pray, **Courtier.**
How long Noy liued after that day.
My ſonne in Geneſis thou mayſt heare, **Experience**
How Noy was of age ſixe hundred yeare.
The time of this great puniſhment *Gen.9.*
He was to God obedient:

And was the beſt of all Sethes bloud,
Alſo he liued after the floud,
Three hundred full and fiftie yeares,
As in that Scripture well appeares.
And ſo he liued at the laſt,
Nine hundred yeres and fiftie paſt.
To ſhew this ſtorie miſerable
At length, my wits are farre vnable.
And ſure my ſonne as I ſuppoſe,
It longs not to this preſent purpoſe,
To ſhewe how Noyes ſonnes three
Gan to increaſe and multiplie:
Nor how that Noy planted the vine,
And dranke till he was drunke with wine,
And ſleeped with his ſecrets bare,
And how Cham tooke thereof no care,
But laught to ſee his father ſo:
Howbeit his brethren were right wo.
Nor how that Noy vpon iuſt yre
Gaue Cham his curſe for his due hyre,
And put him vnder bondage ay,
To Sem and Iaphet from that day.
Nor how God made a couenant then
With Noy, to drowne no more agayn
The world with flud, and thervpon
In ſigne of that condition,
His Rainbow ſet within the ayre,
Of diuers heauenly colours fayre,
An euerlaſting ſigne to bee
Of that wherto he did agree:
This Storie if thou liſt to know,
At length the Byble will it ſhow.

FINIS.

Heere followeth the ſeconde parte, intreating of the firſt buylding of Babylon by Nemrod: And how king Ninus began the firſt Monarch, And of their Idolatrie, And how Semiramis gouerned the Empire after hir husband Ninus.

I Pray you father me to tell Courtier.
The firſt miſfortune that befell
Immediatly vpon the floud,
And who did firſt ſhed giltleſſe bloud?
And who Idolatrie began?
My ſonne I ſhall doe as I can: Experience
After the floud I finde no ſtorie
Worthy to be put in memorie,
Till Nemrod did begin to raigne, Gen. 10.
Euen tyrantlike I tell thee playne,
Which of the cheefeſt men was one
That buylders were of Babylon.
That Storie maſter I would know, Courtier.
If you vouchſafe it me to ſhow:
And what did moue them at that houre,
To buyld ſo huge and ſtrong a toure.
I ſhall declare with diligence Experience
According to my experience,
Theſe queſtions which thou doeſt demaunde:
But firſt thou muſt now vnderſtand
Of Nemrod the genelogie,
His ſtrength, courage and quantitie,
Howbeit Moſes in his firſt booke,
That ſtorie lightly did ouerlooke:
Of him no more he doth declare,
But that he was a ſtrong hunter,
But other Clearks more curious,
As Oroſe doth and Joſephus,

Deſ

Diſcriue this Nemrod more at length,
Both for his ſtature and his ſtrength.
This Nemrod was the fourth perſon
From Noy by line deſcending downe.
Noy gendred Cham, Cham gendred Chus,
And Chus Nemrod, the truth is thus.
This Nemrod was a mightie man,
So ſtrong on earth was no man than,
He was a Giaunt ſtout and ſtrong,
Perforce wilde beaſts he downe would throng.
The people of that whole Region
Came vnder his dominion:
No man there was in all that lande
His ſtoutneſſe then that durſt withſtande.
No maruell though full ſtrong he was,
For he ten cubites height did paſſe,
Proportionate in length and brede,
According to his height we rede.
He grew ſo great and glorious,
So proude and ſo preſumptuous,
That he came diſobedient
To the great God omnipotent.
This Nemrod was the principall man
Firſt Idolatrie that began.
Then did he all the people call
Vnto his preſence both great and ſmall,
And in that great conuention,
Did put foorth his inuention.
My friends (ſayde he) I make it knowen
The great vengeance that God hath ſowen,
In time of our forefather Noy,
When he did all the worlde deſtroy,
And drownd them in the furious floud:
Wherefore I thinke it ſhould be good,

That we do make a ſtrong defence,
Againſt ſuch waters violence,
For to reſiſt all furious yre
As well of water as of fyre.
Let vs go ſpy ſome pleaſant fylde,
Where a ſtrong building we may buylde,
A Citie with a ſtrong dungeon,
That no engine may throw it downe,
So high, ſo thicke, ſo large, ſo long,
That God to vs ſhall do no wrong:
It ſhall ſurmount the planets ſeuen,
That we from God may win the heauen.
Thoſe people with a fyrme intent
All to his counſell did conſent,
A pleaſant place they did eſpy,
Where floud Euphrates runneth by.
The people did them there prepare,
Within the plaine of Sineare:
Which now of Calde beares the name,
Which did long time ſurmount in fame.
Their huge fortreſſe they there did found,
With great prouiſion on the ground.
All fell to worke both man and childe,
Some bare vp clay, and ſome bare tyle.
Nemrod that mighty Champion,
Deuiſer was of that ſame dungeon.
Nothing they ſpard their labours,
Lyke buſy bees vpon the flowers,
Or ants in June, it was a wonder,
Some wrought aboue & ſome wrought vnder,
With ſtrong ingenious maſonry,
Upward their worke did fortify,
With burned tyle, ſtones large and white,
That tower they did raiſe vpright:
Aboue the airye region,
And ioyned it of ſtrong faſhion,

With matter made of pitch and tar,
For why they vſed no other mortar.
Though fyre and water it aſſayled,
Againſt that tower naught auayled.
The land about was fayre and plaine,
It roſe vp like a high mountaine,
Thoſe fooliſh people did intend
That vnto heauen it ſhould aſcend.
So huge a thing had neuer beene,
Nor neuer ſince hath yet bin ſeene.
The walles of this their worke they made,
Full two and fifty fadome broade,
One fadome then as men do ſay,
Might be two fadome at this day.
One man was then of more ſtature,
Then two be now therof be ſure.
Ioſephus holdes opinion,
That the height of this great dungeon,
Of paces large had meaſurd beene,
Fyue thouſand, eyght ſcore, and fourteene.
By this reconing it falleth right,
To be fyue myles and halfe in height,
A thouſand paces take for a myle,
And thou ſhalt fynd it nere that ſtyle.
This tower in compaſſe round about,
Was full ten myles withouten dout:
About the City were of ſtages
Foure hundred and foure ſcore twys.
And by this number in compas,
About three ſcore of myles it was:
And as Oroſius reportes,
There were fyue ſcore of braſen portes.
He that tranſlates Oroſius
Hath in his ſtory written thus.
That when the ſunne is at the height,
At noone when it doth ſhine moſt bright
The ſhadow of that hideous ſtrength

Syxe myle and more did ſhoote in length.
Thus may you ſee and iudge therto
If Babylon be hie or no.

How God made diuerſity of languages, and letted the builders of Babylon.

THen the great God omnipotent,
To whom all things are preſent,
He ſeeing the ambition,
And alſo proud preſumption,
How this proud people did pretend,
Euen thorow the heauens vp to aſcend,
Which was great folly to deuiſe,
With ſuch preſumptuous enterpriſe:
When that they were moſt diligent,
Did giue them ſuch impediment,
That they were driuen with hartes full ſore,
From thence to part and build no more.
Such Languages on them he layde
That none wiſt what another ſaide.
Where was but on language before
God ſent them languages three ſcoore.
Before that time they all ſpake Hebrew,
But after, ſome ſpake Greeke or Grew
Some Dutch, ſome language Sarazine,
And ſome began to ſpeake Latine.
The Maiſter then began ſome whiles
To cry for trees they brought him tyles,
Some ſayd bring morter hyther at once,
Then brought they to them ſtockes and ſtones,
And Nemrod their great champion,
Ran raging like a wild Lyon,
Them threatning roughly as he coode,
But neuer a worde they vnderſtoode.
Before they found him good and kinde,
But then they knew him by his mynde,

When he ſo furiouſly did fyght,
His pride then turned into ſpite,
His glory darkned very ſore,
When they would worke for him no more.
Behold how God was gracious,
To them that were ſo outragious,
He neither brake a legge nor arme,
Nor did them any other harme,
Except of tungs diuiſion,
And laſtly in concluſion,
Conſtrayned they were for to depart,
Eche company in ſundry part,
Some paſt into the Orient,
And ſome into the Occident,
Some South, ſome North, as they thought beſt,
And ſo their pollicy had reſt.
But how that Citie was repared,
It ſhall hereafter be declared.

Of the firſt inuention of Idolatry, how Nemrod compelled the people to adore the fyre in Caldea.

Courtier. Good (father) ſhew me now the man,
Which firſt Idolatry began.

Experince. That ſhall I do with all my hart,
My ſonne truely or we depart.
When Nemrod ſaw his purpoſe fayled,
And all his labour nought auayled,
In maner of contempt anon,
He went me from that region,
And as Oroſius doth reherſe,
He paſt into the land of Perſe,
And many a yeere did there remaine,
And then to Babylon came againe,
And founde much people of Caldee,
Remayning in that great Citie,
That were full glad of his retourning,

And did obey him as their king.
Nemrod his name for to aduaunce,
Among them made new ordinaunce,
Saying, I thinke ye are not wiſe,
That to no God makes ſacrifice.
Then to fulfill his falſe deſire,
He bad them make a flaming fire,
And made it of ſuch bredth out right,
That it did burne both day and night,
Then all the people of that land,
Worſhipt the fyre at his commaund
Proſtrate vpon their knees and face,
Beſeching their new God of grace.
To gyue them more occaſion
He made them great perſwation.
This God (ſaid he) is moſt of might,
Shewing his beames thorow out the night.
When Sunne and Moone are both obſcure,
His heauenly brightnes doth indure,
And when mens members ſuffer cold,
Againe fyre warmes them as they wold.
Then cryed the people at his deſire,
There is no God except the fyre.
Before there was any Imagry,
Began this firſt Idolatry.
For at that tyme there was no vſage
To carue, nor yet to paint an Image.
Then made he proclamation,
Who made not odoration
To that ſame God, ſhould ſure be fryde
Within his flames vntill he dyde.
I fynd no man within the land,
His tyrany that durſt withſtand,
But Abraham and Aram his brother,
That diſobeyd I fynd no other,

Which dwelled there in that countre
With their father called Tharee.
Theſe brethren did Nemrod repreeue,
Saying to him Lord by your leaue,
This fyre is but an Element,
Pray ye to God omnipotent,
Whith made the heauens by his might,
With Sunne and Moone for to giue light.
He made the fyſhes in the ſeas.
The earth with beaſts , hearbes, wormes & trees
And laſt of all for to conclude,
He made vs to his ſimilitude.
To that great God giue praiſe therfore,
Whoſe raigne indures for euermore,
Then Nemrod in his furious yre,
Theſe brethren both caſt in the fyre:
Abraham by God was ſafe preſerued,
But Aram in the fyre ſtarued.
When Thara hard his ſonne was dead,
He did depart and from thence fled:
With Abraham, Nachor, and their wiues
As the Scripture at length diſcriues.
He left the land of Caldea
And paſt to Meſopotamia,
And dwelt in Charran all his daies,
And dyed there as the ſtory ſayes.
The lyfe of Abraham I ſuppoſe,
Nothing belongs to our purpoſe,
Within the Byble you may rede,
His vertuous life in word and dede.
Now to thee haue I ſhewed the man,
That fyrſt Idolatry began.

Of the great miſerie that comes of wars, and how king Ninus began the firſt warres, and ſtroke the firſt battell.

I Pray you father with all my hart,
Declare to me or we depart:
Who firſt began theſe mortall warres,
Which euery faithfull hart abhorres.
And euery realme to ruine draw,
Expreſſe againſt the lords law.
Since Chriſt our king omnipotent
Left peace with his teſtament,
How doth proceede this crueltie,
Againſt iuſtice and equitie?
In land where any warres be,
There may be ſeene great miſery.
All thing on earth that God hath wrought
Warre doth deſtroy and puts to naught,
Cityes with many a mighty towne,
Are burnt and to the earth throwne downe
Virgins and Matrons are defloured,
Temples that riche were are deuoured,
Burnt, and all their paſtours ſpoyled,
Poore Orphans vnder feete are ſoyled.
Many old men made childrenles,
And many children fatherles.
Of famous ſcholes the doctrine
Both naturall and eke deuine,
And euery vertue troden downe,
No reuerence of religion.
Force beareth downe all vtterly,
Fayre dames are forced ſhamefully.

Of the great m [illegible] ners of warrs,

Yong wiues are ſpoyled of their ſpouſes,
Poore labourers hunted from their houſes.
There dare no marchant take in hand
To trauell neither ſea nor land,
For Butchers which do them confound,
Some murthered be, and ſome are drownd,
Crafts men that cunning are and fine
Are vtterly put vnto ruine:
The beaſts are ſtolne, the commons ſlaine,
The land vnlaboured doth remaine.
Of pollicie the perfect warkes,
The buildinges fayre and pleaſant parkes,
All vtterly deſtroyed haue bene.
Great granges burnt there may be ſene:
Riches is turned to pouerty,
And plenty into penury.
Death, hunger, derth, and neede are knowen,
For fatall ſeedes that warre hath ſowen.
All iuſtice is turned to tirany,
And pleaſure to aduerſity:
Thus warre doth vtterly downe caſt,
All kynd of law and right at laſt.
Warre genders murther and miſchiefe,
And ſore lamenting without reliefe,
Warre doth deſtroy both realmes and Kings.
Great princes warre to priſon brings,
And warre doth ſhead much giltles bloud,
Thus can I ſay of warre no good.

Courtier. Declare to me ſir if ye can,
Who firſt this miſery began.

Heere foloweth a ſhort deſcription of the fowre Monarchies: And how king Ninus began the firſt Monarchie.

Experience

Of Warres my ſonne the great outrage,
Began within this ſeconde age,
By cruell kings proud and couetous,
Ruling without right moſt ambicious:
Howbeit Cayne before the floud
Was firſt ſhedder of giltles bloud.
Ninus was fyrſt and principall man
Which wrongfull conquering began,
And was the man withouten fayle
In earth that ſtroke the fyrſt battayle,
And fyrſt inuented Imagrie,
Wherthrough came great Idolatrie.
We muſt know or we further wende,
Of whom king Ninus did diſcende.
Ninus if I can right define,
He was from Noy the fifth by line,
Noy gendred Cham, Cham gendred Chus,
And Chus Nemrod, Nemrod Belus,
And Belus Ninus without leaſing,
Of Aſſiria the ſeconde king,
And buylder of that great Citie
The which was called Niniue.
This Ninus was the very man
Which the firſt Monarchie began.

Courtier.

Father I pray you declare to me,
What ſignifies a Monarchie.

Experience

My ſonne if I ſhall tell thee trew,
Monarchie is a worde of Griew.
And when a Prouince principall
Hath gotten power imperiall,

During their dominations,
Aboue all kings and nations,
A Monarchie men doe that call:
Of which I finde foure principall,
That reigned ſince the world began.
Courtier. Then gentle Father if you can,
Shew me I pray you which foure they be.
Experience My ſonne to thee that ſhall I ſay:
Firſt reigned the kings of the Aſſyrians,
And ſecondly the Perſians,
The Grekes then next with ſworde and fire
Perforce obteyned the thirde Empire:
The fourth Monarchie as I heare
The Romanes ioyed many a yeare.
Let vs firſt ſpeake of Ninus king,
How he began his conquering.
The Greeke Hiſtorian Diodore
Hath mickle matter left in ſtore,
Concerning Nine that noble king,
How he began his conquering,
And of Semiramis his wife,
That was ſo warlike all hir life,
It were to long for me to write
That Diodorus did indite,
But I ſhall ſhew as I ſuppoſe,
That moſt belongs to our purpoſe,
When Nemrod Prince of Babylon
Out of this wretched life was gone,
And his ſonne Belus dead alſo
The firſt king of Aſſyria,
This Ninus ſeconde king certayne
Triumphantly began to reigne:
He thought it not ſufficient
To liue at home vpon his rent,

But minding further to adiaunce
His fame by ſlight and puiſſance,
And greedie vaynglorye,
Preparde to conquere farre and nye,
And gathered armies ther vpon
Agaynſt Chaldea and Babylon:
For why he had a great deſire
To winne that lande to his Empire.
Howbeit he had thereto no right,
But by his tyranny and his might,
Without the feare of God or man
His conqueſt thereat he began.
His people beeing in aray,
To Caldea tooke the ready way.
When that the Babylonians,
Together with the Caldeans,
Harde tell king Ninus was come in bande,
They made a cry through all the lande,
That eche man after his degree
Should come to ſaue their owne countrey.
Though yet they had no ſkill of warre,
They paſt forwarde without feare,
And put them ſelues in good order,
And met king Ninus on the border:
In that time ye ſhall vnderſtande,
There was no harnes in the lande,
For to defende nor to inuade,
Wherthrough more ſlaughter there was made.
They fought through ſtrength of their bodies,
With gads of yron, ſtones and trees.
With ſound of horne and hedious cry,
They ruſht together right rudely,
With hardie hart, with ſtrength of hands,
Till thouſands dead lay on the lands.

Where men in battell naked be,
Great ſlaughter ſoone there may you ſee.
They fought full long and cruelly,
And with vncertayne victorie,
No man might iudge that ſtoode afarre,
Who gat the better of the warre.
But when it did aproche to night,
The Chaldees tooke them vnto flight.
The king then and his companie
Were right glad of that victorie,
Bicauſe he wan the fyrſt battell
That ſtriken was in earth full well:
And peaſibly of that region
He tooke the whole dominion.
So was he king of Caldea
As well as of Aſſyria.
As for the king of Arabye,
To his conqueſt he did agree.
Of this yet was he not content,
But to the Realme of Mede he went,
Where Farnus king of that countrey
Did mete him with a great army,
But king Ninus the battell wan,
Where ſlayne was many a noble man.
To that king he would giue no grace,
But playnly in an open place
With his ſeuen ſonnes and his Lady,
He killed them too cruelly.
Of that triumph he did reioyce,
And forwarde to the fielde he goes:
Then conquered he Armenia,
Perce, Egypt, and Pamphilia,
Lyde, Capadoce, and Mauritane,
Caſpia, Phrigia, and Hircane,

All Affrica and Aſia,
Except great Inde and Bactria,
Which he did conquere afterwart,
As yee ſhall heare or we depart.
Now would I or we further gone,
That his Idolatrie were knowne,
And after that without ſoiourne,
To our purpoſe we will returne.

How king Ninus inuented the firſt Idolatrie.

NInus an Image did him make,
For king Belus his fathers ſake,
Moſt lyke his father of figure,
Of quantitie and portrature:
Of fine golde was the figure made,
A coſtly crowne vpon his head,
With precious ſtones, in tokening
His father Belus was a king.
In Babylon a temple he made,
Of cunning worke both hye and broade,
Wherin that image gloriouſly
Was throned vp triumphantly.
This Ninus further did commaunde,
That all the people of his land,
Aſwell within Aſſyria,
As in Sinnare and Caldea,
And vnder all his dominion,
Should make adoration
Vpon their knees to that figure,
Vnder the payne of forfeyture.

There was no lorde in all that lande,
His ſummoning that durſt withſtande.
Both yong and olde, both great and ſmall.
To that ſame image they prayed all,
And chaunged his name as I heare tell
From Belus to the great god Bell.
Within that temple he did deuiſe
Prieſts alſo to make ſacrifice.
By cuſtome it a lawe became,
No other God to haue but that ſame.
And alſo he gaue to that Image
Of ſanctuary the priuiledge.
For what ſome euer tranſgreſſour,
As homicide or oppreſſour,
Behelde that image in the face,
Of that fault gat the kings grace.
Courtier. Declare to me ſweete ſyr truely,
Was there no more Idolatry,
After that this falſe idoll Bell
Was thrond vp as ye me tell?
Experience My ſonne forſooth incontinent,
The newes through all the whole world went,
How that king Ninus as I ſayde,
A curious Image had conueyd,
To which he forced all his nation,
To offer godly adoration.
Then euery countrey tooke conceyte
King Ninus deede to counterfeyte.
When any famous man was dead,
They ſet vp Images in his ſtead,
Which they did honor full ſolemlee,
As it immortall God had bee:
Of golde ſome made their Images,
And ſome of ſtocke and ſtones certeſſe,

Of Siluer ſome and Juery bone,
With diuers names to euery one.
For one of them they called Saturnus,
One Jupiter, another Neptunus,
Another they called Cupido
Their God of loue, and another Pluto.
They called one Mercurius,
And another the windie Eolus.
One Mars made like a man of warre,
Inarmed well with ſworde and ſpeare,
One Baccus, and another Apollo,
Of names they had an hundred mo.
When that a Lady of great fame
Was dead, for to extoll her name,
An Image of her portrature
They reered vp in places of prayer,
The which they cald their goddeſſes,
As Venus, Juno, and Pallas,
Some Cleo, ſome Proſerpina,
Some Ceres, Veſta and Diana,
And ſome the great goddes Minerue,
With curious cullours they would carue.
Among the Poets ye may ſee
Of falſe gods the genealogie.
So theſe abhominations
Did ouerſpred all nations,
Except good Abraham as we reade,
Who honored God in worde and deede.
For Abraham had his beginning
Within the time of Ninus king.
Ninus began with tyranny,
And Abraham with humilitie:
Ninus began the fyrſt Empire,
Abraham of warre had no deſire:

Ninus began Idolatrie,
Abraham in ſpirite and veritie
Did pray vnto the Lorde alone:
Falſe Imagrie he would haue none.
Of him deſcended I heare tell
The twelue tribes of Iſraell:
Which folke made adoration
With humble ſupplication,
To him which was of kings the King,
That heauen and earth had made of nothing.
Dead Images they helde at nought,
That were by humaine cunning wrought,
And ſerud the God of lyfe alone.
Thus haue I lightly ouergone
Theſe queſtions which thou didſt demaunde.
Now wilt thou further me commaunde?
Courtier. What was the cauſe ſyr make me ſure,
Idolatrie did ſo long endure
Throughout the world ingenerally,
And with the Gentiles ſpecially?
Experience Forſooth theſe cauſes ſpecially
I finde and beare in memory:
Fyrſt through Princes commaundement,
Which did Idolatrie inuent,
Then priuate profite of the Prieſts,
Of Paynters, Goldſmithes, Maſons, wrightes,
And other craftes, which curiouſly
Made Images full pleaſantly,
And ſolde them for a ſumptuous price.
So by their craftie marchaundice,
They were made riche aboue all meaſure.
As for the Prieſts I thee aſſure
They gate great gayne throughout all lands,
By gifts that came vnto their hands,

And by their fained holineſſe
Put many good men to diſtreſſe.
As in the time of Daniell,
The prieſtes that ſerued Idole Bell,
When Nabuchodonoſer king,
In Babilon was then raigning,
Thoſe prieſts made the king vnderſtand,
That the Image made with mans hand,
Was a glorious God of life,
And had ſuch a perogatife,
That by his great power deuine,
He ate biefe, Mutton, bread, and wyne.
And ſo the king did euery day
Before Bell on the aulter lay,
Forty freſh wethers fatte and fyne,
And ſixe great veſſels of white wine,
And twelue great loues of boulted flower,
Which was all eaten in an hower,
Not by that Image deafe and dome,
But by the prieſtes all and ſome,
As by the Byble ye may ken,
Whoſe number was three ſcore and ten.
They and their wiues did euery day,
Eate all that on the aulter lay.
Then Daniell in concluſion,
Did ſhew the king their foule illuſion,
How when he ſealed had the doore,
And ſtrowed aſhes on the flower,.
They thorow a paſſage came by night,
And eate that meate with candell light.
Now when the king this matter knew,
Theſe prieſtes with all their wiues he ſlew.
Thus was the king by craft miſled,
And all his realme with trifles fed,

My ſonne forſooth now mayſt thou know,
How by the prieſtes and other mo,
Through craftines and ſuttle cure,
Idolatry did long indure.
Behold how Iohn Bocatius
Hath written workes right wonderous,
Of Gentils ſuperſtitions,
And of their great illuſions.
As in his great booke ye may ſee,
Of falſe gods the genelogye,
Of Demogorgon ſpeciall,
Grandſier to the falſe gods all,
Honoured among Archadiens,
And of the falſe Philiſtiens,
With their great deuiliſhe god Dagone,
With other Idols many one.
But ſory moſt I am to tell
Of the children of Iſraell
Choſen by God omnipotent,
How they broke his commaundement.
King Salomon as ſcripture ſayes,
Doted in his latter dayes.
His wanton concubynes to apleaſe,
He cared not God to diſpleaſe,
But did commit Idolatry,
By worſhipping Imagery,
As Moloch God of Ammonites,
And Chamos God of Moabites,
And Aſtaroth God of the Sidonience.
So for his diſobedience
And foule abhomination,
God puniſht his ſucceſſion.
His ſonne Roboam I heare tell,
Loſt the ten tribes of Iſraell,

For his fathers Idolatry,
As in the ſcripture you may ſee.

Of Images vſed among Chriſten men.

Courtier.

FAther one thing I would deſire,
Behold in euery church and quire,
Through chriſtendome in borow & land,
Images made with mans hand,
To whom be giuen diuers names,
Some Peter, Paule, ſome John and James,
Saint Peter carued with his keyes,
Saint Michell with his winges and weyes,
Saint Katherin with hir ſword and whele,
A hinde ſet vp beſide ſaint Gyle,
It were to long for to diſcriue,
Saint Francis with his woundes fyue.
Saint Tredwall alſo may be ſene,
Which on a pricke hath both hir eyne.
Saint Paule well painted with a ſworde,
As he would fight at the firſt worde.
Saint Apoline on aulter ſtandes,
With all hir teeth betweene hir handes.
Saint Roch diſeaſed men may ſee,
A byle new broken on his knee.
Saint Loy doth there full ſtately ſtand,
With horſe new ſhod vpon his hand.
Saint Trinian of a rotten ſtocke,
Saint Douthow bord out of a blocke.
Saint Andrew with his croſſe bleſſing,
Saint George vpon an horſe riding,
Saint Anthony ſet vp with a Sow,
Saint Bride well carued with a Cow.

With coſtly cullours fine and fayre,
A thouſand mo I mought declare,
As Coſmus and Saint Damian,
The ſoutars ſaint Saint Criſpian:
And at the alters ſtately ſtanding,
Prieſtes cry for their offering:
To whom the commons on their knees,
Do worſhip all their Imageries,
In Church and Quire, and in Cloyſter,
Praying to them their Pater noſter.
In pilgrimage from towne to towne,
with offering and with Oriſon,
To them they babble on their bedes,
That they may help them in their nedes.
What differs this declare to me,
From the Gentils Idolatry?
If that be true thou doeſt report
It goes right nere the wicked ſort.
Who ſo that kneles downe on his knee,
Praying to any Imagery,
With Oriſon and offering,
Or cap from head in hand holding,
His doings differ not, truſt me
From heatheniſh Idolatry.
Right ſo of diuers nations,
I reade abominations,
How Grekes made their deuotion ſole
To Mars their God to ſaue them hole.
To Jupiter ſome toke their viage,
To ſaue them from the ſtormy rage,
Some praied to Venus glad and fayne,
That they their louers might obtayne:
And ſome to Juno for riches
Their pilgrimage they did addres.

So doth the common people now,
(which were to long to vtter) vow
Their ſuperſtitious pilgrimages
To many diuers images,
Some to Saint Roch with diligence,
To ſaue them from the peſtilence,
Some for their teeth to Appoline,
To Thred wall to amend their eyne,
Some make their offering to Saint Loy,
That their horſe may well inioy.
And when they haue their Jewels loſt,
To ſeeke Saint Sith they ſpare no coſt.
And to Saint Germane for remedy
They trudge for headach ſikerly.
They bring mad men on foote and horſe,
And binde them to Saint Magnus croſſe.
To Saint Barbara they cry in haſt,
To ſaue them from the thunder blaſt.
And for good newes as I heare tell,
Some take their way to Gabriell.
Some wiues Saint Margaret do beſeech
In childbed for to be their leech.
Saint Anthony to ſaue their ſow,
Saint Bride to ſaue their calfe and cow.
They to ſaint Baſtian run and ryde.
That from the ſhot he ſaue their ſyde:
And ſome in hope to ſaue their ſoules,
Come fleing to the roode of Powles.
Howbeit ſimple people weene
Their fond intent ryght good to beene.
Wo be to prieſtes I ſay for me,
Which ſhould ſhew them the veritie:
Prelats that haue of them the cure,
Shall make anſwere therof be ſure,

In that that great day of iudgement,
When no time is for to repent,
Where manifeſt Idolatry,
Shall puniſht be perpetually.

Here followeth how king Ninus buylded the great citie Niniue, and how he vanquiſht Zoraaſtes king of Bactria.

This Ninus of Aſſiria king,
When he had made his conquering,
To builde a Citie he him dreſt,
Chooſing a place where he thought beſt,
Where he had firſt dominion,
In Aſſiria his owne region.
Though Aſſur as the Scripture ſayes, *Gen. 10.*
Which came before king Ninus dayes,
Had founded that ſamous Citie,
The which was called Niniuie:
Yet as rehearſeth Diodore,
Ninus that Citie did decore
So meruelous triumphantly.
As ye ſhall heare immediatly.
Upon the floud of Euphratas
(Which to behold great wonder was),
An hundred and fyfty ſtagis,
That Citie was of length I wis,
The walles an hundred foote of height,
No wonder though they were of might.
Such bredth aboue the walles there was,
Three Cartes might ſideling on them pas.
Foure hundreth ſtages and foure ſcoore
In circuit, neither leſſe nor more.

Of towers about thoſe walles I wene,
A thouſand and fyue hundred bene,
Of height, two hundred foote and more,
As wryteth famous Diodore.
The ſcripture maketh mention,
When God ſent Jonas to the towne, Jonas.3
To ſhew them of his puniſhment,
Thorowout the Citie when he went,
Three daies iourney to him it was,
The Byble ſaith it was no las.
My ſonne now haue I ſhewed to thee, Experience
The building of great Niniuie,
For the augmenting of his fame,
Ninus did call it after his name.
When he that great Citie had ended,
To conquer more yet he entended.
And did depart from Niniue,
And rayſed vp a great army,
Of the moſt boldeſt men and ſtout,
Of all his regions round about.
In order they toke their iournay,
Toward the realme of Bactria.
Of ſtrong footemen I vnderſtand,
He had ſeuentene hundred thouſand,
Beſide horſemen and warlike cartes,
Whom he ordred in ſundry partes,
Which to diſcriue I am not able,
Their number was ſo vnſpeakeable.
Zoroaſtes the noble king,
Which Bactria had in gouerning.
That prudent prince as I heare tell,
Did in Aſtronomy excell,
And found the art of ſecret Magik,
With naturall ſciences many ſik.

He ſeeing Ninus on the felde,
Came forward both with ſpere and ſhelde,
Foure hundred thouſand fighting men
He muſtred in his army then,
And met king Ninus on the border,
Right valiantly and in good order.
With the vaward of his army,
On them he ruſht ryght roughly,
And of them ſlew as I heare ſay,
An hundred thouſand men that day.
The reſt that ſcaped away vnſlaine,
To Ninus hoſt fled backe againe.
Of that king Nynus was ſo anoyed
He reſted neuer tyll he deſtroyed,
All that whole region vp and downe,
And from the king toke quite the crowne,
And made the realme of Bactria,
A ſubiect to Aſſiria.
And in that ſame land I wis,
He toke to wife Semiramis.
Who as mine author doth diſcriue,
Was then the luſtieſt alyue.
That being done without ſoiourne,
To Niniuie he did retourne,
With great triumph of victory.
As mine author doth ſpecify,
Both Occident, and Orient
Were all to him obedient.
It would abhorre thee to heare red,
The gyltles bloud that he did ſhed.
When he had raigned as you may heare
The ſpace of three and forty yeare,
In his great fame before expreſt,
Then dreadfull death did him arreſt,

In what ſort I am not certayne,
Some authors ſay that he was ſlayne,
And left to rule his heritage
A little babe of tender age,
Yong Ninus was the childs name,
Which after floriſht in great fame.
Some ſay that by his wiues treaſon
King Ninus died in priſon,
As I ſhall ſhew or I hence fare,
How Diodore doth well declare.

Heere foloweth an exclamation agaynſt Idolatrie.

IMprudent people, ignorant and blinde, Experience
By what reaſon, law, or authoritie,
Or what auncient Scripture can ye finde
Lawfull for to commit Idolatrie,
Which is to bow your body or your knee
With deuout and humble adoration
To an Idoll made of ſtone or tree,
Giuing them offring and oblation?

Why did ye giue the glory, laude and honour
Belõging to god (which made al thing, of nought
which was, and is, and ſhall be euermore)
To images by mens hans wrought?
O fooliſh folke why haue ye ſuccour ſought
Of them which can not helpe you in diſtreſſe?
For reaſonably reuolue you in your thought,
In ſtocke and ſtone can be no holineſſe.

In

Exod.32. In the deſert the people of Iſraell,
While Moyſes did remayne in mount Sinay,
Made them a molten calfe of fine metall,
Which as their God then honoured they:
But when Moyſes deſcended I heare ſay,
And did conſider their idolatry,
Of that people three thouſande did he ſlay,
As the Scriptures at length do teſtifie.

Dan.14. Bicauſe the holy prophet Daniell
In Babilon Idolatrie reproued,
And would not worſhip the falſe Idoll bell,
The whole people with him were ſo agreeued,
That to the intent he ſhould be miſcheeued,
They deliuered him to ramping Lions ſeuen:
But from that daungerous den he was releeued
By miracle of the great God of heauen.

Beholde how Nabuchodonoſer king,
In the vale of Duran did prepare
An image of fine golde, a maruelous thing,
Threeſcore cubites hye, and ſixe cubites ſquare,
As more at large the ſcripture doth declare:
To whom all people by proclamation
With bodies bowed, and on their knees bare
Right humbly made great adoration.

A great maruell that day was ſeene alſo,
How Nabuchodonoſer in his yre
Tooke Sidrach, Miſach, and Abednago,
Which would not bow their knee at his deſire
To that idoll, and caſt them in the fyre
For to be burnt, but ere be ſtirde that ſtead
When he beleued they were burnt throgh his yre
There

There was not cōſumed one heare of their head.

The angell of the Lorde was with them ſeene,
In that hote furneſſe walking vp and downe,
In a garden of Roſes as they had bene,
No ſpot of fyre diſtayning cote or gowne,
Of victorie they did obteyne the crowne,
And were to them (that made adoration
To that Idoll, or bowed their body downe)
A witneſſing of their damnation.

What was the cauſe of me thou maiſt demaund,
That Salomon vſed no imagery,
In his triumphant temple for to ſtande,
Of Abraham, Iſaac, Iacob nor Ieſſe,
Nor of Moſes their ſauegarde through the ſea,
Nor of Ioſua their valiaunt Champion:
Bicauſe God did commaunde the contrary,
That they ſhould vſe no ſuperſtition.

Beholde the great God omnipotent
To preſerue Iſraell from Idolatry,
Directed them a ſtraight commaundement,
They ſhould make no carued imagery,
Neither of golde, of ſiluer, ſtone, nor tree,
Nor yet worſhip any likeneſſe
Of thing in heauen, in earth, or in the ſea,
But only his owne ſoueraigne holineſſe.

Exod. 20.
Dan. 5.

The Prophet Dauid playnly did repreue
Idolatrie, to their great confuſion,
In graued ſtocke or ſtone that did beleeue,
Shewing them their great abuſion.
And tell them in maner of deriſion,
How dead Idols by mens hand wrought,

(Whom they honored with humble ſubmiſſion)
Were in the market dayly ſolde and bought.

The deuils ſeeing the euill condition
Of the Gentiles,and their vnfaythfulneſſe,
For to augment their ſuperſtition,
Entred into thoſe Idols doubtleſſe,
And in them ſpake,as ſtories do expreſſe:
Then men beleeued of them to haue releeſe,
Aſking them helpe in all their buſineſſe,
But finally it turned to their miſcheefe.

Know well in them no Godhead is at all,
In ſmoke and duſt their cullour faded apace,
Though they haue feete they neither go nor cral,
If fyre catch holde within their ſtanding place
They can not ſtirre to ſhun their hurt pardie:
In ſuch figures what fauour can ye finde?
With mouth, eares & eyes though made they be,
All men may ſee they are dum,deafe and blinde.

If they fall downe vpon the floare,
They haue no ſtrength their ſelfe to rayſe agayn,
Though rattes run ouer them they take no care,
If they do breake their necks they feele no paine:
Why ſhould men (Pſalmes) to thẽ then ſing or ſay
Since growing trees that yerely yeld ſome bote
Are more of price I tell thee farre away,
Than rotten ſtocks that want both crop & rote.

Of Edenborow the great idolatrie,
And manifeſt abhomination,
On their feaſt dayes euery wight may ſee,
They beare a wodden image through the towne

With taber,trumpet,ſhalme,and clarion,
Which hath bene vſed many a yere agone,
With Prieſts and Friers in Proceſſion,
Like as God Bel was borne through Babilon.

Shame ye not ye ſecular Prieſts and Friers,
To ſo great ſuperſtition to conſent:
Idolaters ye haue bene many yeres
Expreſſe agaynſt the Lords commaundement:
Wherfore brethren I counſell you repent,
Giue no honour to carued ſtocke nor ſtone,
Giue laude and glory to God omnipotent
Wholy,as worthely writes S.Iohn.

Fye on you Friers that vſe for to preache,
And do aſſiſt ſuche vile idolatrie,
Why do ye not the ignorant people teach,
How a dead image carued of a tree,
As it were holy ſhould not honoured be,
Nor borne on mens backs vp and downe:
But you ſhew playnly your hipocriſie,
When ye go formoſt in proceſſion.

Fye on you foſtrers of Idolatrie,
That to a dead ſtocke do ſuche reuerence
In preſence of the people publikely,
Feare ye not God to commit ſuche offence?
I counſell you do your diligence
For to ſuppreſſe ſuche great abuſion:
If ye do not I dread your recompence
Shall be naught elſe but cleane confuſion.

Had S.Frances bene borne throughout yͤ town,
Or S.Dominike: though ye had refuſed

With them to haue gone in proceſſion,
In that caſe ſome would haue you excuſed,
Now men may ſee how that ye haue abuſed
That noble towne through vile hypocriſie,
The people thinke they might it well haue vſed,
When ye go with them in their companie.

Some of you haue bene wicked counſelers,
Prouoking Princes giltleſſe bloud to ſpill,
Which neuer did your prudent prodeceſſours,
But ye like furious Phariſeis voyd ſtill
Of charitie, which Chriſt on rode did kill:
For Chriſtes flocke without malice or yre,
Conuert frayle ſinners vnto good from ill,
By Gods worde, without ſworde or fyre.

Mat. 18. Reade ye not how Chriſt did commaund,
If thy brother do ought to thee offende,
Then ſecretly correct him hande to hande
In friendly maner ere thou further wende:
But if he will not heare thee, make it kende
To one or two by true narration,
If he for them will not his mis amende,
Declare him to the congregation.

And if he yet remayneth obſtinate,
And to the holy Church vncounſelable,
Then like a Turke holde him excomunicate,
And vnto all faythfull folke abhominable,
Baniſhing him that he be no more able
To dwell among the faythfull company:
When he repents be not vnmerciable,
But him receyue agayne right tenderly.

But our dum Doctours of diuinitie,
And ye of the laſt found religion,
Of poore tranſgreſſours haue no pitie,
But cry to put them to confuſion,
Like as the Jewes did for the effuſion
Of Chriſtes dere bloud in their burning yre
Cry Crucifie: ſo ye with one vnion
Cry, fye, go caſt the faulter in the fyre.

Unmercifull members of Antichriſt, *Rom. 16.*
Extolling your humaine tradition *Ephe. 5.*
Agaynſt the inſtitution of Chriſt,
Do ye not feare Gods iuſt punition?
Though ſome of you be good of condition,
Ready to receyue new recent wine,
I ſpeake to you olde veſſels of perdition,
Returne in time or ye do run to ruine,

As ran the falſe prophets of Baal or Bell,
Which did conſent to the idolatrie
Of wicked Achab king of Iſraell,
Whoſe number was foure hundred and fiftie,
Which honoured that Idoll openly:
But when Elias found out their illuſion,
He made the people ſlay them cruelly,
And ſo at one houre came their confuſion.

I pray you print in your remembraunce
How the red Friers for their Idolatrie
In Scotland, England, Spain, Italy, & Fraūce,
Upon a day were puniſht piteouſly:
Beholde how your own brethren now lately
In Dutchland, England, Denmark, & Norway,
Are

Are troden downe with their hipicriſie,
And as the ſnow are melted cleane away.

I maruell that our Biſhops thinke no ſhame
To giue you Friers ſuche preheminence,
To vſe their office to their great defame,
Preaching for them in open audience.
But might a Biſhop haue for his owne expence,
For eche ſermon ten Ducats in his hand,
He would or he did want that recomdence
Go preach him ſelfe both in borow and lande.

I truſt to ſee ſome good reformation,
When that we haue a good and faythfull king,
Which knowes the truth, and his vocation,
All publicanes he will downe bring,
And will not ſuffer in his realme to reigne
Corrupted Scribes, nor yet falſe Phariſience,
Agaynſt the truth which ſtriue & fight ſo plaine:
Till that king come we muſt take patience.

Now farewell friends, for why, all to reſite
I haue no time, ye muſt holde me excuſed,
Though I agaynſt Idolatrie do write,
Or them deſpiſe that will not yet refuſe it.
I pray to God it may no more be vſed
Among the Rulers of this region,
That common people be no more abuſed,
But giue him glory that ware the thorny crown.

Which taught vs by his deuine Scripture
Unto right prayer the perfect ready way,
As writeth Mathew in his ſixt chapter,
In what maner and to whom he ſhould pray:

A ſhort compendious prayer eche day,
Moſt profitable both for body and ſoule,
Which is not directed as I heare ſay.
To John, to James, to Peter, nor to Paule,

Nor to none of the Apoſtles twelue,
Nor to no Saint, nor Angell in heauen,
But onely to our father God himſelue,
Which praier doth containe full euen,
(Moſt profitable for vs) petitions ſeuen.
Which we lewd folke, the Pater noſter call,
Though we ſay Pſalmes nine, ten, or aleuen,
Of all prayers this is the principall,

By reaſon of the maker, that it made,
Which was the ſonne of God our ſauiour,
By reaſon alſo, to whom it ſhould be ſaide,
To the father of heauen, our creatour,
Which dwels not in temple, nor in tower,
He cleerely ſeeth our thought, will, and intent,
What nede we of other to deſire ſuccour,
When in eche place his power is preſent.

Ye Princes of the prieſts that ſhould preach,
Why ſuffer ye ſo great abuſion?
Why do ye not the ſimple people teach,
How and to whom to make their ſupplication?
Why ſuffer ye them to run from towne to towne,
In pilgrimage to any Imageries,
Hopiug to get there ſome ſaluation,
By praying to them deuoutly on their knees?

I haue ſene go a maruelous preaſſe
Yong men and women ſinging on their feete,

Under the forme of fayned holineſſe,
For to adore an idole in Loreit.
Many came with their minions for to meete,
Committing their foule fornication,
Some kiſt the filthy clagged taile of the hermit,
Why ſuffer ye this abhomination?

Of fornication and Idolatry,
Apparantly ye take but little cure,
Seeing the maruelous infelicitie,
Which hath ſo long in this land indure,
Through your defaut, which haue ẏ charge and power
This is of truth, my lordes by your leue,
Such pilgrimage hath made many a whore,
Which if I liſted plainely I could preue.

Why make ye not the ſcripture manifeſt
To poore people touching Idolatry?
In your preaching why haue ye not expreſt
How many kinges of Iſraell cruelly
Were puniſht by God ſo rigorouſly,
As Ieroboam and other without dout,
Who for worſhipping of carued imagery,
Were from there realmes roughly rooked out?

Why ſuffer ye vnder your dominion
A crafty prieſt or fayned falſe hermit,
Aboue the people of this region,
Onely for their peculiar profite?
And ſpecially that hermit of lawrete.
Who puts the common people in beleue
The blind had ſight, and lame againe their feete,
The which that harlot can by no meanes apreue?

Ye maried men that haue trim wanton wiues,
And luſtie daughters of yong and tender age,
Whoſe honeſty ye ſhould loue as your liues,
Suffer them not to go on pilgrimage,
To get releefe of any dead image,
For I haue knowen good women go from home,
Which being trapped with luſtfull rage,
Retourned loden both with ſinne and ſhame.

Ariſe, thou ſleepeſt all to long O lorde
And make an haſty reformation,
Of thẽ which ſo tread down thy gracious word,
And haue a deadly indignation
At them which make a true narration
Of thy ſweete Goſpell, ſhewing the verity.
O lord I make to thee ſupplication,
Support our faith, our hope, and charity.

Here followeth ſome of the wonderfull deedes of the luſty Queene Semiramis.

NInus loued ſo ardentlie,
Semiramis his fayre lady,
There was nothing ſhe could demaund
But that ſhe might the ſame commaund.
She ſeeing him ſo amorous,
Grewe proud and eke preſumptuous,
And of the king did deſire,
Fyue daies to gouerne his empire.
And he of his beneuolence,
Did graunt hir that preheminence,
With ſcepter, Crowne and robe royall,
And whole power imperiall,

Tyll fyue daies were come and gone,
That ſhe as king ſhould raigne alone,
Then all the princes of the land,
During that time were at hir hand,
With banket royall merily,
She treated them triumphantly.
So the firſt day the people all,
Came to hir ſeruice bound and thrall.
But or the ſecond day was gone,
She toke ſuch glory to raigne alone,
By that decre made them among
The king ſhe put in priſon ſtrong.
I reade well of his priſoning,
But not of his deliuering.
How euer it was, in his beſt flowers,
He did of death ſuffer the ſhowers.
And might not length his life an houre,
Although he were a conquerour,
Whoſe conquering for to conclude,
With great bloud ſheading was imbrude,
Now haue ye hard of Ninus king,
How he began, and his ending.
Howbeit my author Diodore,
Of him hath written yet much more:
Princes for wrongfull conquering,
Do make oft tymes an euill ending.
Though he had long proſperitie,
Yet ended he with miſery.

Of king Ninus ſepulture.

The queene did make a Sepulcher
Where ſhe king Ninus did interre,

Of curious crafty worke and weight,
The which had ſtages nine of height:
And ſtages ten of bredth it was,
Diodore ſayes it was no las.
For eyght ſtages a myle thou take,
And there after thy number make:
So by this count it was full right,
A myle and alſo a ſtage of height.
Except the tower of Babylon,
So hie a worke I reade of none.
Semiramis that luſty queene,
Conſidering well what hurt hath beene
Of tender age to haue a king,
Which might not go on warfaring:
A manly corage to hir tooke,
Intending for to ouerlooke
If any made rebellion,
Againſt hir country or hir Sonne,
Whom ſhe did foſter tenderly,
And brought vp nice and quietly.
She laid aparte hir owne clothing,
And toke the rayment of a king.
When ſhe was into armour dight,
Myght no man know hir from a knight,
She valiantly to warfare went,
And vnto feates of armes her bent,
Threatning all countries round about,
That all the world of hir had dout:
More fortunate in conquering,
Then was hir huſband Ninus king.
Great Babylon ſhe did fortify
With towers and temples gorgeouſly,
So ſtrong, ſo huge, ſo fayre, ſo many,
As erſt or ſince were neuer any.

Howbeit Nemrod of whom I ſpake,
That hideous building firſt did make
And that to wiie the ground worke laide,
Till God from heauen his purpoſe ſtaide.
Where Nemrod left there ſhe began,
And put to labour many a man.
Of all the regions round about,
The fineſt workemen ſhe ſought out.
She working had on tree, and ſtones,
Twelue hundred thouſand men at once.
Go reade the booke of Diodore,
And thou ſhalt fynde the number more.
On eytherſide of Euphratas,
That noble Citie builded was.
And ſo that ryuer of renowne,
Ran thorow the middle of the towne.
Ouerthwarte the ſtreame ſhe bridges made,
Of maruelous ſtrength, both long, and broade.
They were fyue ſtages full of length,
On euery bridge ſhe made a ſtrength.
The circuit as I ſayde before,
Foure hundred ſtages and foure ſcore.
The walles in height who would diſcriue,
Three hundred foote, three ſcore and fyue.
Sixe cartes might paſſe right eaſily,
Aboue the walles of that Citie,
Sidelinges without impediment.
Conſider by your iudgement,
If thoſe ſame walles were hie or no.
And curiouſly ſhe wrought them ſo,
As Diodore telleth it,
That it ſurmounteth far my wit,
To ſhew the great magnificence,
And you would giue no credence,

If I at length the things would write,
Which Diodorus did indite.
The lyke of Cities fynde I none,
To Niniue and Babylon.
From Niniuy in Aſſiria,
To Babylon in Chaldea,
By bridges pleaſant ye may paſſe,
Upon the floud of Euphratas.
Among the flouds of Paradice,
This Eupratas doth beare the price.
All workes which this ſame queene began,
Surpaſſed farre the wit of man.
The noble queene Pentheſilay,
Who ouer Amazons beare ſway.
With hir Ladies triumphantly,
Which fought at Troy valiantly.
Nor yet the luſty Laſſe of Fraunce,
Which did the fleeting king aduaunce,
Was neuer like Semiramis,
In glory and renowne iwis.
None but triumphant Iulius,
Strong Haniball and Pompeus,
Or Alexander the conquerer
Was worthie to compare with her.
Would I rehearſe as wryte great clarkes,
Her wonderfull and valiant workes,
It were to me a great labour,
And tedious to the auditour.
As what ſhe did in Ethiopia,
And in the land of Media,
By buylding Cities, Caſtels, and towers,
Parkes, and Gardens, and pleaſant Bowers.

For the exalting of hir name,
And for to win immortall fame:
It would be painfull vnto me,
And tedious to the hearer be.
Of Iarcius the hie mountaines
She digged downe and made them plaines.
Orontes that ſame mountaine hie,
Whoſe top did face the ſtarry ſky,
By hir palace to draine a fen,
She digged thorow by force of men.
Had ſhe maintained hir chaſtite,
She might haue well an Empreſſe be.
When ſhe had ordered hir Empire,
Of Venus worke ſhe toke deſire.
A ſecret manſion ſhe did make,
Where ſhe moſt pleaſantly might take
Yong gentle men for hir pleaſure,
The which ſhe vſed aboue meaſure.
One man alone might not be able
To ſtaunch hir luſte inſatiable.
When ſhe was ſatiſfied of one,
She made another come anone.
The luſtieſt of all the land,
Hir wicked will might not withſtand.
And when that they had line hir by,
She ſlew them all right cruelly.
And when hir ſonne was come to age,
Through lawleſſe luſt of beaſtly rage,
She cauſed him with hir to lie,
As others had moſt filthilie.
Thorow ſenſuall luſt (as ſome writers ſay),
She maried him, and held him ay
In warde and vnder cuſtodie,
To keepe hir owne authoritie.

How

How *Semiramis* with a great army paſt to Inde, and fought with king Staurobates, and of hir miſerable ende.

Experience

WHen ſhe had long time liued in reſt,
To conquere more ſhe hir adreſt,
Bicauſe of diuers ſhe hard tell,
How that the orient Inde full well
Excelde in great commodities,
As cattell, corne, and fruitfull trees,
All kinde of ſpice delicious,
Golde, ſiluer, and ſtones precious,
And how that plenteous lande did beare
Corne, fruite, and wine twiſe in the yeare,
With Oliphants innumerable,
In battell very auaylable.
She hearing this and mickle more,
In hope to increaſe hir fame therfore,
Did make ſtreight proclamations
In many ſundry nations,
Shewing how it was hir deſire,
All Princes vnder hir Empire
In Egypt and Arabia,
In Perſe, in Mede and Caldea,
In Grece, in Caſpia, and Hircane,
In Capadoce, Leid, and Mauritane,
In Armenia and Phrigia,
In Pamphilia and Aſſiria,
That eche lande after their degree
Should bring to hir a great army
In all the goodlieſt haſt they may,
And meete with hir in Bactria:
Declaring to them that hir intent
Was to paſſe into the Orient,

To make warre on the king of Jnde,
From time they knew what was hir minde.
Then by their ſelfe eche nation,
Came foorth with great prouiſion,
Triumphantly in good aray,
To Bactria they tooke the way,
And made their muſtars to the Queene.
But ſuche a ſight was neuer ſeene
Jn battell ray ſo many a man
At once, ſince God the worlde began.
For Spayne, Fraunce, England, and Scotland,
Dutchlande, Denmarke, nor yet Jrelande,
Were not inhabited in thoſe dayes,
Nor long after mine author ſayes.
Etheſius dothe ſpecifie
The number of this great army,
Saying there came at hir commaund,
Footemen thirtie hundred thouſand,
And horſemen mounted valiauntly,
Fiue hundred thouſande verily:
A hundred thouſand Camels wight,
And euery Camell had a knight.
Prepared to paſſe into all partes,
There was a hundred thouſand cartes.
Two thouſande botes with hir ſhe caries,
On horſe, camels, and dromedaries,
Wherwith neete bridges for to make
On Jndus that moſt mightie lake,
Which is of Jnde the vtmoſt border.
So on that ſtreame with right good order
She made of barges bridges ſtrong,
Wheron hir hoſt did paſſe along.

Courtier. Father J would you would conclude
How ſuche a maruelous multitude,

Might be at once brought to the fielde,
Ready to fight with ſpeare and ſhielde.
Some men will iudge it is a fable,
The matter were not beleuable.
It may well be my ſonne truly, Experience
As by example we may ſee,
How Dauid king of Iſraell
His people did in number tell,
By Ioab his chiefe captayne,
As holy Scripture ſheweth playne.
Of fighting men within the lande,
He found thirteene hundred thouſande.
Since Dauid in that ſmall countrey
Might haue rayſed ſuche an army:
To this lady it was no wonder,
The which had greater realmes hir vnder,
Than Dauids little Region.
Therfore ſhe had many a legion
Of men mo than I tolde before,
Therfore my ſonne maruell no more.
Staurobates the king of Inde,
Then greatly troubled in his minde,
When he heard of ſuche a multitude,
To make defence did ſtreight conclude,
And ſent a meſſage to the Queene,
Declaring to hir as I weene,
That ſhe hir enterprice ſhould ceace,
And giue him leaue to liue in peace.
If not, he ſayde though he ſhould dye,
That he would make hir fight or flye.
And to his god a vow he made,
(If no peace might of hir be had)
That if he wan the victorie,
He would hir ſurely cauſe to dye.

At this boſting the Queene made boordes,
And ſayd, no bragges nor boaſting words
Shall make me leaue my purpoſe,
Let battell make me win or loſe.
The meſſenger ſhewed to the king
Of her preſumptuous anſwering.
Then Staurobates wiſe and wight,
Came forwarde like a noble knight,
With many a thouſande ſpeare and ſhielde,
Arayde royall on the fielde,
His land intending to defende,
Or in the field his life to ende.
The Queene on the other ſide
Full of preſumption and of pride,
Hir baners gorgeouſly diſplayed,
With hardy courage vnafrayde,
On Indus that ſame famous floud
They met, where ſhed was much red bloud,
In botes, in balengers and barges,
Eyther armie on other charges:
Semiramis the battell wan,
Where drowned and ſlayne was many a man,
So that the water of the floud
Ran red bemired with mans bloud.
The king of Inde with all his might,
From Indus floud taking his flight,
To his chiefe Citie retyred,
Where in his preſence appeared
In battell ray a newe army,
Of right inuincible chiualrie,
With Elephants a hideous number,
Which afterwarde did muche him cumber:
Semiramis and hir company,
In the meane time full cruelly

Deſtroyed the borders of the lande,
And toke priſoners mo than ten thouſande.
She alſo tooke a politike conceite,
Great Elephants to counterfeite.
She had ten thouſande oxen hides
Well ſewde together backe and ſides.
With mouth and noſe, teeth, eares and eyne,
Quicke Elephants as they had bene,
Which beeing ſtuft with ſtraw and hay,
Like liuely Elephants kept aray.
On Camels and on Dromedaries
Thoſe falſe fygures with hir ſhe caries.
Now when the Indians ſow that ſight,
Full ſore afrayde they tooke their flight,
For ſuche a ſight was neuer ſene,
They ſeemed naturall beaſts to bene.
The king him ſelfe was right afeard,
Till he the verity had heard,
And knew by his eſpials playne,
They were but fayned ſhapes certayne,
Then manfully like men of warre,
Forwarde they came withouten feare.
So did Semiramis the Queene,
Which for one man had full fifteene.
Theſe two armies full cruelly
Did ruſhe together full rudely,
With hideous cry and trumpets ſounde,
Till thouſandes dead lay on the grounde.
Semiramis had ſuche a number,
To order them it did her cumber.
Then the great Elephantes of Inde,
Right ſtrong and hardy in their kinde,
Still forwarde came and would not ceace,
Till through the middeſt of all the preace

Of that great hoſte they rudely ruſht,
That men and horſe they all to fruſht,
Thoſe fayned beaſtes withouten ſprite
Were fruſht and foyled in their fight.
The king of Inde with courage keene,
Met with Semiramis the Queene,
He riding on an Elephand,
She meeteth with him hand to hand,
And gaue the king ſo great aſſay,
That he was neuer in ſuch afray,
To ſtrike at him ſhe tooke no feare,
So well ſhe vſed was to warre.
His ſtrokes truly ſhe little had forced,
But that he was ſo very well horſed.
Eyther at other ſtroke ſo faſte
Till they were tyred at the laſte.
The king then thought him ſelfe aſhamed,
And with a woman to be diffamed,
And was determined not to flye,
Though in that battell he ſhould dye.
As a man that deſperate had bene,
He rudely ran vpon the Queene,
And through the arme gaue hir a wound,
Which made hir hart ſo ſore aſtound,
That ſhe conſtrayned was to flye.
Then all the reſt of hir armye,
When they perceyued that ſhe was gone,
To Indus riuer fled anone.
The Queene ouer the riuer gote
On bridges that were made of bote,
And with hir a ſorye companye,
Which with hir fled then preſently.
The Indians folowed on the chaſe,
And on the bridge them chargde apace.

The throng did cauſe the bridges vnder
To ſinke with weight and breake a ſunder:
Some ſanke, ſome downe the riuer ran,
There drowned many a noble man,
Some left their life vpon the ſhore,
As writeth famous Diodore.
And finally for to conclude,
The earth was neuer ſo imbrude
At one time ſince the world began,
With bloudſhed of ſo many a man,
And all through the occaſion,
And pridefull fonde perſuaſion
Of this ambicious wicked Queene,
Whoſe like was neuer harde nor ſeene.
Staurobates the king of Inde,
Reioyced greatly in his minde,
Of this triumph and victorie.
Semiramis with hart full ſorie,
Seeing ſo many taken and ſlayne,
To hir countrey returnde agayne,
Lamenting fortunes variaunce,
Which broght hir to ſo great miſchaũce,
Which was before ſo fortunate,
And then of comfort deſolate.
Hir ſonne a man of great perfection,
Conſidering his vnmeete ſubiection,
His libertie gan to deſyre
That he might gouerne his Empire.
He ſeeing his mother vicious,
And therewith ſo ambicious,
As mine author doth ſpecifie,
Did ſlea hir moſt vnnaturally,
For what cauſe or intention
I finde no ſpeciall mention,

Some ſay to be at libertie,
Some ſay for hir adultrie,
None other cauſe I can define,
Saue puniſhment by wrath deuine.
Of this fayre Lady coragious
Beholde the ending dolorous,
Which was but twenty yeres of age
When ſhe began hir firſt viage,
And raigned quietly without warre
The ſpace of two and fortie yere.
When ſhe was ſlayne ſhe was threeſcore,
With yeres two, ſhe was no more,
As Diodore writes in his booke,
His Chronicle who liſt to looke.
Of this Lady I make an ende,
Thinking no way I can commende
Women for to be manly,
Nor men for to be womanly.
For why it is the Lords minde
All creatures for to vſe their kinde:
For men to haue preheminence,
And women vnder obedience,
Howbeit all women inclined be
For to haue the ſoueraintie:
As this Lady that would not reſt,
Till ſhe hir huſbande had ſuppreſt,
Hir owne glory for to aduaunce,
Alone to haue the gouernaunce.
Ladies no way I can commende,
Preſumptuouſly that do intende
To vſe the office of a king,
Or Realmes to take in gouerning,
Although they valiaunt be and wight,
Going to battell like a knight,

As did Penthesiley the ſtout,
Who led the Amazonian rout,
In mans habit againſt reaſon.
Therfore I thinke deriſion
A prince to be effeminate,
Of knightly corage deſolate,
Neglecting his authoritie,
Through beaſtly ſenſualitie,
Accompanied both daies and nights,
With women more then valiant knightes.
Such kings I diſcommend them all,
Example heere of Sardanapall.

Experience

Father (how long raigned) ſhew me thus,
The ſucceſſion of king Ninus.

Courtier.

That ſhall I do with diligence.
My ſonne (forſooth) or I go hence.
Since I haue ſhewed at thy deſire,
What man began the firſt empire,
Now would I that it were to thee kend,
How that ſame empire came to end.

How king Sardanapalus for his vicious liuing made a miſerable ende.

BEtwixt this conquerour king Ninus,
And ſenſuall Sardanapalus,
I cannot fynd no ſpeciall ſtory,
Worthy to put in memory:
Except the onely foreſaid lyfe,
Of Semiramis king Ninus wife.
But I can finde no good at all
To write of king Sardanapall,
Which was the ſixandthirtith king
By lyne from Ninus diſcending.

At length his life for to declare,
I thinke it is not neceſſare,
Bicauſe that many cunning clarkes,
Haue him diſcriued in their workes,
How he was laſt that ſate alone
Upon the Aſſirian princely throne,
That tyme of the firſt Monarchye,
In Cronicles as thou maiſt ſee,
The laſt and the moſt vicious king,
Which in that Monarch was raigning.
That Prinſe was ſo effeminate,
With ſenſuall luſte inordinate,
That he abhord the company
Of his moſt noble chiualry.
And for to haue the more delite,
To vſe his beaſtly apetite,
He kept with women night and day,
And clothed him in their aray;
So that no man that had him ſene,
Would iudge that he a man had bene.
In whoredome and in harlotry,
He kept himſelfe all vtterly.
The princes of his realme could get
No ſight nor eye vpon him ſet.
Thus liued he continually,
Againſt nature inordinately,
When to the Percis and the Medes:
Reported were his vicious deedes,
With the rulers of Babylon,
They did conclude all in one,
They would not ſuffer for to raine,
Aboue them ſuch a vicious ſwaine.
And Arbates a king of Mede,
Did boldly take in hand that dede.

But fyrſt he came to Niniue,
To ſee the Princes maieſty,
And vnto one of the kinges garde,
He gaue a ſecret riche reward,
To put him in a priuy place,
Where he might ſee the kings good grace,
And not be ſeene of any wight,
But he ſaw neither king nor knight,
Within his maiſters company,
Except women all vtterly.
And as a woman he was clad,
With women counſelled and lad,
And ſhamefully he was ſitting,
With ſpindell and with rocke ſpinning.
When Arbates that ſight had ſene,
His corage raiſed from the ſplene,
And thought it ſmall difficulty,
For to depriue his maieſty.
Then raiſed he the Perſians,
With Medes and Babylonians,
Inarmed well with ſpeare and ſhilde,
Triumphantly and toke the fielde.
The king raiſed Aſſirians,
Together with the Caldeans,
And them reſiſted as he might,
But finally he tooke his flight,
To ſaue him ſelfe in Niniue.
Then ſieged they the great Citie,
Continually two yeare and more,
As writeth famous Diodore.
Tyll that the floud of Euphrates,
Aroſe with raging furiouſnes,
Wherethrough a great part of the towne
By violence was beaten downe.

And when the king ſaw no remedy,
But to be taken or to die,
As a man deſperat full of yre,
He made a furious flaming fyre,
And toke his golde and Juels all,
With ſcepter, crowne, and robe royall,
And all his tender ſeruitures,
That of his bodie had greateſt cures,
Together with his luſty Queenes,
And all his wanton concubynes,
And in that fyre did them caſt,
And leapt himſelfe in at the laſt,
Where all were burnt into pouder ſmall.
Thus ended king Sardanapall,
Without any repentaunce,
As may be ſeene by this ſentence,
Which followeth as he did indite,
Before his death in great diſpite,
Which is a right vngodly thing,
As ye may ſee by his writing.

The Epitaphe of Sardanapalus.

Cum te mortalem noris: præſentibus exple,
Dilitijs animum: poſt mortem nulla voluptas
Et venere: et cœnis, et plumis Sardanapali.

Now haue I ſhewed with diligence
The Monarchy of Aſſirians,
The which at king Ninus began,
And ended at this miſcheuous man,
And did indure withouten were,
A thouſand two hundred and forty yere.
As doth indite Euſebius,
Reade him and thou ſhalt fynde it thus.

FINIS.

Here followes the thirde part, firſt making narration of the miſerable deſtruction of the fiue Cities, zodom, Gomor, Seboin, Segore, and Adama, and a ſhort deſcription of the ſecond, third and fourth Monarchies, with the miſerable deſtruction of Ieruſalem, & the laſt ſpirituall Monarchy.

Courtier.

Father I pray you to me tell,
The notable things that befell,
During the tyme that the Aſſirians,
Did hold ſo long preheminence,
I meane of other nations,
Vnder their dominions.

Experienc.

That may be done in termes ſhort,
(My ſonne) as ſtoryes do report.
Induring this firſt Monarchy,
Befell that wofull miſery
Of Zodom, Gomor, and that region,
As ſcripture maketh mention,
Whoſe people were ſo ſenſuall,
In filthy ſinnes vnnaturall,
That here in this my ſimple verſe,
My tong abhorres them to rehearſe.
Like brutiſh beaſtes bereft of minde,
Vnnaturally they abuſe their kinde,
By filthy ſtinking lechery,
Which ſtill of them is called Sodomy.
As holy ſcripture doth diſcriue,
In that countrey were Cities fyue,
Which were Sodome, and Gomorra,
Seboin, Segor, and Adama.

Among them all found was there none,
Undefiled but Lot alone,
Holy Abraham dwelt nere hand by,
Which prayed for Lot effectuouſly,
For God gaue him aduertiſement,
That he would ſend them puniſhment.
To Lot two Angels God did ſend,
Him from that fury to defend.
Now when the people of that region,
Saw the Angels come to the towne,
Tranſformed into fayre yong men,
They purpoſt for to know them then,
And for to abuſe them vnaturally,
With their foule ſtincking Zodomy.
Thereof good Lot was wonderous wo,
And offered them his daughters two,
Them at their pleaſure for to vſe,
But they his daughters did refuſe.
And then the Angels by their might,
Thoſe men depriued of their ſight:
Which diſapointed of their pray,
Forſooke Lots houſe and went their way.
The Angels then bade Lot apace
To hie him from that ſinfull place,
Whoſe foule vnkindly Lechery
For vengeaunce vnto heauen did cry.
When Lot was gone, Gods rightfull yre,
raynd brimſtone downe and flaming fyre:
With dreadfull thunder clappes vpon
Thoſe Cities and the whole region.
Of all that land ſcaped no mo,
Except Lot and his Daughters two,
His wife was turned to a ſtone
So wiueles was he left alone,

For ſhe was diſobedient,
And kept not Gods commaundement,
When the Angell holding them by the hand
Willed them to hie them fro that land,
And warned them vnder great paine,
Neuer to looke backward againe.
But when that Lots wife hard the thundring,
The flaming fyre the flaſhing lightning,
And wofull cryes behind hir backe
Of people going all to wracke,
(For none of them had power to fly),
She yernd that ſorowfull ſight to ſee,
And as ſhe turned hir anone
She was tronſformed into a ſtone,
Where ſhe remaineth ſtill this daye,
Of hir I haue no more to ſay.
To ſhew at length I am not able,
That piteous proceſſe lamentable,
How Cities, Caſtels, Townes, and towers,
Villages alſo and pleaſant bowers,
Were into pouder wholly burned,
And Forreſtes by the rootes vp turned.
Their king, their queene, and people all,
Were burnt to powder great and ſmall.
No creature ſcaped thence with lyfe,
Foule, beaſt, worme, fiſhe, Childe, man nor wife,
The earth, the corne, herbs, fruite and tree.
The babes vpon the nurſes knee,
Were in one inſtant ſodenly
Deſtroyed by fyre all vtterly.
As it came in the time of Noy,
When God did all the world deſtroy,
For that ſelfe ſinne of Zodomy,
And moſt vnſemly buggery.

Which vice at length for to declare,
I thinke it is not neceſſare.
When all were burnt fleſhe, bloud, and bones,
Hils, valeis, ſtockes, trees, herbes, and ſtones,
The countries where thoſe Cities ſtood,
Became a lake of ſtinking mud,
The which is called the deade ſea,
Next to the countrey of Iudea.
Whoſe ſtincking ſtreames blacke as tar,
Do caſt a filthie ſauour far.
Within Oroſius thou may rede
Of that countre the length and brede,
Of length fifty myles and two,
And fourtene myle of bredth alſo.
Lot of his wife was ſo agaſt,
That he to a wilde Mountaine paſt,
Of company he had no mo,
Except his luſty daughters two.
And by their prouocation,
As Moyſes makes narration.
Alone in that ſame mountaine wilde,
His daughters both he got with childe.
For they beleued in their thought
That all the world was gone to naught,
As it became of that nation.
And thinking that generation
Would fayle, except they hartely
Got their father with them to lye.
They found a crafty wicked wile,
Wherwith their father to beguile.
They cauſed him to drinke ſtrong wine,
Which men to Lechery doth inclyne.
When he was full and fallen on ſleepe,
His daughters ſoftly to him creepe,

Into his bed full quietly,
Prouoking him with them to lye:
He knew not how he was beguylde,
Til both his daughters were with child
Which after when their times were run,
Did ech of them bring foorth a ſonne,
Of whom two nations did proceede,
As in the Scripture thou mayſt reede,
In the which Scripture thou mayſt ſee
At length this wofull miſerie.
This miſerie fell as ye ſhall heare,
From Noyes floud three hundred yeare,
With foure ſcore iuſt and aleuen,
As counteth Carion full euen:
And after Noyes death as I geſſe,
One and fortie yere more or leſſe.
Abraham was of age I weene,
Foureſcore yeres and ninteene,
When this foule ſinne and Zodomy,
Was puniſhed ſo rigorouſly.
Good God preſerue vs in our time,
That we commit not ſuche a crime.
Tedious were it for me to tell
During this Monarchie what befell,
And wonders that on earth were wrought,
Which to the purpoſe longeth not:
As how the people of Iſraell
Did long time in Egypt dwell,
And oft they ſuffred great punition,
Through Pharaos perſecution:
And how Moyſes did them conuay
Through the red ſea with mickle ioy,
Where king Pharao right miſerably
Was drowned with all his huge army:

And how the people dwelt no leſſe
Than fortie yeere in wildernes.
Exod.2. Moyſes that time as I heare ſay,
Receyued the Law in mount Sinay.
Joſua.3. And Joſua afterwarde through Jordan,
Led thoſe people to Canaan,
Where Saule, Dauid, and Salomon,
With Hebrew kings many one,
Did richly raygne in that countrey.
During this firſt Monarchie,
Befell the ſiege of Thebes miſerable,
Where bloud was ſhed incomparable,
Of noble warriours in thoſe dayes,
With other terrible and great frayes,
And how the Greekes wrought vengeance
Vpon the noble Troians,
Bicauſe that Paris did conuay
Perforce fayre Helen to Troy away.
Which was king Menelaus wife,
Where many a thouſande loſt their life.
That time the vallaunt Hercules,
Throughout the world did him adreſſe,
Where he did many a doughtie deede,
As in that Storie thou mayſt rede.
And how that through Dianira his wife,
That Champion laſtly loſt his life,
In flaming fyre moſt furiouſly,
By reaſon of hir iealouſie.
That time Remus and Romulus,
Did founde that Citie moſt famous
Of Rome ſtanding in Italie,
As in the ſtory thou mayſt ſee,
Reade thou in Titus Liuius,
And thou ſhalt finde works wonderous,

Whoſe doughtie deedes are well commended,
And ſhall be till the world be ended,
Though they began with crueltie,
And made an ende with miſerie,
As lightly all are wont, whoſe will
Delightes the giltleſſe bloud to ſpill.
In Grece the ornat Poetrie,
Medcine, Muſicke, Aſtronomye,
During this firſt Monarchie began,
By Homer that moſt famous man,
Together with Heſiodus,
As diuers authors ſhewne to vs.
It were to long to put in rime
The bookes which they wrote in their time.
Theſe were the acts moſt principall,
Which did in that ſame age befall.
As for good Abraham and his ſeede,
Within the Byble you may rede,
How in this time it did befall,
Began the kingdome ſpirituall,
As I haue ſhewed to thee before,
Wherefore I ſpeake of them no more.

A ſhort deſcription of the ſeconde third, and fourth Monarchies.

FAther I pray you which was the man **Courtier.**
That the next Monarchy began?
Cyrus in deede the king of Perſe, **Experience.**
As olde Chronicles do rehearſe,
Prudent and full of Policie,
Began the ſeconde Monarchie.

And he was the moſt noble king
That euer in Perce was raigning,
For he of his benignitie
Deliuered from captiuitie
The whole people of Iſraell,
In the time of Daniell,
The which had bene priſoners
In Babylon full ſeuentie yeeres.
Therfore God of his grace bening
Gaue heauenly knowledge to this king,
During his time as I heare tell,
He vſed the counſell of Daniell.
Carion at length doth ſpecifie
Of his maruelous natiuitie,
And of his vertuous vpbringing,
And how he vanquiſht Creſus king,
With many an other valiaunt deede,
As in Carion thou mayſt reade,
Whoſe ſucceſſion did indure
Till the laſt king thereof be ſure.
But after his great conquering
Right wofull was his ending,
As Herodotus doth diſcriue,
In Scithia he loſt his life,
Whereas the mightie Scithians
Vanquiſht thoſe noble Perſians.
And when that Cyrus once was dead,
Queene Tomyre hacked of his head,
For ſhe was Queene of Scithians,
And in deſpite of Perſians
She caſt his head as ſhe thought good,
Into a veſſell full of bloud,
And ſayde theſe words right cruelly,
Drinke thou thy fill if thou be dry,

For thou didſt bloudſhed euer thurſt,
Now drinke therfore vntill thou burſt.
After that, Cyrus ſucceſſion
Of all the worlde helde ſtill poſſeſſion,
Till Alexander with ſworde and fyre,
Obteyned perforce the thirde Empire.
This man was king of Macedone,
With valiaunt Greekes many a one,
In battell fell and furious,
He vanquiſht the mightie Darius,
Which was the worſt and the laſt king,
That after Cyrus was reigning.
As for this mightie Emperour,
Alexander the conquerour,
If thou at length wilt reade the thing,
And all his cruell conquering,
In Engliſh tongue in his great booke,
At length his life there may thou looke,
How Alexander that mightie king,
Was twelue yeere in conquering,
And how for all his great conqueſt,
He liued ſcarſe a yere in reſt,
But by his ſeruaunt ſecretly
He poyſoned was full piteouſly.
Lucan, Alexander doth compare
To thunder or fyre flaſht in the ayre,
A cruell planet, a mortall worde,
Downe thronging people with his ſworde.
Ganges that moſt famous floud,
He mixed with the Indians bloud,
And Euphrates with the bloud of Perce.
His crueltie for to rehearſe,
And giltles bloud that he did ſhed,
Abhominable was to be read.

After his ſhort proſperitie
He dyed with great miſerie.
It were to long to be deſcribed,
How all his Realmes remaynde deuided,
Untill that Ceſar Julius,
When he had vanquiſht Pompeus,
Was choſen Emperour agayne,
Aboue the Romanes for to reigne.
That mightie Prince was the firſt man,
Which the fourth Monarchy began,
And had the whole dominion
Of euery lande and Region,
Whoſe ſucceſſors reigned without war,
Ouer the world both nighe and farre.
But gentle Julius kept his place
Of Emperour but a little ſpace,
The more to blame his folke therfore,
In fiue moneths and little more,
By falſe and miſcheeuous treaſon
That prudent Prince was troden downe,
And murthered in his counſell houſe,
By cruell Brutus and Caſſius.
After that Julius was ſlayne,
The great Octauian next did raigne,
Of Emperours one of the beſt,
During whoſe time was peace and reſt
Ouer all the worlde in eche region,
As Hiſtories make mention,
Moreouer alſo it is playne,
That while Octauius thus did reigne,
The ſonne of God our Lord Jeſu,
Tooke mankinde of the virgin true,
Mat. 2. And was that time in Bethlem borne,
To ſaue mankinde that was forlorne,

As Scripture makes narration,
Of his bleſt Incarnation.
Now haue I tolde thee as I can,
How the foure Monarchies began,
But in thy minde thou mayſt remember
How worldly power is but ſlender,
For all the great empires are gone,
Thou ſeeſt there is no Prince alone
Which hath the whole dominion
This time of euery Nation.
Father what ment theſe knightes, Courtier.
Couetous to be of others rightes,
Without cauſe or iuſt quarrell,
Wherthrough they made ſuch battell,
The common people downe to bring.
To this I make this anſwering, Experience
My ſonne truely that ſhall be doone
As I beſt can, and that right ſoone.
Theſe Monarchies I vnderſtande,
Were firſt ordeyned by the hande
Of him that made and faſhioned all,
For to downe bring and to make thrall
Vngodly people vicious:
And alſo to be gracious
To ſuch as good and vertuous are,
As Daniell playnly doth declare *Dan.7.*
At length in all his propheſies,
How there ſhould be foure Monarchies,
His ſeconde chapter thou mayſt ſee,
How after the firſt Monarchy,
When Nabuchodonoſer king
An image ſawe in his ſleeping,
Both hye and brode with viſage bolde,
Whoſe head was all of pure fine golde.

His breſt and armes of ſiluer bright,
His wombe of copper ſtrong and wight,
His loynes and limmes of yron ſtrong,
His feete of clay with yron among.
Then from a mountayne came alone,
Without mans hande a mightie ſtone,
Which on that figures feete did fall,
And beate it downe in pouder ſmall.
This is the Interpretation,
As Doctours make narration:
The head of golde did ſignifie,
Fyrſt of Aſſyrians the Monarchie,
The Siluer breſt they did apply
To Perſians, which raigned ſecondly.
The wombe of Copper or of braſſe,
Thirdly to Greekes compared was.
His loynes and limmes of yron and ſteele,
Clarkes haue the ſame compared wele
To Romanes through their diligence,
To haue the fourth preheminence
Aboue eche other Nation.
By this interpretation
The mixed feete of yron and clay,
Did ſignifie the latter day,
When that the world ſhould be deuided,
As afterwarde ſhall be declared.
Chriſt is ſignified by the ſtone,
Whoſe Monarchie ſhall neuer be gone,
For vnder his dominion,
All Princes ſhall be troden downe,
When that great king omnipotent,
Comes to his generall iudgement,
His Monarchie then ſhall be knowen,
As after ſhall be to thee ſhowen.

And alſo the ſcripture will thee tell,
How in the eyght chapter of Daniell,
He did ſee in this his viſion,
By Gods great prouiſion,
How that the Greekes ſhould worke vengeance,
Vpon the Medes and Perſians.
Comparing the Greekes vnto a gote
With one horne furious and hote,
Which ſlew the ram, with hornes two,
Compared to Perce and Mede alſo.
And ſo by Daniels propheſies,
All theſe great mighty Monarchies,
The which all other realmes ſuppriſed,
By the great God were deuiſed,
As well appeares by Titus the Roman,
The ſonne and heyre of Veſpaſian.
Who made him a furious inſtrument,
To put the Iewes to great torment,
Wherof I purpoſe or I hence fare,
Shortly the proces to declare.

Of the miſerable and moſt terrible deſtruction of Ieruſalem.

Father I pray you declare to me, **Courtier.**
Induring this fourth Monarchie,
The moſt miſfortune that befell.
My ſonne forſoth I ſhall thee tell. **Experience**
The moſt and manifeſt miſery,
Did fall vpon that great Citie
Ieruſalem, when it was ſuppreſt,
As ſtories do make manifeſt.

But as the ſcripture doth deuiſe,
Jeruſalem was deſtroyed twiſe.
Firſt for the great Idolatrye
Which they committed in Jurye.
The honor due to God alone,
They gaue to figures of ſtocke & ſtone.
Before Chriſtes incarnation,
Came fyrſt this deſolation,
Fyue hundred yeares foure ſcore & ten.
In Cronicles it may be ſene,
How Nabuchodonoſer king,
That famous Citie did downe bring,
Their king with people many one,
He brought all bound to Babylon,
Where they remained priſoners,
The ſpace of ten and threſcore yeares.
And that firſt deſolation,
Which called is the tranſmigration.
There were none left in all thoſe lands
But poore mē labouring wͭ their hands,
Tyll mighty Cirus king of Perce,
As Daniell doth full well rehearſe,
Was moued by God for to reſtore,
The Jewes to be as they were before.
If I let paſſe I were to blame
The laſt ſiege of Jeruſalem:
Whoſe ruine was moſt miſerable,
And for to tell right terrible.
Was neuer in earth Citie nor towne,
Had ſuch extreame deſtruction.
The townes of Tyre, Thebes, nor Troy,
They ſuffered neuer halfe ſuch noy.
The Emperour Veſpatian,
The cruell ſiege thereof began.

There was the propheſy complete,
Which Chriſt ſpake on mount Oliuet,
When he Ieruſalem beheld,
With teares that from his eyen diſtild.
Seeing by heauenly preſcience,
The great deſtruction and vengence,
Which was to come on that Citie,
His hart was perced with pitie.
He ſaid Ieruſalem and thou knew
Thy great ruine, ſore would thou rew.
Naught booteth thee that I can ſhow,
The veritie thou wilt not know:
Nor haue conſideration
Of thy holy viſitation.
Thy people will no way conſider,
Whom I would haue gathered togeder,
As ſtraying ſheepe without their heardes,
Or as the hen gathereth hir birdes
Under hir winges tenderly.
But you refuſe moſt ſpitefully.
Therfore ſhall come that dreadfull day,
That no remedy make thou may,
Thy fences ſhall be broke in ſunder,
So that the world ſhall on thee wonder:
Thy temple which now doth ſtately ſtand,
Shall be trode downe among the ſand.
And as he ſayd ſo it befell,
As hereafter I ſhall thee tell.
Shew me good ſyr the ſircumſtance, Courtier.
And ſpeciall cauſe of that miſchaunce.
My ſonne the holy ſcripture ſayes, Experience.
It was for that they kild alwayes
The Prophets which God to them did ſend,
And alſo bycauſe they did contend,

With Chriſt the ſonne of God ſoueraine,
When he among them did remaine.
For all the Miracles that he did ſhow,
The Scribes & Phariſes would not him know,
Though he thorow his power diuine,
The water clere had turnd to wyne,
And by that ſelfe ſame power and might,
Had giuen the blind their perfect ſight,
And giuen the crooked men their feete,
And made the leper whole and ſweete.
And healed all, and rayſed the deade,
And to the hungry broke his breade:
Yet becauſe he ſhewd the veritie,
They did conclude that he ſhould die,
The Byſhops and Princes of the prieſtes,
Did grow ſo boldned in their breſtes.
The Scribes and Doctours of the law,
Of God nor man had no awe,
On Chriſt Jeſu vengeaunce to ſeke,
Right ſo the Scribes and Phariſies eke,
A ſect of fayned religion,
Deuiſed his confuſion,
And ſent their ſeruauntes at the laſt,
Which with ſtrong cordes did bind him faſt.
Both backe and ſide they ſcourged him,
That none for bloud might ſee his ſkyn.
There was not left one penny broad
Of him vnwounded from foote to head,
In maner of deriſion,
They made for him a cruell crowne,
Of pricking thornes ſharpe and long,
Which on his heauenly head they throng,
And made him for the greater lacke,
Beare his gallous on his backe,

To that vile place of Caluery,
Where many a thouſand men might ſee.
That innocent they toke perforce,
And bowed him backwarde to the Croſſe.
Thorow fete and hands great nayles they thruſt
Tyll bloud aboundantly out bruſt.
Without grutching and clamorous cry,
That paine he ſuffered paciently.
And for augmenting of his greues,
They hanged him betwixt to theues.
Where men might ſee the ſtreames ſo ſweete,
Which ſprong out of his hands and feete.
From thornes driuen into his head,
Ran downe the bloudy ſtreames red:
In the preſence of many a man,
The bloud royall on the earth ran.
Shortly to ſay that heauenly king,
In extreame dolour abode hanging,
Tyll ſaying (Conſummatum eſt)
His ſprite he yelded from his breſt.
When he was dead they tooke a dart,
And pearſt that prince through the hart,
From whom there ran both water and bloud,
The earth then trembled where they ſtood.
Phebus did hide his beames ſo bright,
That thorow the world there was no light.
The great veyle of the temple rent then:
Out of their graue did riſe dead men,
And in the Citie did appeare,
As in the ſcripture you may heare.
Then Ioſeph of Arimathy,
Dyd bury him right reuerently,
But yet he roſe full gloriouſly,
On the third day tryumphantly.

And with his Diſciples in certaine,
Forty daies he did remaine.
After that to heauen he aſcended:
But theſe Iewes nothing their life amended,
Nor gaue no credence to his ſawes,
As more at length the ſtories ſhowes,
But cruelly did ſtill oppreſſe
All men that did his name profeſſe.
They perſecuted many a one,
And priſoned both Peter and Iohn,
And Steuen they ſtoned ſtarke dead,
From Iames the leſſe they toke the head.
This was the cauſe in concluſion,
Of their cruell confuſion.
The prudent Iew Ioſephus ſayes,
That he was preſent in thoſe dayes,
And in his booke makes mention,
How after Chriſtes aſcention,
The ſpace of forty yeares and twaine,
Thoſe cruell warres did rage and raigne.
The ſecond yeare of Veſpatian,
Where many were taken and ſlaine,
Ioſephus plainely doth conclude,
Was neuer ſene ſuch a multitude
Before that time in the towne,
Which came for their confuſion.
To their great miſfortune it befell,
That all the princes of Iſraell
Aſſembled to the paſſouer,
But to returne they had no leyſure.
The bold Romaines with their Captaine,
Titus the ſonne of Veſpatian,
Their army ouer Iudea ſpred,
Then all men to the Citie fled,

Beleuing there to get reliefe,
But all turned to their miſchiefe.
The Romaines lapped them about,
That by no way they might get out.
Sixe monethes did that ſiege indure,
Where loſt were many a creature.
Which there in miſery did remaine,
Tyll they were taken all and ſlaine.
During the time of this aſſayle,
Their meat and drinke and all did aſſaile,
For there was ſuch a multitude,
That thouſands died for falt of foode.
Neceſſity made them eate perforce
Dogge, Cat, Rat, and Horſe,
Riche men were forced to eate their golde,
Yet died they for hunger manifolde.
Such hunger was there as we reade,
The quicke were forced to eate the dead.
The fylth of Cloſets many did eate,
To length their life they thought it ſweete meate.
The deyntie Ladies of the towne,
For falt of foode did drop thicke downe.
And when they might get no other meate,
Shey ſlew their owne children to eate.
But all for nought for pitifully,
Their owne ſouldiers full gredily,
Reft them that fleſh moſt miſerable,
And they with mourning lamentable,
For extreame hunger their Ghoſt did yeeld.
There was the propheſy fulfyld,
As Chriſt before made narration,
The day of his bitter paſſion:
When that the Ladyes for him mourned,
Full piteouſly to them he turned.

And ſaid daughters mourne not for me,
Mourne for your owne poſterite:
Within ſhort time ſhall come the day,
That men of that Citie ſhall ſay,
When they are trapped in the ſnare,
Bleſt be the wombe that neuer bare.
The barren paps then ſhall they blyſſe.
That dolefull day ye ſhall not mis.
This prophesy did come to paſſe,
That day with many a lowd alaſſe.
Such ſorrowfull lamentation
Was neuer harde in any nation.
As was when thoſe ſame Ladies ſwete
Lay dying for hunger in the ſtrete:
Their huſbands, nor their children,
Could giue to them no comfort then,
Nor yet releue them of their harmes,
But eyther died in others armes.
After this wofull indigence,
Among them roſe a great peſtilence,
Wherin there died many a hunder,
Which to declare it were great wonder.
And for finall concluſion,
Thoſe warlike walles were beten downe,
Prince Titus with his chiualry,
With ſound of trompe triumphantly,
Entred into that Citie.
But to declare I thinke it pitye,
The painefull clamor horrible,
Of wounded folke moſt miſerable.
There was nought els but kill and ſlay,
For there was no man might ſcape away.
The ſtreames of bloud ran thorow eche ſtrete,
Of dead folkes troden vnder feete.

Olde widowes in the ſtreete were ſmothred,
Yong virgins ſhamefully defloured,
The great Temple of Salomon,
With many a curious carued ſtone,
With perfect pinacles of height,
which were right beautifull and white,
Wherein riche Jewels did abounde,
They threw downe rudely to the grounde,
And ſet (in that their furious yre)
Sancta Sanctorum all on fyre.
And with extreme confuſion,
All their great buildings they beat downe.
There broken were the ſtubborne briſtes
Of Biſhops, princes, and of the Prieſts.
Then did the great vengeance ariſe
On falſe Scribes and Phariſies.
All their paynted hypocriſie,
That time might make them no ſupply.
That day they wofully repented,
That to the death of Chriſt conſented,
Though it were to our ſaluation,
Yet was it vnto their damnation.
The vengeance of the bloud giltles,
From Abell to Zacharias,
That day vpon Jeruſalem fell.
But tedious it were for to tell
The great extreme confuſion,
And of bloud the effuſion,
Was neuer ſlayne ſo many a man
At one time ſince the world began.
The Jewes that day had their deſyre,
Which they did aſke in their great yre,
As in Scripture is ſpecified,
The day when Chriſt was crucified,

When Ponce Pilate the preſident
Saide to them, I am innocent
Of the iuſt bloud of Chriſt Ieſus,
They cried his bloud be vpon vs,
And on our generation,
They had their ſupplication
That day, with many a carefull cry,
Their bloud was ſhed abundantly.
Ioſephus writeth in his booke,
His Chronicle who liſt to looke,
That during that cruell ſiege certayne,
Were aleuen hundred thouſande ſlayne:
And of priſoners well ſolde and ſeene,
Foureſcore thouſande and ſeuenteene,
Out of the lande they did expell
All the people of Iſraell,
And for their great ingratitude
They left it vnder ſeruitude.
There is no Iew in no countrey
Which hath one foote of propertie,
Nor neuer had as you may heare,
Since that time.xv.hundred yeare,
Nor neuer ſhall to thee I ſhew,
Till that they turne to Chriſtes law,
Some ſay the Iewes both yong & olde,
Were thirtie for a peny ſolde,
As Iudas ſolde Chriſt before,
For thirtie pence and no more.
After that many were miſcheeued.
For when it was knowen how long they liued
Vpon their golde, withouten doubt
They ſlit their belies to ſearch it out,
The reſt into Egypt they did ſende
Priſoners to their liues ende.

Titus tooke in his company
Great numbers of the moſt worthy,
With him to Rome he led them bound,
And cruelly did them confounde,
His victorie for to beautifie,
And eke his power to magnifie.
He put them into publike places,
Where all men might behold their faces,
And with wilde Lions cruelly,
They were deuoured wofully.
This hye triumphant mightie towne,
At Paſke was put to confuſion,
Bicauſe that in that time and place
They crucified the king of grace.
Some haue this matter well indite,
More pleaſantly than I can write,
I leaue thereof with hart ſory,
Only to God be laude and glory.

Of the miſerable end of certen tyrant Princes, and ſpecially the beginners of the foure Monarchies.

Now haue I declared at thy deſires,
As thou demaunded in termes ſhort,
How began the principall Empires,
As Chronicle and Scripture do report:
Wherfore my ſonne I will thee exhort,
Perfectly print in thy remembraunce,
Of this inconſtant world the variaunce.

When of the foure famous Monarchies,
The Princes in their pompe imperials,

Truſting to be moſt ſure ſet in their ſees,
The guifull world did giue them mortall falles
For their rewarde, and darke memorials,
Though ouer the world they had prehemInence,
Of it they had no other recompence.

For like as the Snow doth melt in May,
Through the returne of Phebus beames bright:
So theſe great Empires faded quite away,
Gone is their glory, their power, and their might.
And bicauſe they wer couetous without al right,
And bludſheders moſt ful of cruell moode,
Therfore likewiſe was ſhed their owne blood.

Beholde how God ay ſince the world began,
Hath made tyrant kings as an inſtrument
To ſcourge people, and to kill many a man,
Which to his law were diſobedient.
And when they had done & performed his intent,
In deſtroying wicked people ſhamefully,
He ſuffred them to be ſcurged cruelly.

Euen as the ſcholemaſter doth make a wande,
For to reclayme his ſcholers that offende,
And will not ſtudie at his commande,
Correcting them all only to the ende
They ſhould to his true counſell mekely bende:
And when they obey then paſſed is his yre,
He takes the wand and caſts it in the fyre.

So God of king Pharao made an inſtrument,
Which was the great king of the Egyptians,
His owne peculiar people to torment,
That beeing done he wrought of him vengeāce,
And

And let them fall through diſobedience,
That finally he with a great army
In the red ſea was drowned dolefully.

Right ſo of Nabuchodonoſer king,
God made alſo a furious inſtrument,
Jeruſalem and the Jewes downe to bring,
When they to God were diſobedient.
But afterward his crowne he from him rent,
And him transformed into a beaſt fell
Seuen yeres and more, as writeth Daniell.

Alexander through his proud tyranny,
In yeres twelue did make his great conqueſt,
Shedding giltles bloud cruelly,
Till he was king of kings he did not reſt.
In all the world when he was full poſſeſt,
And in Babylon throned triumphantly,
Through poyſon ſtrong he dyed dolefully.

Duke Hanniball the ſtrong Cartagian,
Brought downe the Romanes pomp and glory,
By his power were many a thouſande ſlayne,
As may be red at length in his ſtory,
At Cannas where he wan the victory,
On Romanes hands that dead lay on the ground
Three heaped buſhels of rings were found.

In that mortall battell I heare ſayne,
Of the Romanes moſt worthy warriours
Beſides priſoners were forty thouſande ſlayne,
Of whom there was thirtie wiſe Senatours,
And twenty Lords which had bene pretours,
That died in defence of their countrie,
And for to holde their lande at libertie.

What rewarde got this cruell champion,
When he had ſlayne ſo great a multitude,
And when the glaſſe of his glory was run?
A ſhamefull death: and ſhortly to conclude,
This is the rewarde of all with bloud imbrude.
For he had ſuche extreme confuſion,
He ſlew him ſelfe by drinking poyſon.

Beholde the two moſt famous champions,
That is to ſay Julius and Pompey,
Which did conquer all earthly regions,
As well mayne lande as Iles in the ſea,
And to the towne of Rome made them obey,
(For Pompey did ſubdue the Orient,
And Julius Ceſar all the Occident.)

At laſt theſe two did ſtriue for the ſtate,
Wherthrough three hundred thouſand men were (ſlayne,
But Pompei after that great debate,
Was murdred as ſtories ſhew vs playne:
Then Julius was prince and ſoueraine,
Aboue the whole world Emperour and king,
But in reſt ſhort time he indured reigning.

For within fiue monthes and little more,
Amids his Lords in the Counſell houſe
He murdred was, what neede proceſſe more,
As I haue ſayde by Brute and Caſſius:
If thou would know their deaths moſt dolorous
Thou maiſt at length go reade the Roman ſtory,
Which hath this matter put in memory.

Gone is the golden world of the Aſſirians,
Of whom king Ninus was firſt and principall,

Gone in the Siluer world of the Perſians,
The Copper world of the Greekes now is thral,
The world of Iron which was laſt of all,
Compared to the Romanes in their glory,
Are gone right ſo, no more of them heare I.

Now is the word of yron mixt with clay,
As Daniell at length did well indite,
The great Empires are melted cleane away,
Now is the world of dolour and deſpite,
I ſee nought els but troubles infinite:
Wherfore my ſonne this thing perpend,
This world I know is drawing to an ende.

For now is dearth, hunger, and peſtilence,
With cruell warres both by ſea and lande,
Realme agaynſt Realme bends mortal violence,
Which ſignifieth the laſt day to be at hande:
Wherefore my ſonne in thy fayth conſtant ſtand,
Lifting thy hart to God, and cry for grace,
And mend thy life while thou haſt time & ſpace.

Heere followeth the fyrſt ſpirituall and Papall Monarch.

Father is there no Prince reigning, **Courtier.**
Which hath the world at commaunding,
As had the king of Aſſyrians.
The Perſis, Grekes, or the Romanes?
Who hath now moſt dominion
Of euery lande and Region?
There is no Prince my ſonne truely, **Experience.**
That hath the principall Monarchy

Aboue the World vniuerſall,
With whole power imperiall,
As Alexander and Darius,
Or as had Ceſer Julius.
For Orient and Occident,
To them were all obedient.
Notwithſtanding I finde one king,
Which in Europa is raigning,
That is the mightie Pope of Rome,
Reigning ouer all Chriſtendome,
To whom no Princes may compare,
As Canon lawes can well declare.
All Princes of the Occident
Are to his grace obedient.
For he hath whole power complete,
Both of the body and of the ſpirite.
Chriſtes lieuetenant he is (he ſayes)
Sitting in Peters ſeate alwayes.
So he is of all kings the king,
Which in Europe are now reigning.
And as the Romane Emperours,
Hauing the world vnder their cures,
Had Princes, knights, and champions,
Rulers in all Regions,
Upholding their authoritie,
Uſing iuſtice and policie:
Right ſo this mightie Pope of Rome,
The ſoueraigne king of Chriſtendome,
Hath now within eche countrye,
His Princes of great grauitie.
In ſome countrey his Cardinals,
Sitting in their moſt precious palles,
Archbiſhops, Biſhops, thou mayſt ſee
Defending his authoritie,

With other mighty Patriarkes,
Colleges full of cunning clarkes,
Abotes and Priours as is well knowen,
Miſtrulers of religious men thicke growen,
Officiall with his procuratoure,
Whoſe lothſome law, ſpoyleth the poore,
Archdeacons and Deans, of dignitie,
Great doctours of diuinitie,
Their chaunters, and their ſacriſtans,
Their Treaſorers, and their Subdeans,
Legions of Prieſtes ſeculers,
Perſons, Vicars, Monkes, and Friers.
Of diuers orders many one,
Which lothſome were to talke theron,
In ſundry habites as may be ſene,
Differing from other Chriſten men,
Fayre Ladyes of religion,
Profeſt in euery region,
Falſe hermits faſhioned lyke the fryers,
Proud popiſh Clarkes, and Pardoners lyers,
Their Grauntaries and Chamberlaines,
With their temporall courtiſſians.
Thus all the world by land and ſea,
His holineſſe doth now obay.
Not onely his ſpirituall kingdome,
But the great Emperour of Rome,
And kinges of euery nation,
That day when they receiue the crowne
Do make othe of fidelitie,
To defend his auchoritie.
Moreouer with humble reuerence,
They do to him obedience,
By them ſelues or their Imbaſſadours,
Or other ornate oratours.

Who doth withſtand his maieſty,
His lawes or his liberty,
Or holdes any opinion
Contrary to his religion,
Eyther by way of deede or wordes,
They go to potte by fyre or ſwordes.
Saint Peter ſtyled was (Sanctus)
But he is called Sanctiſſimus.
His ſtile at length if thou wilt know,
Thou muſt go looke the Cannon law,
Both in Sextus and Clementyne,
His ſtately ſtyle may well be ſeene.
There ſhalt thou finde read if thou can,
How he is neyther God nor man.

Courtier. What is he then by your iudgement,
Truely I thinke him different,
Farre from our ſoueraigne Lord Ieſus,
And to his kinde contrarious.
For Chriſt was God and naturall man,
If he be neither, what is he than?

Experience The Cannon law my ſonne truely,
That queſtion will declare to thee.
It doth ſurpas this rude wit of myne
His ſanctitude for to defyne,
Or for to ſhew the aucthoritie,
Pertaining to his maieſty.
So great a prince where ſhalt thou fynde,
That ſpiritually maye looſe and bynde,
Or by whom ſinnes are forgeuen,
Be they by his Diſciples ſhriuen.
Whom euer he byndes with his might,
They bonden are in Gods ſight.
Whom euer he loſeth in earth below,
Are loſed by God in heauen alſo,

And he is prince of purgatory,
Deliuering ſoules from paine to glory.
Of that darke dongeon out of dout,
Whom euer he pleaſe he fetcheth out.
Our ſecret ſinnes euery yeare,
We muſt ſhew to ſome prieſt or fryer,
And take their abſolution,
Or els we get no remiſſion.
So by this meane they know can,
The ſecretes of eche ſecular man.
Their ſecretes we know not all:
Thus are we to them bond and thrall.
What euer their miniſters commaunde,
Muſt be obeyed without demaund:
Wherfore my ſonne I ſay to thee,
This is a maruelous monarchee.
Which hath power imperiall,
Both of the body and the ſoule.
  Father I pray ye declare to mee, Courtier.
How did begin this Monarchee:
  My ſonne Chriſt Ieſus God and man,
That Empire graciouſly began, Experience.
Not by the fyre, nor by the ſworde,
But by the vertue of his worde,
And left within his teſtament,
Many a wholeſome document,
With his ſucceſſours to be vſed,
Though many of them be abuſed.
For Peter and Paule, with all the reſt
Of their brethren, made manifeſt
The law of God with true intent,
Preaching the olde and new teſtament.
They led their lyfe in pouerty,
Deuotion and humilitie,

As did their maiſter Chriſt Jeſus,
And were not halfe ſo glorious
As their ſucceſſours now in Rome,
Raigning ouer all Chriſtendome.
After the death of Peter and Paule,
And Chriſtes true Diſciples all.
Their Succeſſours within few yeares,
(As more at length the ſtorie appeares)
Full craftely clombe to the Tower,
From ſpirituall might to temporall power,
Courtier. Father or we enter further in,
When did their temporall glory begin?
Experience Sonne (ſaid he) thou ſhalt vnderſtand,
Or euer any Pope gat any lande,
Two and thirty good Popes in Rome,
Receiued the crowne of matyrdome,
But not the threefold diademe.
To weare thre crownes they thought gret ſhame
Tyll Siueſter the confeſſour
From Conſtantine the Emperour
Receiued the realme of Italy,
And eke of Rome the great Citie,
That was the roote of their riches,
For then ſprang vp their welthines.
When that the Pope was made a king,
All princes bowed at his bidding.
This acte was done as you ſhall heare,
From Chriſtes death three hundred yeare.
Then Lady ſenſualitie,
Toke lodging in that great Citie,
Where ſhe ſince euer did remaine,
As their owne Lady ſoueraine.
Then kinges in all nations,
Made for prieſtes great foundations.

They thought great godlynes and honour,
To counterfeit the Emperour,
As did Dauid of Scotland king,
The which did found (his raigne during)
Fyftene abbyes, with temporall lands.
Beſides Tithes and offerands.
By whoſe wholly ſimplicitie,
He left the Crowne in pouerty.
Now haue I ſhewed thee as I can,
How their temporall power began,
Aſcending vp from gree to gree,
Aboue the Emperours maieſty.
So when they got among their handes,
In Italy all the Emperours lands,
After that in each countrie,
Sprang vp their temporalitie.
With ſo great riches and ſuch rent,
That they began to be negligent
In making miniſtracion
To Chriſtes congregation,
And toke no paine in their preaching,
And farre leſſe trauell in their teaching.
But chaunged their ſpiritualitie
Into temporall ſenſualitie.

Courtier. Father thinke ye that they are ſure,
That their Empire ſhal long endure?

Experience. Aſſuredly do thou perpende,
Their glory truely ſhall haue an ende,
I meane their temporall Monarchy,
Shall turne into humility,
Thorow Gods worde earely or late,
They ſhall turne to their firſt eſtate,
As by Daniels propheſy appeares,
Therto ſhall not be many yeares.

For Chriſtes faith ſhall neuer fayle,
But more and more it ſhall preuaile,
Though Chriſtes true congregation,
Suffer great tribulation.

Courtier. Father (ſaide I) by what reaſon,
Thinke ye their Empire may come downe,
Conſidering their preheminence.

Experience My ſonne for diſobedience,
Abuſing the commaundement,
Which Chriſt left in his teſtament.
Uſing their owne tradition
More then his inſtitution.
For Chriſt in his laſt conuention,
The day of his aſſention,
To his Diſciples did commaunde,
That they ſhould paſſe into euery lande,
To teach and preach with true intent,
His lawes and his commaundement.
None other office he to them gaue,
He did not byd them ſeeke nor craue,
Preſentes and offeringes into their handes,
Nor yet Lordſhips of temporall landes.
But now it may be hard and ſene,
Both with thine eares and thine eyne,
How Prelats now in euery lande,
Take littell care of Chriſtes commaunde,
Nother in their deedes nor in their lawes,
But do neglect their owne Cannon lawes,
Uſing them ſelues contrarious,
For the moſt part to Chriſt Jeſus.
Chriſt thought it no ſhame to be a preacher,
And to all people of truth a teacher.
A Pope, a Biſhop, nor Cardinall,
To teach or preach will not be thrall,

They ſend forth Fryers to preach for them,
Which makes the people now to abhorre them.
Chriſt would not be a temporall king,
Richly in no realme to be reigning,
But fled temporall aucthoritee,
As in the ſcripture ye may ſee.
All men may know the Popes raigninges,
In dignitie aboue all kinges,
As well in temporalitie,
As in the ſpiritualitie,
Thou mayſt well ſee by experience,
The Popes princely preheminence.
In Cronicles if thou liſt to looke,
How Carion writeth in his booke
A notable narration,
The yeare of our ſaluation.
A leuen hundred and ſixe and fyftie,
Pope Alexander preſumtuouſlie,
(Which was the third Pope of that name)
To Fredrike the Emperour did ſhame.
In Venis that triumphant towne,
That noble Emperour did lie downe,
Upon his belly with greeſe alacke,
The Pope did tread vpon his backe.
In tokening of obedience,
There he ſhewed his preheminence.
And cauſed his cleargy for to ſyng,
These wordes after following.

Super aſpidem & Baſilicum ambulabis,
Et conculcabis Leonem & Draconem.

Then ſaid this humble Emperour,
I do to Peter this honour.
The Pope anſwered with wordes wroth,
Thou ſhalt me honour and Peter both.

Chriſt for to ſhew his humble ſprite,
Did waſh his poore Diſciples feete.
The Popes holines I wiſſe,
Will ſuffer kings his feete to kiſſe.
Luk. 9. Birdes had their neſts, and foxes their den,
But Jeſus Chriſt the ſauiour of men
In earth had not one peny broade,
Wheron he might repoſe his heade.
Howbeit the Popes excellence,
Hath Caſteles of magnificence,
Abbots, Byſhops, and Cardinals,
And pleaſant palaces royals.
Lyke paradice are thoſe prelats places,
Wanting no pleaſure of fayre faces.
John, Andrew, James, Peter, and Paule,
Act. 4. Had few houſes among them all.
From time they knew the veritie,
They did contemne all propertie,
And were right hartely content,
With meat and drinke and ſmale raiment.
John. 10. To ſaue mankinde who was forlorne,
Chriſt bare a cruell crowne of thorne.
The Pope doth were three crownes for ẏ nones,
Of Golde, poudred with precious ſtones.
Of Golde, and Siluer I am ſure,
Chriſt Jeſus tooke but little cure:
He left not when he yelded the ſprite,
To buy him ſelfe a winding ſhete.
But his ſucceſſour good Pope John,
When he deceſſed in Auinion,
Left behinde him a great treaſure
Of Golde and Siluer, by meaſure,
And by iuſt computation,
Fyue and twenty Million,

As doth indite Palmerius,
Reade him and thou ſhalt finde it thus.
Chriſtes Diſciples were well knowen,
Through vertue which was by them ſhowen,
In ſpeciall feruent charitie,
Great patience and humilitie:
The Popes flocke in all regions,
Are knowen beſt by their ſhauen crownes.
Chriſt did honour matrimonie Iohn. 2.
Within the Cane of Galile,
Where he by his power deuine
Did turne the water into wine:
And alſo choſe ſome maried men
To be his ſeruaunts: and agayn
Sainct Peter during all his life,
Thought no ſcorne to keepe a wife.
Ye ſhall not finde in no paſſage,
Where Chriſt forbiddeth mariage.
Lawfull it is for eche man to marie
That wants the gift of chaſtitie.
The Pope hath made contrary lawes
In his kingdome, as eche man knowes.
None of his Prieſts dare mary wiues,
Under no leſſe payne than their liues.
Though they had Concubines fifteene,
But in that caſe they are ouerſeene.
What chaſtitie they keepe in Rome,
Is well knowen ouer all Chriſtendome.
Chriſt did ſhew his obedience Mat. 17.
Unto the Emperours excellence,
And cauſed Peter for to pay
Tribute to Cęſar for them tway.
Paule bids vs be obedient
To kings as the moſt excellent.

The contrary did Pope Silueſter,
When he as a proud Lucifer,
Did Crowne Henry the Emperour,
I thinke he did him ſmall honour,
For with his feete he did him crowne,
And with his foote ſtreight ſtroke it downe,
Saying I haue authoritie
Men to exalte to dignitie,
And to make Emperours and kings,
And then depriue them from reignings.
Peter in my opinion,
Did neuer vſe ſuche dominion.
Aparantly by my iudgement,
The Pope red neuer the new Teſtament,
If he had learned at that ſtory,
He had refuſed ſuche vayneglory,
As did Barnabas, Peter, and Paule,
And the reſt of Chriſtes Diſciples all.
Act. 10. The captayne Cornelius,
When Saint Peter came to his houſe,
To worſhip him fell at his feete,
But S. Peter with humble ſprite,
Did rayſe him vp with diligence,
And did refuſe ſuche reuerence.
Apoc. 19. Right ſo S. John the Euangeliſt,
The Angels feete would haue kiſt,
But he refuſed ſuche honour,
Saying I am but ſeruitour,
Thy felow alſo and thy brother,
Giue glory to God and to none other.
Act. 14. Alike Barnabas and Paule,
Suche honour did refuſe at all,
In Lyſtra where they wrought great works,
The Prieſt of Jupiter with his clarkes,

And all the people with their aduice,
Would haue made to them ſacrifice:
Of which they were ſo diſcontent,
That they their clothing all to rent,
And Paule among them rudely ran,
Saying I am a mortall man,
Giue glory to God of kings the king,
That made heauen,earth,and euery thing.
Sith Peter and Paule vaineglory refuſed,
With Popes why ſhould ſuch glory be vſed?
Peter, Andrew, John, James, and Paule,
And Chriſtes true Diſciples all,
By Gods worde their fayth defended,
To burne and ſcalde they neuer pretended.
The Pope defendeth his tradition,
By flaming fyre without remiſſion.
But if men breake the lawe deuine,
They are not forced ſo to pyne.
For whoredome and idolatrie,
For inceſt or adultrie,
Or when yong virgins are deflored,
For ſuche things men are not abhorred.
But who that eates fleſhe in Lent,
Shall be put to terrible torment.
And if a Prieſt hap to marry,
They doe him ban, curſe, and warry,
Though it be not agaynſt the law
Of God, as men may clerely know.
Betwixt theſe two what difference beene,
By faythfull folke it may be ſeene.
Suche contrarieties many mo
I might declare that I let go.
I may not tary to compile,
Of eche order the ſtately ſtile.

The ſeely Nun will thinke great ſhame,
Without ſhe called be Madame.
The poore Prieſt thinks he gets no right,
Be he not ſtiled like a knight,
And called ſyr before his name,
Syr Thomas or ſyr William.
All monkery ye may heare and ſee,
Are called dans for dignitie,
Although his mother milke a cow,
He muſt be called dan Andrew,
Dan Peter, dan Paule, and dan Robert,
With Chriſt they take a paynfull part,
With double clothing from the colde,
And eating and drinking when they wolde,
With curious chaunting in the queere,
God knowes they bought their heauen ful deare
My Lorde Abbot right honorable,
Is marſhalled vppermoſt at the table.
My Lord Biſhop moſt reuerent,
Is ſet aboue Earles in Parliament,
And Cardinals during their raignings,
Are felowes to Princes and to kings.
The Pope is exalted in honour
Aboue the mightie Emperour.
The proud perſon I thinke truly
Leades his life right luſtely.
For why he takes no other payne,
But ſpende his tithe, and take agayne.
He liſteth not the youth to teache,
Or to his Pariſh for to preach,
Though they want preaching all the yeare,
He will not want one bowle of beare.
Some perſons haue at their commande
The wanton wenches of the lande.

Alſo they haue prerogatiues,
They may depart from their wiues
Without diuors or ſummoning,
And take an other without wedding.
Some man would thinke it a luſty life,
When that he liſt to chaunge his wife,
And take an other of more beautie.
But lay men want their libertie,
The which are bound to mariage,
But they like Rams in that great rage,
Vnpiſeled runne among the yeowes,
So long as nature in them growes.
And alſo the Vicare as I trow,
Will not fayle to take a Cowe,
And vppermoſt clothes, though babes thē ban,
From a poore ſeely huſbandman,
When that he lyes ready to dye,
Hauing ſmall children two or three,
And his three kine withouten mo,
The Vicar muſt haue one of tho,
With the gray cloke that couers the bed,
Howbeit that they be poorely cled.
And if the wife dye on the morne,
And all the babes ſhould be forlorne,
The other Cow he takes away,
With hir poore coote and petecoote gray.
And if within two dayes or three
The eldeſt childe ſhall happen to dye,
Of the thirde Cow he will be ſure.
When he hath all vnder his cure,
And father and mother both dead be,
Beg muſt the babes without remedie.
They holde the corſe at the Church ſtyle,
And there it muſt remayne a while,

Till they get ſufficient ſurety
For their Church right and duety.
Then comes the Lanlorde perforce,
And takes to him the fatteſt horſe.
Poore labourers would that law were downe,
Which neuer was founded by reaſon.
I harde them ſay vnder confeſſion,
That this law was brother to oppreſſion.
My ſonne I haue ſhewed as I can,
How this fyrſt Monarchy began,
Whoſe great Empire for to report
At length, the time is all to ſhort.

Heere followeth the deſcription of the Court of Rome.

Courtier. Father I pray you what rule keepe they a
which haue the ſpiritual dominatiō (Rome
And monarchy aboue all Chriſtendome,
Shew me I make you ſupplication.

Experience My ſonne if I make true narration,
To Peter and Paule though they ſucceede,
I thinke they proue not ſo in their deede.

For Peter Andrew and Iohn were fiſhers fine
Of men and women to the Chriſten fayth,
But the Popes haue ſpred the yoke and lyne
On rents riche, on golde, and on lands both,
Such fyſhing to neglect they will be loth:
For why they haue fiſht ouerthwart the ſtrands
A great part truly of the temporall lands.

With that they haue the moſt of goods mouable
For the vpholding of their dignities,

So is their fiſhing very profitable
On the dry lande as well as on the ſeas,
Their holy waters they ſpread in al countreys,
And with their hoſenet dayly draw to Rome
The moſt fine golde that is in Chriſtendome.

I dare well ſay within theſe fifty yeare
Rome hath receyued out of this region,
For bulles and benefice that they ſell full deare,
Which might ful wel haue payd a kings ranſom:
But were I worthy to weare a crowne,
Theſe prieſts ſhould no more our ſubſtance con-
Sending yerely ſo great riches to Rome. (ſume,

Into their trameld net they fang a fiſhe
More than a whale, worthy of memorie,
Of whom they haue had many one dainty diſh,
By whom they are exalted to great glory.
That Maruelous monſter called Purgatory.
Howbeit to vs it is not amiable,
It hath to them bene very profitable.

Let they that fruitfull fiſhe eſcape their net,
Wherby they haue ſo great commodities,
Another fat fiſhe I truſt they ſhall not get,
Though they would ſearch throughout yͤ occian
Adew the dayly dolorous diriges, (ſeas:
Seely poore prieſts may ſing with hart ſory,
When they wãt that paynfull palace Purgatory.

Farewell Munkery, with Chanon, Nun, & frier,
Alas they will be leſſened in all landes. (quire
Cowles will no more be knowen in Church nor
Let they that fruitfull fiſhe eſcape their handes.

I counſell them to binde him in ſtreight bandes,
For Peter, Andrew, nor John could neuer get
So profitable a fiſhe into their net.

Their marchaundiſe in all nations,
As printed leade, their waxe and parchment,
Their Pardons and their diſpenſations,
Exceede ſome temporall princes rent,
In ſuche trafike they are not negligent,
Of benefice they make good marchaundice,
Through ſimony, which they cal but a little vice.

Chriſt did commaunde Peter to feede his ſheepe,
And ſo he did feede them full tenderly,
Of that commaund they tooke but little keepe,
But Chriſtes ſheepe they ſpoyle piteouſly,
And with the woll they cloth them curiouſly.
Like rauening wolues they take of thē their food
That eate their fleſh, & drinke both milke & blood.

For that office they ſerue but little hyre,
I thinke ſuch Paſtours are not for to priſe,
Which can not guide the ſheepe about the mire,
They are ſo buſy about their marchaundiſe,
Though Peter be porter of Paradiſe,
That pleaſant place craftely they cloſe,
Through them right few do enter I ſuppoſe.

Chriſt Ieſu ſayd as Mathew doth report,
Wo be to the Scribes and Phariſies,
The which did cloſe of Paradiſe the port.
Of them we haue the ſelfe ſame exerciſe,
To enter there they few folkes do aduiſe,

They take ſuch cure in temporal buſines.
That quite from vs they ſtop the playne entres.

Thoſe ſpirituall keyes that Chriſt to Peter gaue,
Their cullour clere with filth and duſt is faded.
Unoccupied they hold them in his name,
Of that office they might be diſgraded,
By Gods word except they regard it,
Opening the port ẏ long time hath bene cloſed,
That we may enter with thē that are forecloſed.

Contrary to Chriſtes inſtitution,
To them that dye in the habite of a fryer,
Rome hath graunted full remiſſion,
To paſſe to heauen at their owne deſire,
Which hath bene in Scotland vſed many a yeare.
Is there ſuch vertue in a fryers hode?
I thinke in vaine then Chriſt did ſhed his bloud.

Would God the Pope that hath preheminence,
With aduice of his counſell generall,
Would do their detfull diligence,
That Chriſtes law might vſed be ouer all,
And truely preached, both to great and ſmall,
And geue to them ſpirituall aucthoritie,
Which could perfectly ſhew the veritie.

Who can not preach a prieſt ſhould not be made,
As by Gods law we eaſly may defend,
And by the Cannon law they are defamed,
That take prieſthode, but onely to the ende
To all vertue they ſhould their mind bend.
Inſpeciall to preach with all true intentes,
And miniſter the needefull ſacramentes.

As for their Monks, their Cannons, & their friers
And luſty Ladies of religion,
I know not what their office inſertes,
But men may ſee their great abuſion.
They are not like in conuerſation,
Neyther in wordes nor in their warkes,
To the Apoſtles, Prophets, or Patriarkes.

If preſently theſe Prelats cannot preach,
Then let ech Byſhop haue a ſuffragane
Or ſucceſſor, which can the people teach,
On their expences yearely to remaine,
To cauſe the people from vice to refraine.
And when a Prelate hapneth for to die,
Then let a perfect preacher him ſupply.

Do they not ſo? on them ſhall lie the charge,
For geuing vnable men aucthoritie.
As who would make a ſtreneman to a barge
Of one blinde borne, who can no daunger ſee.
If that ſhip drowne forſooth I ſay for me,
Who gaue the ſterneman ſuch commiſſion,
Should of the ſhip make reſtitution.

The humaine lawes that are contrarious,
And not conforming to the lawes deuine,
They ſhould expell, and hold them odious:
When they perceiue them come to no good fyne
But to be inuented by ſenſuall mans engine.
As that law that forbids mariage,
Cauſing yong clarkes to burne in luſtes rage,

Hard it is true chaſtitie to obſerue,
Without grace, labour, and abſtinence.
In this our fleſhe there raigneth tyll we ſterue,
That firſt originall ſinne concupiſcence.

Which we thorow Adams diſobedience
Haue entred in, and ſhall indure for euer,
Tyll that our ſoule and body do diſſeuer.

Therfore God made of mariage the bande
In paradice as ſcripture doth record. Gen.2.
In Galely I alſo vnderſtande,
Was mariage honored of Chriſt our Lord. John.2.
Olde law and new therto do accord.
I thinke it were better that they had ſlept,
Then to haue made a law that they neuer kept.

Tooke not Chriſt Jeſu his humanitie Mat.1.
Of a virgin in mariage contracted,
And with hir fleſhe cled with diuinitie? Luk.1.
Why haue they that blyſfull band deiected?
In their kingdome would god it were corrected,
That yong Prelats might mary luſty wiues,
And not in ſenſuall luſt ſtill lead their liues.

Did not Chriſt chooſe of honeſt maried men,
Aſwell as them that kept their chaſtitee,
For to be his Diſciples now and then,
As in the ſcripture thou maiſt plainely ſee,
Which kept ſtill their wiues with honeſty,
As Peter and his ſpouſed brethren all,
Obſerued chaſtitie matrimoniall?

But now appeares the propheſy of Paul. Tim.4.
How ſome ſhould riſe in the latter age,
That from the true faith ſhould depart and fall,
And forbid the band of mariage,
Alſo thou ſhalt find in that ſame paſſaſſe,
They ſhould commaund from meats to abſtaine,
Which god created his people to ſuſtaine.

But ſince the Pope our ſpirituall king,

Doth ouerſee ſuch vices manifeſt.
And in his kingdome ſuffereth raigning,
The men by whom the veritie is ſuppreſt:
I excuſe him no more than the reſt.
Alas how ſhould we members be well vſed,
When our ſpirituall heades be ſo abuſed?

The famous doctour auncient Auicen,
Sayth when euill humor deſendes from yͤ head,
In all the members it gendreth payne as then,
Without haſty remedy therfore be prouided,
And whē yͤ cold humor downward doth proceed
In ſenows it cauſeth arthetica,
And in the hands the cramp or chiragra.

Of maledies it gendreth many mo:
But if men get ſome ſoueraine preſerue,
As in the Siatica Paſſio,
And in the breſt ſometime the ſtrong caterue,
Which cauſeth men right haſtely to ſterue,
And Podagra, difficill for to cure
In mens feete, which long tyme doth indure.

To the moſt triumphant Court of Rome,
This ſimilitude full well I may compare,
Which hath bene head of all chriſtendome,
And to the world a wicked exemplare
That ſometime was Lodeſter lightbearer,
And the moſt ſapient ſort of holineſſe
But now alas bare of all bliſſedneſſe,

Apo.17. Their kingdome may be called Babylon,
Which ſometime was a bright Ieruſaleme,
As plainely ſhewes the Apoſtle Iohn,
Their moſt famous citie hath loſt hir fame,
The Inhabitours therof their noble name.

For why, they haue of Sainctes habitakle,
To Simon Magus made a tabernacle.

A horrible vayle of euery kynde of vice,
A lothſome lake of ſtincking Lechery,
A curſed caue, corrupt with couetice,
Bordered about with pride and ſimony:
Some ſay a ſeſterne full of Zodomy,
Whoſe vice in ſpeciall, if I would declare,
It were inough for to trouble the ayre.

Of truth the whole Chriſten religion,
Thorow them are troubled and offended,
It cannot fayle but their abuſion,
Before the throne of God it is aſcended,
I dread without that they amend it,
The plagues of Iohns reuelation
Shall fall vpon their generation.

O Lord that haſt the hartes of euery king
In thy hand, I make this ſupplication,
Conuert that Court and make them willing
To ſuffer generall reformation,
Among themſelues in euery nation,
That they may be an holy templar,
To vs thy poore lewd people vulgar.

Hungry alas for want of ſpirituall food,
Bycauſe from vs is hid the veritie.
O prince, which ſhed for vs thy precious bloud
Kindle in vs the fyre of chaſtitie:
And ſaue vs from eternall miſery,
Now labouring in thy Church militant,
That we may come to thy Church triumphant.

FINIS.

Here foloweth the fourth part, makinge mention of Death, and of Antechriſt, and of the generall iudgment, and of certaine glorified bodyes, and how euery creature deſires to ſee the laſt day: with an exhortation by Experience to the Courtier.

Courtier.

PRudent father Experience,
Since ye of your beneuolence,
Haue cauſed me for to conſider,
How worldly pompe is very ſlipper,
By diuers ſtories miſerable.
Which to rehearſe, are lamentable:
Yet or we paſſe out of this vaile,
I pray you geue me your counſaile
What I ſhall do in time comming,
To win glory euerlaſting.

Experience

My ſonne thou muſt ſet thine intent,
To kepe the Lords commaundement.
And preſſe not to clyme ouer hye,
To no worldly aucthoritie.
Who in the world doth moſt delight,
Is fartheſt from the purpoſe right.
Would thou leaue worldly vanities,
And thinke on foure extremities.
Which are to come, and that ſhortly,
Thou wouldſt neuer ſinne wilfully.
Print theſe foure in thy memory,
The death, the hell, and heauens glory,
And extreame iudgement generall,
Where thou muſt render count of all.
Thou ſhalt not fayle to be content,

With quiet lyfe and ſober rent,
Conſidering no man can be ſure,
In earth an houre for to indure.
So all worldly proſperity,
Is mixed with great miſery.
Were thou Emperour of Aſia,
Kyng of Europe,and Affrica,
With great dominion of the ſea,
And all the heauens did thee obay,
With all fyſhes ſwimming on the ſtrand,
All beaſtes,and foules were in thy hand.
Concluding thou were kinge of all,
Under the heauen imperiall:
In that moſt hie authoritie,
Thou ſhould fynde leaſt tranquillitie.
Example of king Salomon.
More proſperous life had neuer none.
Such riches with ſo great pleaſure,
Had neuer king nor Emperour,
With moſt profound intelligence,
And ſuperexcellent ſapience:
His pleaſant habitations,
Aboue all other nations:
Gardens,and parkes for hartes and hindes,
Pondes with fiſhe of diuers kindes,
Moſt profound maiſters of Muſike,
That in the world there was none like.
Such treaſure of gold and precious ſtones,
In earth had neuer no king at once.
He had ſeuen hundred luſty Queenes,
And three hundred fayre concubines.
In earth there was nothing pleaſand,
But that he had it ready at hand.
Yet all this great proſperitie,

He thought but fonde and vanitie,
He might not perfect reſt out finde,
Without affection of the minde.
Courtier. Father in deede it ſtonyeth mee,
That he had ſuche proſperitie,
With ſo great riches out of meaſure,
And yet had no aſſured pleaſure.
Experience My ſonne the truth if thou would know,
The veritie I ſhall thee ſhow.
There is no worldly thing that may
Full ſatiſfie mans minde alway,
For it is ſo inſatiable,
That heauen and earth may not be able
One minde alone to make content,
Till it ſee God omnipotent.
Was neuer none, nor neuer ſhall be
Saciate, that ſight till that he ſee.
Wherfore my ſonne ſet not thy cure
On earth where nothing may be ſure,
Saue onely death aſſuredly,
Which folowes man continually.
Wherefore my ſonne remember thee,
Within ſhort time that thou muſt dye,
Not knowing when nor in what place,
But as pleaſeth the king of grace.

Of death.

Of miſeries moſt miſerable
Is death, and moſt abhominable,
That dreadfull dragon with his darts,
Is ready for to pearce the hartes
Of euery breathing wight aliue,
Agaynſt whoſe ſtrength may no man ſtriue.

Of wofull death this ſore ſentence,
Was giuen for diſobedience,
Of our parents alas therefore:
For I haue declared before,
How they and their poſteritie,
Were all condemned for to die.
Albeit the fleſh to death be thrall,
God hath the ſoule made immortall:
And of his great benignitie,
Hath mixt his iuſtice with mercy.
Therefore call to remembraunce,
Of this falſe world the variance,
How we like pilgrimes night and day,
Do trauell thorow this world alway.
Sometime in vayne proſperitie,
And ſomtime in great miſerie,
Sometime in bliſſe, ſomtime in wealth,
Sometime right ſicke, ſomtime in health
Sometime full riche, ſometime full pore:
Wherfore my ſonne paſſe not therfore,
Neither of great proſperity,
Nor yet for wretched miſery.
But pleaſant lyfe and hard miſchance,
Ponder them all in one ballance.
Conſidering no aucthoritie,
Riches, wiſedome, nor dignitie,
Empire of realmes, beauty nor ſtrẽgth,
May not one day our liues length:
Since we are ſure that we muſt die,
Farewell all vaine felicitie.
Of dreadfull death the diuers kynds,
Do often vex our reſtleſſe mynds.
Though death to euery man reſortes,
Yet ſtriketh he, in ſundry ſortes.

Some by hote feuers violence,
Some by coragious peſtilence,
Some by iuſtice execution
Are put to death without remiſſion,
Some hanged and ſome do loſe their heades,
Some burnt, ſome boyled are in leades,
And ſome for their vnlawful actes
Are rent and torne vpon the rackes,
By poyſon ſome diſpatcht are quite,
And ſome are murdred in the night,
Some fals into the frenſy,
Some dye of goute or dropſy,
There are other ſtraunge infirmities,
Wherof many a thouſande dyes,
Which humaine nature doth abhor,
As of the Gout, Grauel and Gor,
Some of the fluxe and feuer quartayne,
But the houre of death is vncertayne,
Some are diſſolued ſodenly,
By cater or by Apoplexie,
Some do deſtroy themſelues alſo,
As Hannibal and wiſe Cato.
By thunder death doth ſome downe bring,
As he did the thirde Romayne king
Called Tullus Hoſtilius,
As writeth great Ualerius,
For he and his houſholde al at once
Were burnt by thunder fleſh and bones.
Some dye by extreme exceſſe
Of ioy, as Ualery doth expreſſe,
Some by extreme Melancholy,
Without the helpe of other malady,
In Chronicles may well be ſeene,
How many hundred thouſande men

Are ſlayne ſince firſt the world began
In battell, and how many a man
Vpon the ſea do loſe their liues,
When ſhippes vpon the rockes ariues,
Though ſome dye naturally through age,
Farre moe dye through miſchaunce or rage.
Happie is he the which hath ſpace,
At his laſt houre to cry for grace.
Although death be abhominable,
I thinke he ſhould be comfortable
To all them of the faythfull number,
For they and care depart aſunder,
From trouble, trauell, ſtroke, and ſtrife,
To ioy and euerlaſting life.
Polidorus Virgilius
To that effect writeth thus:
In Trace when any childe is borne,
Their kin and friends come them beforne,
With wofull lamentation,
For the great tribulation,
Calamitie and trouble ſure,
That they in earth haue to endure.
But at their death and burying
They make great ioy and banketing,
That they haue paſt from miſery
To reſt and great felicitie.
If death be laſt concluſion,
What vayles worldly prouiſion,
When wiſedome may not ſtretch his hande,
Nor ſtrength his ſtoure may withſtande,
Ten thouſande millions of treaſure
May not prolong thy lyfe an houre,
After whoſe dreadfull departing,
The ſpirite ſhall paſſe without reuerting,

Streight to ioy ineſtimable,
Or to great payne intolerable.
Thy vile corrupted Carion
Shall turne to putrefaction,
And ſo agayne from pouder ſmall
Unto the iudgement generall.

A ſhort deſcription of Antichriſt.

Courtier. GOod father I do heare men ſay,
That there ſhall riſe before that day
Which ye call generall iudgement,
A wicked man from Satan ſent,
Contrary to the lawe of Chriſt,
Called the cruell Antechriſt,
And ſome ſay that this miſcheeuous man,
Deſcend ſhall of the tribe of Dan,
And eke be borne in Babylon,
The which deceiue ſhall many one,
And infinite ſhall of euery arte
With that falſe Prophet take a part:
And how that Enoch and Elias
Shall preach agaynſt that falſe Meſſias.
But finally that falſe doctrine
And he ſhall both be put to ruine,
But neyther by the fyre nor ſworde,
But by the vertue of Chriſtes worde.
And if this be a veritie,
The truth I pray you ſhew to me.
Experince. My ſonne truly as writes S. Iohn,
There ſhall not be a man alone,
1. Iohn. 2. Hauing that name eſpeciall.
But Antechriſtes in generall

Haue bene, and now are many one;
And right ſo in the time of Iohn
Were Antechriſtes, as him ſelfe ſayes,
And preſently now in theſe dayes
Are right many without doubt:
Were theſe falſe fellowes well ſought out.
Who was a greater Antichriſt,
And more contrarious vnto Chriſt,
Than the falſe Prophet Mahumet:
Whoſe curſed lawes ſuch ſtrength did get,
That ſtill in Turky they are obſerued,
Wherby hell fyre he hath deſerued.
All Turkes, Sarazens, and Iewes,
Which do the ſonne of God refuſe,
Are Antechriſtes I thee declare,
Bicauſe to Chriſt they are contrare.
Daniell ſayes in his propheſies,
That after theſe great Monarchies,
Shall riſe a maruelous mighty king,
Which ſhameleſly ſhall bide reigning,
Mightie and wiſe in darke ſpeakings,
And proſper in all pleaſant things.
Through his falſhed and craftines,
He ſhall flow in great welthines.
The godly people he ſhall noy
By cruell death, and them deſtroy,
The king of kings he ſhall withſtande,
And be deſtroyed without mans hande.
Paule ſayth before the Lords comming
That there ſhall be a departing,
And that the man of iniquitie
To all men ſhall opened be,
And he ſhall ſit on the holy ſeates,
Contrary to God to worke ſtraunge feates,

And that the ſame ſonne of perdition
Shall be put to confuſion
By power of the holy ſprite,
when he his time hath made complete.
Beleeue not that in time to come
A greater Antechriſt ſhall haue Rome,
Than hath bene and is preſently,
As learned Clarkes full well can ſpy.
Therfore my will is that ye know,
That whatſoeuer face men ſhow,
Though they of Chriſtians beare the name,
And for their wiſedome haue great fame:
Be they neuer of ſo great valour,
Pope, Cardinall, King or Emperour,
If they extoll their owne traditions
Aboue Chriſtes inſtitutions,
Making lawes contrary to Chriſt,
He is a very Antichriſt.
And who doth fortifie and defende
Suche law to whatſoeuer ende,
Be it Pope, Emperour, King or Queene,
Great ſorow ſhall on them be ſeene,
At Chriſtes extreme iudgement,
Without that they in time repent,

Heere followeth a ſhorte remembraunce of the moſt terrible day of iudgement to come.

Courtier.

Father I pray you by your licence,
Since ye haue ſuche experience
Yet one thing of you I would enquire,
When ſhall that dreadfull day appeare

Which ye call iudgement generall?
What things before that day ſhall fall?
Where ſhall that dreadfull iudge be ſeene,
And how may ſinners ſcape his teene?
My ſonne as to thy firſt queſtion Experince.
I can make no ſolution,
Wherefore trouble not thy entent,
To know the day, houre, or moment,
To God aboue the day is knowen,
Which neuer was to no Angell ſhowen,
Howbeit by diuers coniectures,
And principall expoſitours,
Of Daniell and his propheſie,
And by the ſentence of Ely,
Some haue declared as they can,
How long it is ſince the world began.
And for to ſhew haue done their cure,
How long they thinke it ſhall endure,
And alſo how many ages beene,
As in their works may be ſeene.
But to declare theſe queſtions,
There be diuers opinions,
Some writers haue the world deuided
In ſixe ages : as is deſcribed
Within Faſciculus Temporum,
And Cronica Cronicarum,
But by the ſentence of Elye,
The world deuided is in three,
As cunning maſter Carion
Hath made playne expoſition,
Where Ely ſayth as ye ſhall heare,
The world ſhall ſtande ſixe thouſande yeare,
Of whom I follow the ſentence,
And let the other bookes go hence,

From the creation of Adam,
Two thouſande yere to Abraham,
From Abraham by this narration,
To Chriſtes incarnation,
Right ſo haue bene two thouſande yeares,
As by their propheſies appeares.
From Chriſt agayn as we haue learnde,
Two thouſande till the worldes ende,
Of which are paſſed ſo may I thriue,
A thouſande fiue hundred ſixty fiue,
And ſo remaynes as doth appeare,
Foure hundred fiue and thirty yeare.
And then the Lorde omnipotent
Should come to his great iudgement.
Mat. 24. Chriſt ſayth the time ſhal be made ſhort,
As Mathew playnly doth reporte,
That for the worlds iniquitee
The latter time ſhall ſhortned bee,
For pleaſure of the choſen number,
To part them and their care a ſunder.
So by this count ye may perpende
The world is drawing to an ende,
For many Legions ſwarme about
Of Antichriſtes, were they ſought out,
And many tokens do appeare,
As after ſhortly thou ſhalt heare,
How that S. Hierome doth indite,
That he hath read in Hebrue write,
Of fifteene ſignes eſpeciall,
Before that iudgement generall.
Of ſome of them I take no cure,
Which I finde not in the Scripture,
A part of them though I declare,
Fyrſt will I to the Scripture fare.

Chriſt ſaith before that day be done,
There ſhall be ſignes in Sunne and Moone.
The Sunne ſhall hide his beames bright,
So that the Moone ſhal geue no light.
The Starres by mens iudgement,
Shall fall forth of the firmament.
Of theſe ſignes or we further go,
Some morall ſence I will you ſhow:
As cunning clarkes haue them declared,
And haue the Sunne & Moone cōpared.
The Sunne to the ſtate ſpirituall,
The Moone to princes temporall.
Right ſo the Starres they do compare,
To the lewd people populare.
The Moone & Starres haue no light,
But by the returne of Phebus bright,
So when the Sunne of light is darke,
The Moone & ſtarres of light ar ſtarke.
When paſtours with their paſtorals,
Popes, Byſhops, and Cardinals,
In their beginning ſhewed great light:
The temporall ſtate was ruled right.
But now alas light is there none,
Thoſe ſhining lamps are quite gone,
Thoſe radiant beames are turned blcke:
For now in earth nothing they ſeke
But onely riches and dignity,
Folowing their ſenſualitie.
Many Prelats are now raigning,
Which haue no more vnderſtanding
What doth pertaine to their office,
Then thou can kindle fyre with Iſe.
Wo be to Popes I ſay for mee,
Which ſuffer ſuch enormitee,

That ignorant worldly creatures
Should in the Church take cures,
No maruell though the people ſlides,
When they haue blind men to their guids
For a prelate that can not preach,
Nor Gods law to the people teach,
Eſa.56. Eſay doth compare him in his Warke,
To a dum dogge that can not barke.
Iohn.10. And Chriſt him cals in his greefe
A murderer and eke a theefe.
The cunning doctour Auguſtine,
Wolues and diuels doth them define.
The Canon lawe doth him defame,
That of a Prelate beares the name,
And will not preach the deuine lawes,
As the decrees playnly ſhowes.
But thoſe that haue authoritie
To prouide ſpirituall dignitie,
Might if it pleaſed them to take payne,
Make them light al their lampes again.
But euer alas that is not doone,
So darkned is both ſunne and moone.
Were kings liues well declared,
The which are to the moone compared,
Men might perceyue how their eſtate
From charitie is quite degenerate.
I thinke ye would ſay it were ſhame
For them of Chriſt to take their name,
And liue not like to Chriſtians,
But rather like Turkes and Pagans,
Turke agaynſt Turke makes little warre,
But Chriſten Princes do euer iarre,
Which ſhould agree as brother and brother,
But now eche one brates downe another.

I know no reaſonable cauſe why,
Except pride, couetiſe, and vaynglory.
The Emperour moues his ordinaunce
Agaynſt the mightie king of Fraunce,
And Fraunce agayne with great rigour,
Agaynſt their friende the Emperour.
And right ſo Fraunce agaynſt Englande,
Englande alſo agaynſt Scotlande,
And alſo the Scots with all their might,
Doth fight for to defende their right.
Betwixt theſe Realmes of Albion,
Where battels haue beene full many a one,
There can be made no affinitie,
Nor yet no conſanguinitie.
Nor by no way they can conſider,
That they may haue long peace together.
I feare that warres makes no ending,
Till they be both vnder one king.
Though Chriſt the ſoueraine king of grace
Left in his Teſtament loue and peace,
Our kings from warre wil not refrayne,
Till there be many a thouſande ſlayne,
And ſlaughters made by ſea and lande,
As all the world may vnderſtande.
Father I thinke that temporall knightes — Courtier.
May fight for to defend their rightes,
For I haue ſeene the ſpirituall ſtate
Make warre their rightes to abate.
I ſaw Pope Julius manfully
Paſſe to the fielde triumphantly,
With a right rufull ordinaunce,
Agaynſt Lewes the king of Fraunce,
And for to doe him more deſpite,
He did his Religion interdite.

My ſonne forſooth as I ſuppoſe,
That longes well to our purpoſe.
How Sunne and Moone are both bereft
Of light, and both in darkeneſſe left,
Comparing them, as ye hard tell,
To ſpirituall ſtate and temporell.
The common people are halfe diſpayred,
Which to the ſtarres are there compared.
Lewd people follow ſtill their heades,
And ſpecially in their deedes.
The moſt part of religion.
Is turned to abuſion.
What doth auaile religious weedes,
When they are contrary in their deedes?
What holineſſe is there within
A wolfe cled in a wethers ſkine?
So by their tokens doth appeare,
The day of iudgement doth draw neare.
Now let vs leaue this morall ſence,
Proceading to our purpoſe hence,
And of this matter ſpeake no more,
Beginning where we left before.
The ſcripture ſaith after theſe ſignes,
Shall be ſene meruelous thinges:
Then ſhall riſe tribulations
In earth, and great mutations,
As well here vnder as aboue,
When vertues of the heauens ſhall moue.
Such cruell warre ſhall be or than,
As was neuer ſeene ſince the world began.
The which ſhall cauſe great indigence,
As dearth hunger and peſtilence.
The horrible ſoundes of the ſea,
The people greatly ſhall affray.

Jerom ſayes it ſhall riſe vpright,
Aboue mountaines to mens ſight.
But it ſhall not ſpread ouer the land,
But like a wall euen ſtraight vp ſtand,
And ſettle downe againe ſo lowe,
That no man ſhall the water know.
Great whales ſhall tumble, rout and roare,
Whoſe ſound ſhall ring in the ayre full ſore.
All fyſhe and monſters maruelous,
Shall cry with ſoundes moſt hideous,
That men ſhall wyther on the earth,
And weping wiſhe to yeelde their breath:
With loud alas and well a way,
That euer they bode to ſee that day.
And ſpecially thoſe that dwelling bee,
Vpon the bankes and coſtes of the ſea.
And alſo as ſaint Jerom telles,
In the floudes ſhall be ſeene maruelles.
The ſea with mouing meruelous,
Shall burne with flames furious.
Right ſo ſhall burne fountaine and floud.
All herbe and tree ſhall ſweate with bloud.
Foules ſhall fall out of the ayre,
And wild beaſts to the playne repayre,
And in their maner make great mone,
Howling with many a greuous grone.
The bodies of dead creatures,
Appeare ſhall on their Sepultures.
Then ſhall men, women and Children,
Eche man crepe out of his Cauern,
Where they for dread were hid before,
With ſigh and ſob and hartes ſore,
And wander about as they were woode,
Effamiſhed for fault of foode.

None may make other comforting,
But teares for teares, and lamenting,
What ſhould they do but weepe and wonder,
When that the rockes do ſhake in ſunder:
Through trembling of the earth and ſhaking,
Of ſorrow then ſhall be no ſlaking,
Who that are liuing in thoſe dayes,
May tell of terrible affrayes.
Their riches, rents, and other treaſure,
That time ſhall doe them little pleaſure.
But when ſuche wonders do appeare,
Men may be ſure the day drawes neare,
Dan. 3. That iuſt men paſſe ſhall to pleaſure,
Uniuſt to payne for euermore.

Courtier. Father in deede we dayly reade
A certayne article in our Creede,
Saying that Chriſt omnipotent
In that generall iudgement,
Shall iudge both quicke and dead alſo,
Wherefore ſhew me before ye go,
If there ſhall any man or wife
That day be founde to haue ſtill life:

Experience. My ſonne as to that queſtion
I ſhall make a ſolution,
Mat. 24. The Scripture playnly doth declare,
That when al tokens come and gone are,
Yet many hundred thouſande men
That ſame day ſhall be liuing then.
Howbeit there ſhall no creature,
Neyther of day nor houre be ſure,
For Chriſt will come ſo ſodenly,
That no man ſhal the time eſpie,
As it was in the time of Noy,
When God did all the world deſtroy,

Some in the fielde ſhall be labouring,
Some in the temples marying,
Some before Iudges making plea,
And ſome men ſayling on the ſea.
Thoſe that be on the fielde going,
Shall not returne to their lodging.
Who is vpon his houſe aboue,
Shall haue no leyſure to remoue.
Two ſhall be in the mill grinding,
Which ſhall be taken without warning,
The one ſhall endleſſe glory gayne,
The other euerlaſting payne.
Two ſhall be lying in one bed,
The one to pleaſure ſhall be led,
The other ſhall be left alone,
Crying with many a griſly grone.
And ſo my ſonne thou may well know,
The world ſhall be as it is now.
The people vſing their buſineſſe,
As holy Scripture doth expreſſe.
Since no man knowes the houre or day,
The Scripture bids vs watch and pray.
And for our ſinnes be penitent,
As Chriſt would come incontinent.

The maner howe Chriſt ſhall come to his Iudgement.

When all tokens are brought to ende, Experience
Then ſhall the ſonne of God diſcende,
As fyrie flames haſtely glanſing,
Diſcende ſhall the heauenly king:

As Phebus in the orient,
Lightens in haſt to occident:
So pleaſantly he ſhall appeare,
Among the heauenly cloudes cleare,
With great power and maieſtye,
Aboue the countre of Iudee.
As Clarkes full oft haue tolde their tale.
Direct aboue that luſty vale *Act. 1.*
Of Joſophat, and mount Oliuet,
All propheſy ſhall be complete. *Mat. 25.*
The Angels of the orders nyne,
Inuiron ſhall the throne deuine,
With heauenly conſolation,
Making him miniſtration.
In his preſence there ſhall be borne,
The ſignes of Croſſe and crowne of thorne.
Piller, Nayles, ſcourges and ſpeare,
With euery thing that did him deare,
The time of his ſore paſſion.
And for our conſolation,
Appeare ſhall in his handes and feete,
And in his ſide the print not fleete,
Of his fyue wounds precious,
Shining lyke rubyes radious,
To reprobate confuſion.
And for finall concluſion,
As he ſitteth on his tribunall,
With great power imperiall,
There ſhall an Angell blow a blaſt,
Which ſhall make all the world agaſt:
Saying with horrible voice and vehement,
Riſe dead folke come to iudgement.
With that eche reaſonable creature,
That formed was by dame nature,

Shall ſodenly ſtart vp at once,
Conioyned with ſoule, fleſh, bloud and bones,
That terrible trompet I heare tell,
Is hard in heauen, in earth and hell.
Thoſe that were drowned in the ſea,
That boyſtrous blaſt ſhall obey.
Where euer the body buried was,
All ſhall be founde in that ſame place,
Aungels ſhall paſſe by all deſerts Mat. 13.
Of earth, and bring them from all parts,
And with an inſtant diligence,
Preſent them to his excellence.
Sainct Jerome thought continually
On this iudgement ſo ardently,
He ſayde, whether I eate or drinke,
Wake or ſleepe, forſooth I thinke
That terrible trompet like a bell
So quickly in mine eare doth knell,
As inſtantly it were preſent,
Riſe dead folke vnto iudgement.
If Sainct Jerome tooke ſuch afray,
Alas what may we ſinners ſay?
All thoſe which found be aliue, 1.Pet.4.
Shall be immortall made beliue,
And in the twinkling of an eye,
With fyre they ſhall tranſlated bee,
And neuer for to dye agayne,
As deuine Scripture ſheweth playne,
As ready both for payne and glory,
As they that long before did dye.
The ſcripture ſayth they ſhall appeare,
In age of three and thirtie yeare,
Whether they dyed yong or olde,
Whoſe great number may not be tolde,

That day ſhall not be miſt a man
Which borne was ſince ẏ world began:
Angels ſhall ſeparate them that tide,
Mat. 26. As ſhepheards would the ſheepe deuide.
And thoſe which be of Belials bande,
Trembling on the earth ſhall ſtande
On the left hande of that great iudge,
Without all hope to get refuge.
But thoſe which be predeſtinate,
Shall from the earth be eleuate.
And that moſt happy company
Shall ordred be triumphantly,
At the right hande of Chriſt our king,
High in the ayre reioyſing.
Full gloriouſly there ſhall appeare
More bright than Phebus in his ſphere
The Virgin Mary Quene of Queenes,
With many thouſande bright virgins.
The fathers of the olde teſtament
Which were to God obedient,
Father Adam ſhall them conuey,
With Abell, Seth, Enoch, and Noy,
Abraham with his faythfull workes,
With all the prudent Patriarkes.
John the Baptiſt there ſhall appeare,
The principall and laſt meſſenger,
Which came but halfe a yeere before
The comming of the king of glore.
Moyſes, Eſayas honorable,
With all true Prophets venerable,
Dauid with all the faythfull kings,
Which vertuous were in their raignings:
The noble captayne Joſue,
With gentle Judas Machabe.

And many a noble champion,
Which in their time with great renowne
Full manfully to their liues ende
The lawe of God did defende.
With Eue that day ſhall be preſent
The Ladies of the olde teſtament,
Delbora Adams daughter deare,
With the foure luſtie ladies cleare,
Which kept were in the arke with Noy,
Sara and Ketura with ioy,
The which to Abraham wiues had beene.
With good Rebecca there ſhall be ſeene,
The prudent wiues of Iſraell,
Good Lya and the fayre Rachell,
With Judith, Heſter, and Suſanna,
And the right ſapient Queene of Saba.
There ſhall be Peter and Paule,
And Chriſtes true Diſciples all,
Laurence and Steuen with that bleſt bande
Of martyrs more than ten thouſande,
With ſmall number of Monkes and friers,
Of Carmelites and Cordeliers,
That for the loue of Chriſt onely
Renounced the world vnfaynedly.
With Elizabeth and Anna
All good wiues ſhall be that day,
The bleſſed Mary Magdalene
That day before her ſoueraigne,
Right pleaſantly ſhall preſent
All ſinners that were penitent,
Which of their fault heere aſked grace,
In heauen with hir to haue a place.
But wo be to that balefull bande,
Which ſhall ſtande lowe at his left hande.

Wo then to kings and Emperours,
Which were vnrighteous conquerours,
Which for their glory and their good
Did ſhed ſo muche giltleſſe blood.
Without Scepter, Crowne, or robe royall,
That day they ſhall make count of all.
And for their cruell tyranny,
Shall puniſht be perpetually.
Ye Lordes and Barons more and leſſe,
That your poore tenants do oppreſſe,
By fines and incomes exceſſiuely,
More than the lande is worth truly,
With ſore importable cariage,
And mercements for their mariage,
Tormenting them in peace and warre,
With burdens more than they may beare.
To pay to you your whole due,
And to the Prieſts their tithes true,
That when agayne the lande is ſowen,
There reſts behinde little for their owne,
So that they and their poore houſholde,
May tell of hunger and of colde,
Without ye haue of them pitie,
I dread ye ſhall get no mercy,
That day when Chriſt omnipotent
Commeth to generall iudgement.
Wo be to publike oppreſſours,
To tyrants and to tranſgreſſours,
To murderers and to common theeues,
Which neuer mended their miſcheeues,
To fornicators and vſerers,
Common publike adulterers,
All peruers wilfull Heretikes,
And falſe deceiptfull Schiſmatikes,

All ſhall be preſent in that place,
With many ſorrowfull alas.
The curſed Cayne that neuer was good,
with all ſhedders of giltles blood,
Nemrod founder of Babylon,
With falſe Idolaters euerychone,
And Ninus the king of Aſſyria,
With great griefe ſhall appeare that day,
Which fyrſt inuented imagerie,
Wherthrough came great Idolatrie:
For making of that Idoll Bell,
That day his hyre ſhall be in hell.
The great oppreſſor king Pharao,
And the tyrant Emperour Nero,
Shall with them curſed Herod bring,
With many an other carefull king.
The cruell king Antiochus,
With the moſt wicked Olophernus,
Great oppreſſours of Iſraell,
That day their hyre ſhall haue in hell.
With Iudas ſhall appeare as than,
All falſe traytours to God and man:
There ſhall appeare of euery lande,
With Ponce Pilate a balefull bande,
Of temporall and of ſpirituall ſtates,
Falſe Iudges with their aduocates:
There ſhall our Lords of the Seſſion,
Of all their faultes make cleare confeſſion.
There ſhall be ſeene the fraudulent liues
Of ſhyriues, prouoſtes, and bayliues.
Officials with their craftie clarkes,
Shall giue account of their wrongfull workes,
They and their peruers procuratours,
Of riche and poore that are oppreſſours,

Through dilatorie pleas and rake
Mens purſes till they all out ſhake,
Great dolour that day to Judges ſhall bene,
That comes not with their conſcience cleane,
That day they ſhall paſſe by peremptours,
Without cautell or dilatours.
No Duplicandum or Triplicandum,
But ſhortly paſſe to Sentenciandum,
Without continuations,
Or any appellations.
That ſentence ſhall not be repealed,
Nor by no man of law concealed.
Ye labourers by ſeas and landes,
Perfect craftſmen, and riche marchaundes,
Leaue your deceipt and crafty wiles,
Which ſeely ſimple folke beguyles,
Make recompence heare as ye may,
Remembring well the dreadfull day.
With Mahumet ſhall come without doubt,
Of Antechriſtes a hideous rout,
Biſhop Annas and Cayphas,
With him in company ſhall paſſe,
The Scribes and Phariſies ſhall abye,
Which wrought on Chriſt great vilanie.
And many a Turke and Saraſene,
With great ſorow there ſhall be ſeene,
And Popes for their owne traditions
Agaynſt Gods inſtitutions,
With many a coule and ſhauen crowne,
Which Chriſtes lawes haue troden downe,
And would not ſuffer for to preach
The verity, nor the people teach,
And lay people put to torment,
Which uſed Chriſtes teſtament.

All kings and queenes this thing perpende,
The which ſuche lawes did defende,
In that Court ſhall come many one,
Of the blacke heape of Babylon.
The innocent bloud that day ſhall cry
Aloude for vengeaunce piteouſly,
On thoſe cruell bloudthirſty butchers,
The marterers of Prophets and Preachers,
Some with the fyre and ſome with the ſworde,
which playnly preach Gods holy worde.
That day they ſhall rewarded be,
According to their iniquitie.
The Sodomites and Gomorians,
On whom God wrought ſo great vengeance,
with Choron Dathan and Abiron,
And their aſſiſtents many one,
which holy Scripture will thee tell,
That they ſanke all downe to hell.
With Simon Magus ſhall reſort
Of proud Prieſts a ſhamefull ſort.
That ſame day there ſhall be ſeene
Many a cruel careful Queene.
Semiramis king Ninus wife,
A tyger full of ſturdy ſtrife,
Together with Queene Iezabell,
which was couetous and cruell,
The falſe deceiptful Dalida,
The cruel Queene Clitemneſtra,
The which did murder on a night
Agamemnon hir huſbande and knight,
The which was hir owne ſoueraigne Lorde,
As Greeke ſtories do recorde,
with cruell Queenes more and leſſe,
which lothſome were for to expreſſe.

Ye wanton Ladies and Bergeſes wiues,
That now for longeſt tayles ſtriues,
Flapping the fylth among your feete,
Rayſing the duſt about the ſtreete,
That day for all your pompe and pride,
Your tayles ſhall not your hippes hide.
Theſe vanities ye ſhall repent,
Without that ye be penitent.
With Phitoniſſa I heare tell,
Which rayſed the ſpirite of Samuell,
That day there ſhall with hir reſort,
Of ranke witches a maruelous ſort,
Brought from all parts many a mile,
From Sauoy, Adthell, and Argile,
And from the rindes of Galloway,
With many wofull welaway.
Ye brethren of Religion,
In time leaue your abuſion,
With which ye haue the world abuſed,
Elſe ye that day ſhall be refuſed.
I ſpeake to you all generally,
Not to one order ſpecially.
All creatures ſhall be ſeene as then,
Whether they wer ſaints or worldly mẽ
And whether they take the Scaplerie,
That they might liue more pleaſantly,
And giue a good great portion,
Or for godly deuotion.
That day your fayned holy moodes
Shall not be knowen by your hoodes,
Your ſuperſtitious ceremonies,
Participating of Idolatries,
Your Cordes, cut ſhoes, nor clipped head,
That day ſhall ſtande you in no ſtead,

For cowles blacke, gray, nor yet begarded,
That day ſhall not be rewarded.
Your pelting painted flattery,
Your ſimulat hipocriſy,
That day ſhall be full clearely knowen,
When ye ſhall reape as ye haue ſowen.
Wherfore in time be penitent,
Or els that day ye ſhall be ſhent.
I pray you hartely as you may,
Remember well that dreadfull day,
Ye Abbots, Priors, and Prioreſſe,
Conſider what ye did profeſſe,
And how that your promotion
Was nothing for deuotion.
But that to obtaine the abbacy,
Ye made your vowe of chaſtitie,
Of pouerty and obedience.
Therfore ſerch well your conſcience,
How theſe three vowes haue bin obſerued,
And what reward they haue deſerued.
Wherfore repent while ye haue ſpace,
For God is liberall of his grace.

Courtier.
Father I pray you declare to me,
Where ſhall thoſe Prelats ordred be,
Which now be in the world liuing,
With whom ſhall come that ſpirituall king.

Experience
My ſonne as ſaint Bernard diſcriues,
without that they amend their liues,
And leaue their wanton vicious workes,
Not with Prophets nor Patriarkes,
Not with Martirs nor Confeſſours,
The which to Chriſt were true preachers,
Their predeceſſors Peter and Paul,
That day will them not know at all.

So ſhall they not I ſay for me
With the Apoſtles ordered be.
I truſt they ſhall dwell on the border
Of hell, where there ſhalbe no order,
Endlong the floud of Flegiton,
Or on the brace of Atheron,
Crying on Caron with noyſe extreame,
To ferry them ouer that furious ſtreame
Unto eternall confuſion,
Except they leaue their abuſion.
I thinke theſe prelates more and leſſe,
Shall make cleare count of their riches,
That dreadfull day with hartes ſore,
And what ſeruice they did therfore,
The princely pompe and apparell,
Of Pope, Biſhop, and Cardinall,
Their royall rents and dignitee,
That day ſhall not regarded bee.
There ſhall no tayles (as I heare ſay)
Of Biſhops be borne vp that day.
Come they not with conſcience cleane,
On them great ſorrow ſhalbe ſeene,
Except that they their life amende
In time, and ſo I make an ende.

Here followeth the maner howe Christ ſhall geue his Sentence.

WHen all theſe congregations,
Are brought forth from all nations,
As will be don without long proceſſe,
Though I haue made ſo long digreſſe.

For in the twinkling of an eye,
All mankinde ſhall preſenced be,
Before that kinges excellence.
Then ſhortly ſhall he geue ſentence,
Firſt ſaying to that bliſſull band,
Which be ordered at his right hand:
Come with my fathers benediction,
And receiue your poſſeſſion,
Which is for you preordinate,
Before the world was firſt create.
When I was hungry ye me fed,
When I was naked ye me cled:
Oft times ye gaue me herbery,
And gaue me drinke when I was dry.
And viſited me with mindes meke,
When I was priſoner and ſeke.
In all ſuch tribulation,
Ye gaue me conſolation.
Then ſhall they ſay O mighty king,
When ſaw we thee deſire ſuch thing?
We neuer ſaw thy excellence
Subdued to ſuch indigence.
Yes (ſhall he ſay) when at your doore,
Ye did receiue the weake and poore,
And did releeue them for my ſake,
As done to me thoſe deedes I take.
Your glory now ſhall gin therfore,
Which ſhall indure for euermore.
Then ſhall he looke on his left hand,
And ſay vnto that bailfull band,
Paſſe with my malediction,
To eternall affliction,
In company with feendes of hell,
In euerlaſting fyre to dwell.

When I ſtood naked at your gate,
Hungry, thirſty, cold, wette, and late,
Right feeble, ſicke, and like to die,
You neuer gaue me halfpenie.
And when I lay in priſon ſtrong,
For you I might haue lyen full long,
Eſa.56. Without your conſolation,
Or any ſupportation.
Iohn.10. Trembling for dread then ſhall they ſaye,
With many hideous welaway:
Alas good lord when ſaw we thee
Subiect to ſuch neceſſitee?
When ſaw we thee come to our doore,
Hungry, thirſty, naked, and poore?
When ſaw we thee in priſon lie,
Or thee denied herbery?
Then ſhall that moſt excellent king,
Unto thoſe wretches make anſwering.
That tyme when ye refuſed the poore,
Which needful cryed at your doore,
And of your ſuperfluitie,
For my ſake made them no ſupplie:
Refuſing them, ye me refuſed,
With wretchednes ye were ſo abuſed.
Wherfore ye ſhall haue to your hire,
The euerlaſting burning fyre,
Without grace, peace, or comforting.
Then ſhall they cry full ſore weping,
That we were made alas truely,
Alas is there left no mercy?
But muſt we without all hope or grace,
Forgo the preſence of thy face?
Alas for vs it had bene good,
When we were borne to haue ſhed our bloud.

Then with a rore the earth ſhall riue,
And ſwallow them both man and wiue.
Then ſhall thoſe creatures forlorne,
Bewaile the houre that they were borne,
With many a clamor, ſhout and yell,
From time they feele the flames ſo fell
Vpon their tender bodies byte,
Whoſe torment ſhall be infinyte:
The earth ſhall cloſe, and from their ſight
Shall taken be all kinde of light.
There ſhall be houling and crying,
Without hope of any comforting.
In that ineſtimable paine,
Eternally they ſhall remaine.
Burning in furious flames redde,
Euer dying but neuer deade,
That the ſmall minute of an houre,
To them ſhall be ſo great dolour,
As they ſhall thinke they haue remaine,
A thouſand yeare in that paine.
Alas I tremble to heare tell,
That terrible tormenting hell.
That painefull pit who can bewaile,
Which muſt indure and neuer fayle.
Then ſhal thoſe glorified creatures,
With mirth and infinite pleaſures,
Conuayde with ioye Angelicall,
Paſſe to the heauen imperiall,
With Chriſt Ieſu our king ſoueraine,
In glory eternally to raine.
Which glory paſſeth mans wit,
To tell the thouſandth part of it.
Then ſhall a fyre, as clarkes fayne,
Make all the hils and valleys plaine.

From earth vp to the hie Empire,
Shall be renued by that fire,
Purging all thinges materiall,
Under the ſkye imperiall.
Both earth, and water, fyre, and ayre,
Shall be more perfect made and fayre.
The things that erſt had mixed bene,
Shall then be purified and made clene.
The earth lyke Chriſtall ſhall be clere,
And euery planet in his ſphere
Shall reſt without any mouing,
Both ſtarry heauen and chriſtalline,
The firſt and hieſt heauen mouable,
Shall ſtand without turning firme and ſtable.
The Sunne in the Orient
Shall ſtand, and in the Occident
Reſt ſhall the Moone, and be more clere
Then now is Phebus in his ſphere.
And alſo that lantern of the heauen,
Shall geue more light by degrees ſeuen,
Then it gaue ſince the world began.
The heauen renued ſhalbe than.
Right ſo the earth with ſuch deuice,
Shall well compare with Paradice.
So heauen and earth ſhall be all one,
As meaneth the Apoſtle Iohn.
The great ſea ſhall no more appeare,
But like the Chriſtall pure and cleare.
It paſſeth imagination,
Of man to make narration,
Of the glory which God doth prepare,
For euery one that commeth there.
No eye can ſee, no eare can heare,
No hart can thinke that noble geare.

With hart it is vnthinkable,
And with tunges inpronounceable,
The pleaſures ſhall be ſo perfite,
Hauing in God ſo great delite,
That the ſpace now of an hundred yeare,
That time ſhall not an houre appere:
Which may not comprehended be,
Till we that pleaſant place do ſee.
When Paule was rauiſht in the ſprite,
To the third heauen full of delite,
He ſaith the ſecrets which he ſaw,
They were not lawfull for to ſhew
To no man on the earth liuing,
Wherfore ſeke not that vnderſtanding,
Although therto thou haue deſire,
They be the ſecretes of the heauen Empire.
The more men looke on Phebus bright,
The more feeble ſhall be their ſight.
Right ſo let no man geue their cure,
To ſerch the ſecretes of nature.
The more men ſtudy I ſuppoſe,
The further be they from their purpoſe,
To know why ſhould men thinges intend,
Which Angels cannot comprehend:
But after this great iudgement,
All thinges to vs ſhall be patent.
Let vs with Paule our mindes adreſſe,
Who being full of heauenlines,
Full humbly teacheth vs,
Not for to be too curious.
Howbeit men do ſtill incline,
To ſeeke the hye ſecretes deuine,
Whoſe iudgements are vnſercheable,
And ſtraunge wayes inueſtigable.

That is to ſay paſt our fynding,
Of whom no man may fynd ending:
It ſufficeth vs to call and cry,
To our God to bꝛing vs to that gloꝛy.

Of certaine pleaſures of glorified bodyes.

Experience

SInce there is none in earth may compꝛehend
The heauenly gloꝛy and pleaſures infinite,
Therfoꝛe my ſonne I pꝛay thee not pꝛetend.
Ouer farre to ſeeke that matter of delite,
Which paſſeth naturall reaſon to indite,
Which god befoꝛe that he the woꝛld created
Pꝛepared to them that are pꝛedeſtinated.

All moꝛtall men ſhall be made immoꝛtall,
(That is to ſay) neuer to die againe.
Impaſſible and ſo ſeleſtiall,
That fyꝛe and ſwoꝛde may do them no payne.
No heate, noꝛ colde, noꝛ froſt, noꝛ wind, noꝛ raine
(Though ſuch thing were) may do them no deare
Thoſe creatures ſhall as then be fayꝛe and cleare,

As flaming Phebus in his manſion.
Conſider then if there ſhall be great light,
When euery one in that region,
Shal ſhine lyke the Sunne and be as bꝛight,
Let vs with Paule deſire to ſee that light.
To be diſſolued Paule had great deſire,
With Chꝛiſt to be in that hye Empire.

And moreouer, as clarkes do deſcriue,
Their maruelous mirthes are incomparable,
Among the reſt in all their wits fyue,
They ſhall haue pleaſures paſſing delectable.
The heauenly ſound which ſhall be inamarable,
In their eares continually ſhall ring,
And alſo the ſight of Chriſt Ieſus our king,

In triumphant throne imperiall,
With his mother the virgin Queene of Queenes
There ſhall be ſeene the court celeſtiall,
Apoſtles, Marters, confeſſors and virgins,
Brighter thē Phebus whē in his ſphere he ſhines
The Patriarkes and Prophets venerable,
There ſhall be ſeene, with ioy ineſtimable.

And with their ſpirituall eyes ſhall be ſene,
That ſight which is moſt excellent,
God as he is and euermore hath bene,
Continually ſeing that ſight verament.
Auſtine ſaith he had leuer take in hand
To be in hell ſeeing the eſſence
Of God, than be in heauen without his preſence.

Who ſeeth God in his diuinitie,
Seeth in him all other pleaſant things,
The which with tung cannot pronounced be,
What pleaſure is to ſee that king of kings?
The greateſt paine yͤ damned folke down brings
And to the deuils the moſt puniſſion,
Is of God to want fruition.

And moreouer they ſhall feele a ſmell,
Surmounting farre the ſmell of earthly flowers,
And

And in their mouth a taſt as I heare tell,
Of ſwete and ſupernaturall ſauors,
Shining among thoſe creatures deuine,
Which to diſcribe paſſeth this wit of mine.

And alſo they ſhall haue ſuch agilitee,
As in one inſtant to paſſe for their pleaſure,
Ten thouſand miles in twinkling of an eye,
So that their ioyes ſhall be without meaſure.
They ſhall reioyce to ſee the great dolour,
Of damned folke in hell, and their torment,
Bicauſe of God it is the iuſt iudgement.

Subtilitie they ſhall haue marueilouſly,
So that although there were a wall of braſſe,
A glorified body may right haſtely
Thorow that wall without any let paſſe,
Lyke as doth the Sun beames thorow ẏ glaſſe,
As Chriſt to his Diſciples did appeare
When all the doores and entrings cloſed were.

Howbeit in heauen though euery creature,
Haue not a like felicitie and glory:
Yet euery one ſhall haue ſo great pleaſure,
That well content they ſhall deſire no more.
To haue more ioy they ſhall no way implore:
But they ſhall be all ſatiſfied and content,
Like to this rude examples ſubſequent.

Take a flacket, a pint, and alſo a quart,
A galon veſſell, a punchion, or a tun
Of wine, or balme, geue euery one his part,
And fyll them full tyll they ouerrun.

The little ſlacket in compariſon,
Shall be as full as it may hold no more
Of ſuch meaſures though there be .xx. ſcore,

In the tun or in the punchion:
Yet all thoſe veſſels in one qualitie,
May hold no more without they ouerron.
Yet haue they not a like in quantitie:
So by this rude example ye may ſee,
Though euery one be not a lyke in gloze,
Yet are they ſatiſfied, they deſire no more.

Though preſently by Gods good prouidence,
Beaſtes, Foules, and Fiſhes in the ſeas,
Are neceſſary for mans ſuſtenaunce,
With Corne, Herbes, Flowers, & fruitful trees.
Then ſhall there be no ſuch commodities,
The earth ſhall beare no plant nor beaſt brutall,
But ſhalbe as the heauens bright as berall.

Suppoſe ſome be on earth deſcending downe,
Or high aboue where euer they pleaſe to go,
Of God they haue the cleare fruition,
Both Eaſt, or Weſt, vp, downe, too or fro.
Clarkes declare pleaſures many mo:
Which paſſe all mortall mens conceit or wit,
The thouſand part to vtter any whit.

In the heauen they ſhall perfectly know,
Their tender friendes, their father and mother
Their predeceſſors that they neuer ſaw,
Their ſpouſes, children, ſiſter, and brother,
And euery one ſhall haue ſuch loue to other,

That

Of others glory and ioy they ſhalbe glad
As of their owne that they thmeſelues haue had.

Then ſhalbe ſene that bright Jeruſalem,
Which John ſaw in his reuelation,
We mortall men alas are to blame,
That will not haue conſideration,
And perpetuall contemplation,
With hotte deſire to come vnto that glore,
Whoſe pleaſure ſhall indure for euermore.

O Lord our God and king omnipotent,
Which knew or euer thou the heauen did create,
Who would to thee be diſobedient,
And ſo deſerue to be a reprobate,
Thou knew the number of the predeſtinate,
Whome thou didſt call, and haſt them iuſtified,
And ſhall in heauen with thee be glorified.

Graunt vs O lord to be of that choſen ſort,
Whom of thy mercy moſt excellent,
Thou purifieſt as ſcripture doth report,
With the bloud of that holy innocent,
Jeſu, which made himſelfe obedient
Vnto the death, and died on the rode,
Let vs O lord be purged with that bloude.

All creatures that euer God did create,
As writeth Paule, do wiſh to ſee that day,
When the children of God predeſtinate,
Shall appeare in their new white aray,
When corruption is taken cleane away,
And chaunged is their mortall qualitie,
Into the glory of immortalitie.

And morouer all dead things corporall,
Under the Cope of the heauens Empire,
That now to labour are ſubiect and thrall,
Sun, Moone, & Starres, Earth, water, and Fire,
In one maner they haue a hote deſire,
Wiſhing that day that they may be at reſt,
As Eraſmus expoundeth manyfeſt.

We ſee the great globe of the firmament
Continually in mouing maruelous,
The ſeuen planets, contrary to their intent,
Are driuen about with courſe contrarious.
The winde and ſea with ſtormes furious,
They troubled are with froſtes, ſnow, and raine
Unto that day do trauell ſtill in paine.

And all the Angels of the orders nine,
Hauing compaſſion of our miſeries,
Wiſhe after that day and to that fine,
To ſee vs free from our infirmities,
And rid from theſe calamities,
And troublous life that neuer ſhall haue ende,
Until the day that Chriſt againe deſcende.

An exhortacion geuen by father Experience vnto his ſonne the Courtier.

Experience

My ſonne marke well in thy memory,
Of this falſe world the troubles tranſitory
Whoſe dreadfull daies draw neare an end,
Therefore call God to be thy Adiutory,
And euery day my ſonne (memento mori.)
Thou woteſt not whē nor whither yͧ ſhalt wend,

Here to remaine I pray thee not intend.
And ſince thou knoweſt the time is very ſhort,
In Chriſtes bloud ſet all thy whole comfort.

Be not to greedy of temporall rent,
For you perceiue Popes, Emperours, & kinges,
Vpon the earth haue no place permanent,
Thou ſeeſt that death thē wofully down brings,
And takes thē frō their rents, riches & raignings
Therfore on Chriſt confirme thy whole intent,
And with thy calling be right well content,
Then God that feedes the foules of the ayre,
All needefull thing for thee ſhall prepare.

Conſider in thy contemplation,
That euer ſince the worldes firſt creation,
Mankind hath ſuffred this miſery mortall,
Euer tormented with tribulation,
With dolour, dread, and deſolation,
Gentils and choſen people of Iſraell,
To this miſhap all ſubiect are and thrall.
Which miſery without doubt ſhall euer endure,
Tyll the laſt day, my ſonne therof be ſure.

That day as I haue made narration,
Shalbe the day of conſolation
To all the children of the choſen number,
There ended is their deſolation.
And alſo I make thee ſupplication,
Of earthly matters take thee no more comber.
Dread not to die, for death is but a ſlumber,
Liue a iuſt life and haue a ioyous hart,
And of thy goods take pleaſantly thy part.

Of our talking now let vs make an ende,
Behold how Phebus downward doth deſcende,
Toward his palace in the Occident,
Dame Cinthea I ſee doth now pretend
Into hir watry region to aſcend,
With viſage pale vp from the Orient,
The dew now moiſtneth the roſes redolent,
The marigoldes that all day were vncloſed
By Phebus heate, now craftely are cloſed.

The bliſfull birdes flye to the trees,
And ſeate of their heauenly harmonies.
The Cornecrake in the croft I heare now crye.
The Bat and owle full feble of his eyes,
For his paſtime now in the euening flies.
The Nightingales with mirthfull melodie,
Their naturall notes ſend vp thorow the ſkie
To Cinthia making their obſeruaunce,
And in the night do their dallaunce.

I ſee Pole Artike in the North appeare
And Venus riſing with hir beames cleare,
Wherfore my ſonne I holde it time to go.
Would god, ſaid I, ye did remaine a yeare,
That I might of your heauenly leſſons leare,
Of your departing I am wondrous wo.
Take patience (quod he) for it muſt be ſo,
Perchaunce I ſhall returne with diligence.
Thus I departed from Experience:

And hied me home with hart right ſory,
And entred my quiet oratory.

I

I tooke paper and there began to write,
This miſery that ye haue heard before.
All gentle readers hartely I implore,
For to excuſe this that I did indite,
Though Ipocrites will haue at me deſpite,
Which would not that their craftines were ſcand
Let God be iudge, and ſo I make an ende.

FINIS.

Here foloweth the tragedy of Dauid Beton, late Cardinall and Archbiſhop of Santandrous.

Compiled by Dauid Lindſay of the mounte, king of Armes.

The prologue.

Not long ago, after the houre of prime,
Secretly ſitting in myne oratory,
I tooke a booke to occupy the tyme,
Where I found many a tragedy & ſtory,
Which Iohn Bochas hath put in memory,
How many princes, kings and conquerours,
Were dolefully depoſed from their honors.

How Alexander the mighty conquerour,
In Babylon was poyſoned piteouſly:
And Iulius the mightie Emperour,
Murdred at Rome, cauſles, and cruelly:
Prudent Pompey, in Egipt ſhamefully
Murdred was: what more proceſſe doth neede?
Their tragedies were wofull for to reede.

As I ſate ſo vpon my booke reading,
Right ſodenly before me did appeare,
A wounded man aboundantly bleeding,
With viſage pale and with a deadly cheare,
Seming a man of two and fyfty yeare,
In rayment red, clothed full curiouſly,
Of Veluet and Satin crimſon verely.

With feble voyce as men oppreſt with paine,
Softly he made to me ſupplication,
Saying my friend go read and reade againe,
If thou can fynd by true narration,
Of any paine like to my paſſion.
Right ſure I am, were John Bochas alyue,
My tragedy at length he would diſcriue.

Since he is gon I pray thee to indite,
Of my miſfortune ſome remembraunce,
Or at the leaſt my tragedy to write,
As I to thee ſhal ſhew the circumſtance,
In termes ſhort of my vnhappy chance,
Since my beginning to my fatall ende,
That all me may know it I would it were pend.

I can not (ſaid I) make ſuch reherſall,
Except of thy name I had intelligence.
I am Dauid that carefull Cardinall,
Which doth appeare (quod he) to thy preſence,
That ſometime had ſo great preheminence.
Then he began his deedes to indite,
As ye ſhall heare, and thus I began to write.

The tragedye.

I Dauid Beton ſometime Cardinall,
Of noble bloud by line did deſcend,
During my tyme I had no peare at all:
But now is come alas my fatall ende,
From degree to degree I did aſcende,
So that in this realme was neuer raigning
So great a man as I, vnder a king.

When I was a yong gentleman,
Princes to ſerue I ſet my whole intent.
Firſt to aſcend at Arbroche I began,
An Abbacie of great riches and rent.
With that eſtate yet was I not content,
To get great riches and glory more,
My hart was ſet, alas therfore.

I did ſuch ſeruice to our ſoueraigne,
He did promote me to more hie eſtate,
A prince aboue all prieſtes for to raigne,
Archbiſhop of Saintandrous conſecrate,
To that honour when I was eleuate,
My proud hart was not content at all,
Till I created was a Cardinall.

Yet preaſt I to haue more authoritie,
And finally was choſen Chancelare:
And for vpholding of my dignitie
Was made Legate, then had I no pere,
I purchaſed for my profite ſinguler,
My boxes, and my treaſure to aduaunce,
The Biſhopricke of Merapoſe in Fraunce.

Throughout Scotland I had the rule of all,
Without my aduice concluded was nothing,
Abbot, Byſhop, Archbyſhop, Cardinall,
In this realme could no hier be raigning,
Except I had bene Pope, Emperour and King.
For ſhortnes of time I am not able,
At length to ſhew my actes honorable.

For my moſt princely prodigalitie,
Among prelats in Fraunce I bare the price,
I ſhewed my Lordly liberalitie,
In banketing, playing at Cardes, and Dice,
In ſuch wiſedome I was holden wiſe,
And ſpared not to play with king and knight,
Three thouſand crownes of gold on a night.

In Fraunce I made honeſt voyages,
Where I did actes worthy of remembraunce,
Through me were made triumphant mariages,
To our ſoueraines both profite and pleaſaunce.
Queene Magdalen the firſt daughter of Fraunce
With great riches was into Scotland brought,
That mariage through my wiſedome was
(wrought
After whoſe death into Fraunce I paſt againe,
And a ſecond Queene homeward did conuay,
That luſty princes Mary de Lorain,
Which was receiued with great triumph & ioy,
So ſerued I our right redoubted Roy.
Soone after that Henry of England king,
Of our ſoueraine deſired communing.

Of that meting our king was well content,
So that in Yorke was ſet both time and place,
But our prelats nor I would neuer conſent,
That he ſhould ſee king Henry in the face.
But we were well content that his noble grace,
Had ſayled the ſea to ſpeake with any other,
Except that king that was his mothers brother.

Wherethrough ther roſe gret war & mortal ſtrife,
Great murder, hunger, dearth, and deſolation,
Wherthrough on eyther ſide many loſt their life,
If I would make a true narration,
I cauſed all that tribulation.
For to take peace I neuer would conſent,
Without the king of Fraunce had bene content.

During this warre were taken priſoners,
Of noble men feighting full furiouſly,
Many Lordes, Barons, and bachelers.
Wherethrough our king tooke ſuch melancoly,
As drew him to death right dolefully,
Extreame dolour ouerſet ſo his hart,
That from his life he did depart.

But after that his ſpeach was loſt & his ſtrength
Unto a paper white I made his grace ſubſcriue,
Wherein I wrote all that I pleaſed at length
After his death, which long were to diſcriue,
Through that writing I purpoſed beliue,
With ſupport of ſome Lordes beneuolence,
In this region to haue preheminence.

As for my Lord our righteous gouernour,
If I would ſhortly ſhew the veritie,
To him I had no maner of fauour,
During that tyme I purpoſed that he
Should neuer come to no authoritie.
For his ſupport therfore he brought among vs,
Out of England the noble Earle of Angius.

Then was I put a backe from my purpoſe,
And ſodenly caſt into captiuitie,
My proud hart to dant as I ſuppoſe,
Deuiſed by the hie deuinitie,
Yet in my hart ſprong no humilitie,
But now the word of God right well I knowe,
Who doth exalt himſelfe, God ſhall bring lowe.

In the meane time when I was ſo ſubiected,
Ambaſſadours were ſent into England,
Where they both peace and mariage contracted,
And more ſurely for to obſerue that band,
Were promiſt diuers pledges of Scotland.
Of that contract I was no way content,
Nor neuer would therto geue my conſent.

The captaines that kept me in warde,
Giftes of gold I gaue them great plenty,
Rulers of Court, I richly did rewarde,
Wherby I ſcaped from captiuitie.
But when I was free at my libertie,
Then like a Lion looſed of his cage,
Out thorow this realme I gan to rule and rage.

Againſt the gouernour and his company,
Oft times made I inſurrection,
Purpoſing for to haue him haſtely
Subdued vnto my correction,
Or els to put him to extreame ſubiection.
During this time if it were well deſcribed,
This Realme by me was vtterly deuided.

The gouernour I purpoſing to ſubdue,
Did raiſe an hoſt of many a bold baron,
And made aray that Lieth yet may rue.
For we deſtroyed a myle about the towne,
For that I had many a curſe and cruell frowne.
Yet contrary to the gouernours intent,
With our yong princes we to Sterueling went.

For hye contemption of the gouernour,
I brought the Earle of Lineaux out of Fraunce,
Which luſty lord liuing in great pleaſure,
Did looſe that band and honeſt ordinaunce.
But he and I fell ſoone at variaunce,
And through my counſell was within ſhort ſpace
Cruelly murdered he gat no other grace.

Then through my prudence practike and engine,
Our gouernour I cauſed to conſent,
Full quietly to my counſell to incline,
Wherof his nobles were not well content,
For why I brake in open Parlament,
The band of peace contracted with England:
Wherethrough came great loſſe to Scotland.

That peace broken began new mortall warres,
By ſea and land, ſo rife without reliefe,
That to report it my hart afeares,
The veritie to ſhew in termes briefe,
I was the roote of all miſchiefe.
The South countrey may wiſhe w hart full ſore
That I had dyed as ſonne as I was bore.

I haue bene the cauſe of much more miſchaunc
To vphold mine owne glory and dignitie,
And the pleaſure of the mighty king of Fraunce,
with England would I haue no vnitie.
But who doth conſider the veritie,
we might full well in reſt and peace haue paſt
Nine or ten yeares and then playd loſe or faſt.

Had we with England kept our contractes,
Our noble men had liued in peace and reſt,
Our Marchantes had not loſt ſo many packes,
Our common people had not bene oppreſt,
Againe all other wronges had bene redreſt.
But Edenborow, Leith, and Kingorne,
The day and houre may curſe that I was borne.

Our gouernour to make him to me ſure,
With ſwete and ſubtill wordes I did defile,
Tyll I his ſonne and heyre gat in my cure,
To that effect I wrought that crafty wile,
That he no maner of way might me beguile.
Then laught I when his lieges did alledge
That I his ſonne had gotten for a pledge.

The Erle of Angius, and his German brother
I purpoſed to make to loſe their life,
And ſo to haue deſtroyed many other,
Some with the fire, ſome with the ſword & knife
In ſpecially many gentlemen of fyfe,
And purpoſed to put to great torment,
All fauourers of the olde and new teſtament.

Then euery man tooke of me great feare,
When I had gotten ſo great gouernaunce.
Great lords dreding I would do thẽ much deare
To court durſt not come without aſſurance,
There has not bene ſeene ſuch variance.
Nowe to our prince, barons obedientlye
Without aſſurance may come aſſuredly.

My hope was moſte of the king of Fraunce,
Together with the Popes holines,
More than in God my worſhip to aduance.
I truſted ſo vnto their gentlenes,
That no man durſt preſume me to oppreſſe.
But when the day came of my fatall houre,
Farre from me was their ſupport and ſuccoure.

Then to preſerue my riches and my life,
I made a ſtrength of walles hie and broade,
Such a fortres was neuer founde in life,
Beleuing there durſt no man me inuade.
But now finde I true yͤ pſalme that Dauid ſaid,
Except that god be maſter of the worke,
The worke is in vaine whoſoeuer it worke.

For I was thorow the hie power deuine,
Right wofully throwen down among the graſſe
Which could not be thorow mortall mans engine
But as Dauid did ſlay the great Golias,
Or Holofernes by Judith killed was,
In the mids among his triumphant army.
So was I ſlaine in my cheefe citie.

When I had greateſt domination,
As Lucifer had in the heauen Empire,
Then came ſodenly my depriuation,
By them which did my death conſpire.
So cruell was their furious yre,
I had no time leaſure nor libertee,
To ſay, In manus tuas domine.

BEhold my fatall infelicitie,
Though I were in my ſtrength incōparable
That dredfull dongeon booted not a flie.
My great riches and rents profitable,
My ſyluer worke and Juels ineſtamable,
My papall pompe, my rich treaſure,
My life and all I loſt in halfe an howre.

To the people was made a ſpectacle,
Of my dead and deformed Carion,
Some ſaide it was a manifeſt miracle,
Some ſaide it was deuine punition,
So to be ſlaine ſo in mine owne towne.
When euery man had iudged as he lyſt,
They ſalted me and cloſed me in a Chiſt.

I lay vnburied ſeuen monthes and more,
Or I was borne to Cloyſter Church or Quire,
In a medow which greeueth me full ſore,
Without ſuffrage, Monke, Canon or Frier,
And all proude prelates at me may leſſons lear,
Which raignde ſo long and ſo triumphantly,
And vnto duſt now turnde ſo dolefully.

To the Prelates.

O Ye my brethren Princes of the Prieſtes,
To you I make my ſupplication,
Bothe night and day reuolue you in your
The proceſſe of my depriuation, (breſtes,
Conſider what is your vocation,
To folow me I pray you not pretende you,
But reade at length this ſedule that I ſende you,

You know how Ieſu his Diſciples ſent
Ambaſſadours to euery nation,
To ſhew his law and his commaundement
To all people by predication:
Therefore I make narration,
Since you to them are very ſucceſſors,
Ye ought to do as did your predeceſſors.

How dare ye be ſo bolde to take on hande
For to be Heralts to ſo great a king,
To beare his meſſage both to borow and lande,
Ye beeing dumbe and can pronounce no thing,
Like minſtrels that can neither play nor ſing?
Or why ſhould men giue to ſuch ſhepherds hyre,
Which can not guide the ſheepe out of the myre?

Shame ye not to be Chriſtes Seruitours,
And for your fee to haue great temporall lands,
And of your office can not take the cures,
As Canon law and Scripture you commaunds?
Ye will not want tithe, ſhefe nor offerings,
Tithe woll, tithe lambe, tithe calfe aud gooſe,
And yet to doe ſeruice ye are all out of vſe.

My brethren deare, do not as ye were wont,
Amende your life now while your dayes endure,
Truſt well ye ſhall be called to your count,
Of euery thing belonging to your cure.
Leaue papiſtry and harlots: be demure,
Remembring well my vnprouided death,
Get remedie therfore while ye haue breath.

Ye Prelates which haue thouſands for to ſpend,
Ye ſende a ſimple Frier for you to preache,
I make you vnderſtande you ſore offende,
That your ſelues in temples do not teache,
But ſende a ſimple Frier a miſerly wretche:
And if he ſhew the playne veritie,
Then ſhall he want the Biſhops charitie.

Wherefore is giuen you ſuche royall rent?
But for to finde the people ſpirituall foode,
Preaching to them the olde and new teſtament,
The law of Chriſt that dide vpon the roode,
Put not your hope in no worldly good,
As I haue done: beholde my great treaſure
Made me no helpe at my fatall houre.

That day when I was a biſhop conſecrate,
The great Bible was bound vpon my backe.
What was therin I little knew god wot,
More then a beaſt bearing a precious packe.
But haſtely my couenaunt I brake.
For I was letted by mine owne conſent,
The law of God to preach with good intent.

Brethren right ſo, when ye be conſecrate,
Ye forget you all on the ſame wiſe,
Ye may be called biſhops counterfaite,
And galants buſked in maſking gwiſe,
Now thinke I princes are nothing wiſe,
To geue a famous office to a fule,
As who would put a miter on a Mule.

Had ye alas that ſorowfull ſight ſene,
How I lay blubbring bathed in my bloud,
To mende your life it had occaſion bene,
And to make you leaue your old wonted moode.
Which ſith you do not, I would you vnderſtoode
Without ye from your ribaudly ariſe,
Ye ſhall be ſerued on the ſame wiſe.

To the Princes.

IMprudent princes without diſcretion,
Hauing in earth power imperiall,
Ye are the cauſe of this tranſgreſſion,
I ſpeake to you all in generall,
Which do diſpoſe all offices ſpirituall,
Geuing the ſoules which are Chriſtes ſheepe,
To blinde paſtours without conſcience to keepe.

When ye Princes do lacke an officer,
A Baker, a Brewer, or a maſter Cooke,
A trim tayler or cunning Cordoner,
Ouer all the Lande ye will ſende to looke
Moſt able men ſuche offices to brooke,
As a brewer that cā brew moſt wholſome drink,
And a moſt cunning cooke of al other I thinke,

A Tayler which hath bene foſtred in Fraunce,
That can make garments of the new guiſe.
Ye Princes be the cauſe of this miſchaunce.
Bicauſe that when there doth fall a benefice,
Ye ought to do on the ſame wiſe,
Make ſearch and ſeeke both in borow and lande,
The law of God who beſt can vnderſtande.

Make him Biſhop that prudently can preache,
As doth perteyne to his vocation:
A parſon which his pariſhioners can teache,
Let vicars make due miniſtration.
And alſo I make to you ſupplication,
Make your Paſtors of right religious men,
Which the laytie to chriſtes law may win agayn.

But not of a ribalde new come from the roſt,
Nor of an Oſtler ſtolne out of a ſtable,
Which in the ſchole beſtowed neuer no coſt,
Nor neuer was in ſpirituall ſcience able,
Except the cards, the diſe, the ches and table,
Nor yet of Rome rakers, nor of rude Ruffians,
Of pickpurs Papiſts, nor of publicanes,

Nor of fantaſtike fayned flatterers,
Moſt meete for to gather Muſcles in May,

Of Cob webs, nor yet of fayned clatterers,
That in the Church can neither ſing nor ſay,
Though they be cled vp in Clarkes aray,
Like doted Doctors new come out of Athens,
And mumble ouer a prayer of mangled mattens.

Yet are they not fit for to brooke a benefice,
But through ſir Simonies ſolicitation
I was promoted on the ſame wiſe,
As through Princes ſupplication,
And made in Rome through falſe narration,
Biſhop, Abbot, but no religious man,
Who me promoted I do them curſe and ban.

Albeit that I was Legate and Cardinall,
Little I knew therein what ſhould be done,
I vnderſtoode no ſcience ſpirituall,
No more than did blinde talpa of the moone.
I dread the king that ſits aboue the ſonne,
On you Princes ſhall make ſore puniſhment,
As well as on vs through righteous iudgement.

On you Princes for vndiſcrete giuing
To the ignorant ſuche offices to vſe:
And on vs for our importune aſking,
Which ſhould ſuche dignitie refuſe.
Our ignorance did the world abuſe,
Through couetous riches and of rent,
That euer I was prelate I repent.

O Kings do not care to giue in cure,
Virgins profeſſed to religion,
Into keeping of an olde common whore:
Thinke ye it is not a great deriſion

To make a woman of a pariſh, parſon,
Wherin there be two thouſande ſoules to guide,
That from harlots can not hir lippes hide:

What and king Dauid liued in theſe dayes,
Or out of heauen if he looked downe,
Which did found ſo many fayre abbeys:
Seeing the great abhomination
In many abbeys of this nation,
He would repent that narowed ſo his boundes,
Of yerely rent threeſcore of thouſande pounds.

Wherfore I counſell euery Chriſten king,
Within his Realme to make reformation,
And ſuffer no mo ribaldes to reigne in any thing
Aboue Chriſtes true congregation.
If they fayle therof, I make narration,
That ye Princes and Prelates all at once
Shall buried be in hell, ſoule, bloud and bones.

That euer I bruckt benefice I rue,
Or to ſuch height ſo proudly did aſcend,
I muſt depart, therfore my friend adue,
Wherſoeuer it pleaſeth God aboue I muſt wend,
I pray thee to my friends me recommend,
And fayle not at length hereafter to write
My tragedy, as I do it heere indite.

FINIS.

Here foloweth the teſtament of King Iames the fifthes Popiniay, which lieth ſore wounded and may not dye, till euery man haue heard what he ſayth, therfore gentle Readers haſt you that he were out of payne. Compiled by Syr Dauid Linſay of the Mount Knight, otherwiſe Lion King of Armes.

Suppoſe I had a wit Angelicall,
With wiſdome more than Salomonicall,
I know not what thing to put in memorie,
The Poets olde in Stories heroicall,
And breefe ſubtill termes rethoricall,
Of euery matter, tragedy and ſtory,
So deſently to their laude and glory
Haue ſet out things, whoſe ſupreme ſapience,
Surpaſſeth farre my dull intelligence,

Of Poets now in our mother tung.
(For why) the bell of rethoricke is rung,
By Chaucer, Gower and Lidgate laureate,
Who dare preſume theſe Poets to impugne,
Whoſe ſwete ſentence through Albion is ſong?
Or who can now the works counterfaite,
Of Kennedie with his termes aureate?
Of Dunbar who language had at large,
As may be ſeene in his golden targe.

Quintin, Merſer, Rowle, Hẽderſon, Hay ⁊ Holād
Though they be dead their libels are in hande,
Which to rehearſe makes Readers to reioyce,
Alas for one that lampe was of this lande,
Of eloquence the flowing balmy ſtrande,
And in our Engliſhe rethorike the Roſet,

As of rubies, the carbuncle is choſe,
And as Phebus doth Cynthia excell
So Gawen Duglas, Biſhop of Donkell,

When he was in this land alyue,
Had aboue Poets prerogatiue,
Both in practiſe and ſpeculation.
I ſay no more, good readers may diſcriue
His worthy workes, in number more then fyue,
And ſpecially the true tranſlation,
Of Virgill which is conſolation:
To cunning men to know his great engine,
As well in naturall ſcience as deuine.

And in the Court are preſent in theſe daies,
His ballets, ſonges, and luſty Layes,
Which to our Prince dayly they preſent.
Who can ſay more then ſir James Inglis ſayes,
In Ballets, verſes, and in pleaſant playese
But Culroſe hath his pen made impotent,
Knowen in cunning and practike right prudent.
And Stewarde which deſireth a ſtately ſtile,
Full ornate workes dayly doth compile.

Stewarde of Lorne who carpeth curiouſly,
And Gabriell Kinlych when they lyſt them aply,
In that art are crafty of engine.
But now of late is ſtart vp haſtely,
A cunning clarke that writeth craftely,
A plant of Poets called Ballentine,
Whoſe ornate workes my witte cannot define,
Get he in the Court authoritie,
He will excell both Quintin and Kennedie.

So though I had ſkill as I haue none,
I wot not what to write by ſwete S. John.
(for why) in all the gardens of Eloquence,
Is nothing left but baraine ſtocke and ſtone,
The poliſhed tearmes are pulled euery one,
By theſe forenamed Poets of prudence.
And ſince I fynde no other new ſentence,
I ſhall declare or I depart away,
The complaint of a wounded Popiniay.

Wherfore bycauſe my matter which I prepare
Of ſentence and of Rethoricke is ſo bare:
To countrey folke my writing is directed,
And baniſhed from the ſight of men learned.
For cunning men I know will ſoone diſcriue it,
That I do nothing but for to be corrected,
And if I heare my matter miſſuſpected,
Then ſhall I ſay I made it but for mowes,
To landward Laſſes that kepe kyne and yowes.

The complaint.

VVho clymbes to high perforce muſt fall,
As I ſhall ſhew you by Experience,
If that you pleaſe to heare my tale,
How a fayre bird by fatall vyolence,
Deuoured was and might make no defence,
Against the death: ſo fayled naturall ſtrength,
As after I ſhall ſhew you more at length.

A Popiniay right pleaſant and perfite,
Preſented was to our moſt noble king,
Wherin his grace a long time had delite,

A fayrer birde I wot flew neuer on wing,
This proper birde he gaue in gouerning
To me which was his ſimple ſeruitour,
On hir I did my diligence and cure,

To learne her language artificiall,
To play platfote, and whiſtle foote before.
But of hir inclination naturall,
She counterfaited all foules leſſe and more,
Of hir corage ſhe would without my lore,
Sing like the Merle, and crow like a cocke,
Pew like the Glede, and chaunt like ẏ liuerocke,

Barke like a dogge, and keble like a cockow,
Grunt like an hogge, and bellow like a bulle,
Gayle lyke a goike, and grite when ſhe was wo,
Climbe on a corde and then play the foole.
She might haue bene a minſtrell againſt yoole,
Of this bleſſed byrd I was ſo fond,
That euery where I bare hir on my hand.

And ſo it befell in a merry morne,
In mygarden I went for my diſport,
And this bird with me as we were wôt beforne,
Among the flowers freſhe of ſundry ſort,
My vitall ſpirits duely to comfort,
When Phebus roſe and rent the cloudes ſable,
Through brightnes of his beames amiable.

The ayre from foggy vapours purified,
Was meeld, coole, temperate, and cleane,
The earth by nature trimly beautifyed, (grene
With wholeſome herbes, blew, yellow, white and

Which lifted vp my ſpirits from the ſpleene.
For Saturne & Mars durſt not appear that day,
For Eolus kept him in his caue away.

That day perforce behoued to be faire,
By influence and courſe celeſtiall,
No planet preſed to perturbe the ayre,
For Mercurius by mouing naturall,
Exalted was into the throne imperiall,
Of his manſion vnto the .xv. degree,
In his owne ſigne of Virgo truelie.

That day did Phebus pleaſantly depart
From Gemini, and entred into Cancer,
That day Cupido did extend his dart,
Venus that day conioyned with Iupiter,
That day Neptunus hid him aferre,
That day Dame Nature with great buſines,
Furthered Dame Flora to ſhew her craftines.

And retrograde was Mars in Capricorne
And Cinthia in Sagitary aſſeaſed.
That day Dame Ceres goddes of the corne,
Full ioyfully the huſband man pleaſed,
The yll aſpect of Saturn was apeaſed,
That day by Iuno of Iupiter the ioy,
And troublous blaſt were cauſed to be coy.

The ſound of birdes went vp to all the ſkyes,
With melody of notes muſicall,
The balmy drops of dew Titan vp dryes,
Hanging vpon the tender twiſts ſmall.
The heauenly hew and ſound Angellicall,

Such perfect pleaſure printed in my hart,
That with great paine frõ thẽce I might depart:

So ſtill among thoſe herbes amiable
I did remaine a ſpace for my paſtaunce,
But worldly pleaſure is ſo variable,
Mixed with ſorow, dread, and conſtaunce,
That therin is no continuaunce.
So might I ſay my ſhort paſtime alas,
Was driuen into dolour in a little ſpace.

For in that garden among thoſe ſweete flowers,
Walking alone, none but my birde and I,
Vntill the time that I had ſaide mine owers,
This birde I ſet vpon a braunce hard by,
But ſhe began to clymbe right ſpedely,
And in that tree ſhe did aſcend ſo hie,
That by no way I might her well come by.

Swete bird ſaide I beware mount not to hye,
Returne in time, perchance thy feete may fayle,
Thou art right fat and not well vſed to flye,
The gredy Glede I dread will thee aſſayle.
I will (quod ſhe) aſcend come what ſhall,
It is my kinde to climbe vp to the height,
Of feathers and bone I wot well I am wight.

So on the hieſt lyttle tender twiſt,
With wing diſplayed, ſhe ſate full wantonly,
But Boreas blew a blaſt or euer ſhe wiſt,
Which broke the branche, and blew hir ſodenly
Downe to the ground with many carefull cry,
Vpon a ſtub ſhe lighted with her breſt,
The bloud ruſht out and ſhe cryed for a prieſt.

God wot if then my hart was wo begone,
To ſee that fowle flutter among the flowers,
Which with great ſorrow gan to make her mone.
Now comin are (ſaid ſhe) my fatall houres,
Of bitter death now muſt I bide the ſhowers.
O dame Nature, I pray thee of thy grace,
Lend me leaſure to ſpeake a little ſpace,

For to complaine my fate vnfortunate,
And ſo diſpoſe my good or I depart,
Since of all comfort I am deſolate
Alone, and death is ready with his dart,
Full cruelly to pearce my tender hart.
Then with that word ſhe did fall downe,
And lift vp her head and fell into a ſwoone.

With ſorry hart pearſt with compaſſion,
And ſalt teares diſtilling from mine eyne,
To heare that birdes ſad lamentation,
I did aproch vnder an Hauthorne greene,
Where I myght heare, and ſee, and be vnſeene.
And when this bird had ſwouned twice or thrice
She gan to ſpeake, ſaying in this wiſe.

O falſe Fortune why haſt thou me beguiled,
This day at morne who knew this carefull caſe?
Vaine truſt in thee my reaſon hath exiled,
Hauing ſuch truſt in thy fayned face,
That euer I was brought into the court alas,
Had I in Foreſt flowne among my feares,
I might full well haue liued many yeares.

Prudent counſell alas I did refuſe,
Againſt reaſon vſing my apetite.
Ambition did ſo my hart abuſe,
That Eolus had me in great diſpite,
Poets of me haue matters to indite,
Which flame ſo hie that wo is me this houre,
Not doubting that death durſt me deuoure.

This day morning my forme and feders fayre,
Aboue the proud Peacocke were excelling,
And now a caitiue carion full of care,
Bathing in bloud out from my hart diſtilling,
And in mine eare the bell of death is knelling.
O falſe world fye on thy felicitie,
Thy pride, auerice, and immundicitie.

In thee I ſee nothing is permanent,
Of thy ſhort ſolace ſorow is the ende,
Thy falſe vnfortunate giftes be but lent,
This day proud, to morow nought to ſpende:
O ye that do purpoſe for to aſcende,
My fatall ende haue in remembraunce,
And beware of ſuch vnhappy chaunce.

Whether that I was ſtriken with extaſy,
Or through a proud imagination,
But it appeared in my fantaſy,
I hard this dolent lamentation.
Thus turned into deſolation,
Me thought this birde did giue in her maner,
Her counſell to the king as you ſhall heare.

The Popiniayes epiſtle to king Iames the fifth king of Scots.

O Prepotent prince, peerles of pulchritude,
Glory honour laud triumph and victory,
Be to thy hie excellent ſelſitude,
With martiall feates worthy of memory.
Since Atropos conſumed hath my glory,
And dolent death, alas muſt vs depart,
I leaue to thee my true vnfayned hart.

Togither with this ſedule ſubſequent,
With moſt reuerent recommendation:
I graunt thy grace hath many a document,
By famous fathers predication,
With many notable narration,
And pleaſant Poets in ſtile Heroicall,
How thou ſhould guide thy ſeat imperiall.

Some do bewaile the great calamities
Of diuers realmes, and tranſmutation:
Some piteouſly do treat of tragedies,
All for thy graces information.
So I intend without adulation,
In barbarous ruſticall verſe to indite,
Among the reſt ſir ſome thing for to write.

Soueraine conceaue this ſimple ſimilitude,
Of officers ſeruing in thy ſigneory,
Who guides them well let them be well indude.
Who is vniuſt diſgrade him of his glory,
And put him quite out of thy memory,

Prouiding more conuenient in their place,
Euen ſo ſhall God do alſo with thy grace.

Conſider well thou art but officer
And bayly to that king incomparable,
Striue thou to pleaſe that Prince moſt preclare,
Thy riche rewarde ſhall be ineſtimable,
Exalted hye in glory interminable,
Aboue Archangels, powers and poteſtates,
Pleaſantly placed among the principates.

Of thy vertue Poets perpetually
Shall make mention vntill the world be ended,
So that thou exerciſe thy office prudently,
In heauen and earth thy grace ſhal be cōmended.
Wherfore take heede that he be not offended
Which hath exalted thee to ſuche honour,
As of his people to be the gouernour.

In earth by his appoynted ordinaunce,
Under thy feete all things terreſtriall
Are ſubiect to thy pleaſure and paſtaunce,
Both foule and fiſhe, and beaſts therwithall,
Men to thy ſeruice, and women eke be thrall,
Hauking, hunting, armes and lawfull armour,
Preordinate are by God for thy pleaſure.

With maſters of muſike to recreate thy minde,
With moſt ſweete voyce & pleaſant inſtrument.
Thus of all pleaſures thou mayſt plentie finde,
So in thy office thou be diligent.
But if thou be found ſlouthfull and negligent,
Or vniuſt in thy execution,
Thou ſhalt not fayle deuine punition.

Where-

Wherfore ſince thou haſt ſuche capacitie
To learne to play, and pleaſantly to ſing,
Ride horſe, run ſpeares with great audacitie,
Shoote with handbow, croſbow, & culuering,
Among the reſt ſir learne to be a king.
Set on that craft thy pregnant freſh engine,
Graunted to thee by influence deuine.

And ſince the definition of a king,
Is for to haue of people gouernaunce,
Adreſſe thee fyrſt aboue all other thing,
To put thy body to ſuche ordinaunce,
That thy vertue thy honour may aduaunce:
For how ſhould Princes rule great regions,
That can not duly guide their owne perſons?

And if thy grace would liue right pleaſantly,
Call thy Counſayle, and haue them in cure.
Their iuſt decrees defende and fortifie,
Without good counſayle may no Prince endure.
Worke with counſell, ſo ſhall thy worke be ſure.
Chooſe thy counſayle of the moſt ſapient,
Without regard to bloud, riches, or rent.

Among all thy paſtime and pleaſure,
Now in thy youthfull floriſhing,
Would thou ech day ſtudy but halfe an houre,
The regiment of Princely gouerning:
Unto thy people it were a pleaſant thing.
There mayſt thou finde thine owne vocation,
How thou ſhould vſe thy ſcepter ſword & crown.

The Cronicles to reade I thee exhort,
Which may be a mirrour to thy maieſtie,

There ſhalt thou finde both good and ill report,
Of euery prince after his qualitie,
Though they be dead their deedes ſhall not dye.
Truſt well thou ſhalt be ſtiled in the ſtorie,
As thou deſeruſt to be put in memorie.

Requeſt that king which rent was on the roode,
Thee to defende from all deedes extreme,
That no Poet report of thee but good:
For Princes dayes endure but as a dreame.
Since firſt king Fergus bare the diademe,
Thou art the laſt king of fiueſcore and fiue,
And all are dead, and none but thou aliue.

Of whoſe number fiftie and fiue be ſlayne,
And moſt part by their owne miſgouernaunce.
Wherfore I thee deſire my Soueraigne,
Conſider of their liues the circumſtance,
And when thou knowſt yͤ cauſe of their miſchãce,
Of vertue then exalt the ſayles on hye,
And thou ſhalt ſcape that fatall deſteny.

Intreate ech true Baron as he were thy brother,
Which muſt at nede thee & thy Realme defende,
When ſodenly one doth oppreſſe the other,
Let iuſtice mixt with mercy them amende.
Haue thou their harts thou haſt inough to ſpend,
And by the contrarie thou art helpleſſe alone,
What time thy Subiects harts are frõ thee gone.

I haue no leyſure for to write at length
My whole intent vnto thy excellence,
Decreaſed ſo I am in wit and ſtrength,
My mortall wound doth me ſuch violence,

All men of me may haue experience.
Bicauſe alas I was not reformable,
Now muſt I dye a caytiue miſerable.

The Popiniay to the brethren in the Courte.

BRethren of the Court I right hartily
To the great God with my mind cōmēd you,
Imprint my fall in your memorie,
Together with this ſedule that here I ſend you,
To climbe ouer hye I pray you not pretend you,
The vayne climbing in Court if you conſider,
He that ſits moſt hye ſhal find yͤ ſeat moſt ſlipper.

So ye that now be mounting vp the ladder,
Take heede in time, faſten your fingers faſt,
Who climbeth moſt hye, moſt hurt hath by yͤ we-
And leaſt defence againſt ech bitter blaſt (ther,
Of falſe fortune, which rudely down doth caſt
The moſt redoubted, and dayly downe brings
(Without ſparing) Popes, Emperors, and kings.

Though ye be mounted vp aboue the ſkies,
And haue both king and gouernaunce,
Some was as hye that now right lowly lyes,
Complayning ſore the Courts variaunce.
Their paſſed time may be experience, (hye,
Which through vayne hope of court did climb ſo
And wāted wings whē they thought beſt to flye.

Since ech Court is ſo vnſtable and tranſitorie,
Chaunging as oft as wethercocke with winde,
Making ſome glad, and otherſome right ſory,

The formoſt this day, to morow may be behind.
Let not vayne hope of court your reaſon blinde,
Truſt me ſome men will giue you laud as lords,
Which would be glad to ſee you hang in cordes.

I durſt declare the mutabilitie,
Of diuers Courts were not my time ſo ſhort,
The dreadfull chaunce, vayneglory and vtilitie,
The paynfull pleaſure as Poets doe report,
Sometime in hope, ſometime in diſcomfort,
How ſome men do ſpend their riches, good & all,
In Court, and ende at laſt in the Hoſpitall.

And ſome in Court be wicked counſelers,
Without regarde to common wealth or kings,
Caſting their care for to be conquerours,
And when they haue bin in their hye floriſhings,
The change of court them wofully down brings,
And when they are from their ſtate depoſed,
Many of their fall haue bene reioyſed.

And how fonde fayned fooles and flatterers,
For ſmall ſeruice obteyne great rewards,
Appleſquires, picthanks, Blabs and Chatterers,
Leape vp from laddes, and light among lordes.
Blaſphemers, beggers, and common baudes
Sometime in court haue more authoritie
Than deuoyt doctors of Diuinitie.

How in ſome court are children of Beliall,
Full of diſſembling paynted flattery,
Prouoking by intoxicate counſell
Princes to whordome and to reuelry,
Who do in Princes print much harlotry:

I ſay for me ſuche pert prouocatours
Should puniſht be aboue all traytours.

What trauell, trouble and calamitie
Hath bene in court within this hundred yeeres?
What mortall chaunges, and what miſerie?
What Noble men be brought vpon their beares?
Truſt wel my frends, folow you muſt your fears.
So ſince in Court is no tranquilitie,
Set not on it your whole felicitie.

The Court changeth ſomtime with ſuch outrage
That few may make reſiſtaunce,
And ſpares not the Prince more than the page,
As well appeareth by experience.
The Dyke of Rothaſie might make no defence,
Which was perteining to the king of this nation,
But wofully was deuoured in priſon.

What dread, what dolour had that noble king,
Robert the third, from the time he knew the caſe
Of his two ſonnes wofull departing?
Prince Dauid died, and James captiue alas,
To true Scotsmen which was a carefull caſe.
Thus may ye know the Court is variaund,
When blud royal can not the chaunge withſtand.

Who reigned in court more hye and triumphant
Than duke Murdock, while ẏ his days indured?
Was he not great protector of Scotlande?
Yet of the Court he was not well aſſured,
It chaunged ſo, his long ſeruice was refuſed,
And he and his ſonne Walter remedileſſe,
Did ſuffer of death the wofull diſtreſſe.

King James the fyrſt paterne of prudence,
Gem of engine,and pearle of policie,
Well of iuſtice,and flud of eloquence,
Whoſe vertue doth ſurpaſſe my fantaſie
For to diſcriue,yet when he ſtoode moſt hye,
By falſe malicious conſpiracie,
For all his wiſdome was put downe cruelly.

Alſo James the ſeconde king of great renowne,
Beeing in his moſt glory and flowre,
Through rechleſſe ſhooting of a great Canon,
Dreadfull death alas did deuoure.
One thing there is of which I maruell more,
That fortune had at him ſuche mortall hate,
Through fiftie thouſand to take him by the pate.

My hart is pearſt with payne and greeuaunce,
To write the Courts variation,
And of James the third when he had gouernãce
The dolour dread and deſolation,
The chaunge of Court and conſpiration,
And how that Cochram with his company,
That time in Court clambe ſo preſumptuouſly.

It had bene good that they had not bene borne,
By whom that noble Prince was ſo abuſed,
They grew as did the weede aboue the Corne.
That the counſel of prudent Lords was refuſed.
The king held him quiet as he had bene incluſed,
And alas that Prince by their abuſion,
Was finally brought vnto confuſion.

They clame ſo hye and gat ſuche audience,
And with their prince grew ſo familiar,

That his owne brother might get no preſence.
The Duke of Albany, and the Earle of Mar,
Like baniſht men were holden at the bar:
To the king there grew ſuche mortall dread,
He put down the Duke, & the Earle loſt his head.

Thus Cockram with his caitiue company
Compelled them to flye, but yet they wanted fethers,
Aboue the hye Ceders of Libany.
They clame ſo hye til they lept ouer their ladders
On Lawder brig ſince kept they were in tedders
And ſtrangled to death they gat no other grace,
Of their king captiue, which is a carefull caſe.

To put in verſe that fate vnfortunate
And mortal chaũce, it troubleth this wit of mine:
My wit is weake, my fingers fatigate,
To dite or write the rancor or ruine,
The ciuill warre and battell inteſtine,
How that the ſonne with baner brode diſplayde,
Agaynſt the father in battell came arayde.

Would God that prince had bin that day cõforted
With ſapience of that prudent Salomon,
And with the ſtrẽgth of ſtrõg Sampſõ vpported,
Or with the bolde hoſte of great Agamemnon.
What ſhould I wiſh, remedy was there none,
At morne a king, with ſcepter ſword and crown,
At euen a dead deformed Carion.

Alas where is that tuell of Joy,
That mightie Prince, gentle James the fourth,
I pray Chriſt his ſoule for to conuay.
A greater Noble raigned not in the earth.

O Atropoſe curſe we may thy wrath,
For he was mirrour of humilitie,
Lodeſter and lampe of liberalitie.

During his time ſo Juſtice did preuaile,
The Sauage Iles trembled for terrour.
Exdale, Euiſdale, Lidſdale, and Annerdale,
Durſt not rebell, doubting his ſtrokes ſtowre:
And of his Lordes he had ſuch perfite fauour,
That for to ſhew that foes he had none,
Throughout his realme he would ride alone.

And of his Court through Europe ſprang yͤ fame
Of luſty Lordes and Ladies floriſhing,
Triumphant torneys and knightly game,
With all paſtime belonging to a king.
He was the glory of princely gouerning,
Till through the ardent loue he had to Fraunce,
Againſt England he moued his ordinaunce.

Of Floden fielde the ruine to reuolue,
Or that moſt dolent day to deplore,
I nil for dread that dolour to you diſſolue,
To ſhew how that prince in his triũphant glory
Deſtroyed was (what nedeth proceſſe more):
By the vertue of Engliſh ordinaunce,
And by his owne wilfull miſgouernaunce.

Alas that day had he bene reformable,
He had obtained laud, glory, and victory,
Whoſe piteous proceſſe is ſo lamentable,
I will not at length put it in memory,
I neuer read in tragedy nor ſtory,

At one iorney ſo many nobles ſlaine,
For the defence and loue of their ſoueraigne.

Now brethren make in your remembraunce,
A mirrour of theſe mutabilities,
So may ye know the Courts inconſtance,
When princes be thus pulled from their ſieges.
After whoſe death right ſtraunge aduerſities,
And great miſrule did come vpon vs tho,
Ere our yong prince could either ſpeake or go.

During his tender youth and innocency,
Was great conſpiracy, murder, and miſchiefe.
There was nought els but taking of vengeance,
Within that Court there raigned ſuch variance,
Diuers rulers made diuers ordinance:
Sometime our Queene raigned in authoritie,
Sometime the prudent Duke of Albany.

Sometime the realme was ruled by regents,
Sometime Liuetenantes were leaders of yͤ law,
There raigned there ſo much diſobedience,
That few or none ſtood of other in awe,
Oppreſſion did ſo loud his Bugle blow,
That none durſt ride but in the feare of warre,
The huſbandman that time did miſſe his Mare.

Who was more hie in honour eleuate,
Then was Margret our hie and mighty princeſſe?
Such power was to hir appropriate,
That of king & realme ſhe was made gouerneſſe,
Yet came a chaunge within ſhort proceſſe,

That noble Pearle that luſty pleaſant Queene,
Long time durſte not in the Court be ſeene.

The Archbiſhop of S. Andrewes James Beton
Chaunceler and primate in power paſtorall,
Clame next the king moſt high in his region,
The Lather ſhooke, he lept, and had a fal,
Authoritie and power ſpirituall,
Riches, frienſhip might not that time preuaile,
When that dame Curia began to ſtir hir taile.

His hie prudence preuailed him not a mite,
That time the court bare him ſuch mortall hate,
That priſoner they kept him in diſpite.
Sometime he wiſt not where his head to hide,
But like a ruffian diſguiſedly did ride.
Had not ſure hope borne him ſuch company,
He had ſtrangled bene by melancoly.

What comber and care was in yͤ court of Fraunce
When king Fraunces was taken priſoner?
The Duke of Burbō in the midſt of his ordināce
Died at one ſtroke right wofull brought on beare
The Court of Rome that time ran all areare,
When Pope Clement was put in priſon,
And the noble Citie was brought to confuſion.

In England who had greater gouernaunce,
Then their triumphant courtly Cardinall?
The common weale ſome ſaith he did aduaunce,
By equall iuſtice both to great and ſmall:
There was no prelate to him then equall.

Engliſhmen ſay, had he raigned longer ſpace,
He had depoſed S. Peter out of place.

His princely pompe, nor papall grauitie,
His palace royall rich and radious,
Nor yet the floud of ſuperfluitie
Of his riches and trauell tedious,
What time dame Curia held him odious,
Preuaild him not, nor prudence moſt profound:
The ladder brake, and he fell to the ground.

Where are the doughty Earles of Douglas,
Which royally in this realme did raigne?
They are dead & ſlaine, what nede more proceſſe?
The Earle of March was placed wᵗ them twaine.
Dame Curia threw thē down in great diſdaine.
And now of late who roſe more hie among vs,
Then did Archbale ſomtime Earle of Angous?

Who with his prince was more familiar,
Or of his grace had more authoritie?
Was he not great Warden and Chancellar?
Yet when he ſtood vpon the higheſt degree,
Hoping for nothing but perpetuitee,
He was ſodenly depoſed from his place,
And cruelly ſlaine, he had no other grace.

Wherfore truſt not in authoritie,
My deare brethren I pray you hartely
Preſume not in your vaine proſperitie,
Put your truſt in god all vtterly,
And ſerue your prince with intire hart truly.

And when ye ſee the Court is at the beſt,
I counſell you then draw you home to your reſt.

Where is the hie triumphant Court of Troy,
Or Alexander with his twelue peeres?
Or Julius that right redoubted King of ioy,
Agamemnon with his moſt worthy warres?
(To ſhew theſe things my hart yet ſtill feares)
Some murdred were, ſome poyſoned piteouſly,
Their carefull Courts diſperſed wofully.

Know well there is no conſtant Court but one,
Where Chriſt is king, whoſe time indurable,
And hie triumphant glory is neuer gone,
That quiet Court mirthfull and immutable,
Without variance ſtandeth firme and ſtable.
Diſſimulation, flattery, nor falſe report,
Into that Court ſhall neuer haue reſort.

Adue Edenborow, thou hie triumphant towne,
Within whoſe bandes right ioyfull haue I bene,
Of true marchandiſe the roote of this region,
Moſt ready to receiue Court, King, and Queene,
Thy policy and iuſtice may be ſeene.
Were deuotion, wiſedome, and honeſty
And credence loſt, they might be found in thee.

Adue faire Snawdown with thy towres hie,
Thy Chapell royall, parke and table round:
May, June, and July, would I dwell in thee,
Were I a man, to heare the birdes ſound,
Which doth againſt thy royall rocke redownd.

Adue Lithquo, whoſe place of pleaſaunce,
Might be a patron to Portugall or Fraunce.

Farewell Falkand the fortreſſe of life,
With thy goodly Parke vnder the Lowman low,
Sometime in thee I led a luſty life,
The fallow deere to ſee walke on a row.
Courtiers to come to thee do ſtand in great awe,
Saying thy borow is of all borowes bale,
Bicauſe in thee they neuer gat good ale.

Truſt well my friends this is no fained fare,
For who that is in the extremitie of death,
The veritie without doubt will declare,
Without regard to fauour or to birth.
While ye haue time ſeeke remedy:
Adue for euer with hart right ſory,
Beſeching God to bring you to his glory.

The communication betwene the Popiniay and hir Executors.

THe Pie perceiuing the Popiniay in paine,
Lighted downe and did hir greete:
Siſter ſaith he who hath you ſlaine,
I pray you make prouiſion for your ſpreete:
Diſpoſe your goods, confeſſe you as is meete.
I haue power vpon your contrition,
Of all your ſinnes to geue you remiſſion.

I am (ſaid he) a Chanon regulare,
And of my brethren Prior principall,
My white Rochet, my cleane life doth declare,
The blacks are of death memoriall:

Wherfore I thinke your goods naturall,
Should be ſubmitted wholly to my power,
Ye know I am an holy creature.

The Rauen came rolping when he hard the rore,
So did the Glede with many a piteous pew,
As though her death had griued them right ſore:
Siſter ſaid he your great miſchaunce I rew,
Now beſt it is our counſell to enſue:
For we be folke of high promotion,
Religious men of great deuotion.

I am a blacke Monke ſaid the Rauen,
So ſaid the Glede I am an holy Frier,
And haue power to bring you quicke to heauen,
It is well knowen my conſcience is full cleare.
The blacke Bible I ſhall ſhew in the quier,
So to our brethren ye will giue ſome good,
God wot that we haue nede of liues food.

The Popiniay ſaid, Father by the roode,
Although your rayment be religious like,
Your conſcience I ſuppoſe is not good,
I did perceiue when priuely ye did pike
A Chicken from a henne vnder a dike.
The henne was my good friend. I grãt, ſaid he,
And I that Chicken tooke but for my fee.

Ye know that we all muſt ſuſtaine the faith,
And by the Pope it is preordinate,
That ſpiritual men ſhould liue by their tythe,
But well I ſee ye are predeſtinate,
In your extremitie to be ſo fortunate,

To haue ſuch holy conſolation,
wherfore I geue you exhortation.

Since dame Nature hath graunted you ſuche
Leiſour to make confeſſion generall: (grace
Shew forth your ſinne while ye haue ſpace,
And of your good make a memoriall.
We three ſhall make your feaſtes funeral,
And with great bliſſe bury we ſhall your bones,
And trentals twenty trattle all at ones.

The Rookes ſhall roare that men ſhall them rew,
And cry comemoratio animarum,
We ſhall make Chickens chirpe, & Goſlings pew,
And therto the Geis, and Hens ſhall cry alarum,
And we ſhall ſerue the ſecundum vſum ſarum,
And make you ſafe, we find ſaint Blaſe to borow
Crying for you both euen and morow.

And we ſhall ſing about your ſepulture,
Saint Mungoſe mattens and the mighty Crede
And then deuoutly ſay, I you aſſure,
The old Placebo backward on the bede,
And we ſhall weare for you the mourning wede
And though your ſprite with Pluto were proſeſt
Deuoutly ſhall your dirge be adreſt.

Father ſaide ſhe your pleaſant wordes faire,
Full ſore I dread diſſent farre from your deedes:
The wyues of the village crie with care,
When they perceiue you ouer their meedes,
Your falſe conceit both Duck & drake ſore dreeds

I

I maruell truly ye be not aſhamed,
For your defaults beeing ſo defamed.

It doth abhorre my poore perturbed ſpirite,
To make vnto you any confeſſion,
I heare men ſay ye are an hipocrite,
Exempted from the ſiſe and ſeſſion.
To put my goods into your poſſeſſion
I purpoſe not, ſo helpe me dame nature,
Nor of my corpes to you giue any cure.

But had I heere the noble Nightingale,
The gentle Iay, the Merle, and Turtle true,
My obſequees and feaſtes funerall
Order they would with notes of the new,
The pleaſant Powne, moſt Angelike of hue,
Would God I were this day with him confeſt,
And my aduiſe duely by him addreſt.

The myrthfull Mauis with the gay Goldſpink,
The luſty Larke, would God they were preſent,
My infortune forſooth they woulde forthinke,
And comfort me that am ſo impotent:
The ſwift ſwallow in practiſe moſt prudent,
I would ſhe could my bleeding ſtop beliue,
With hir moſt vertuous ſtone reſtringitiue.

Shew me thy caſe vnder confeſſion,
The Glede ſayd to the Popiniay,
And we ſhall ſweare by our profeſſion
Counſell to keepe, and ſhew it to no mo,
We thee beſeech or thou part vs fro,
Declare to vs ſome cauſes reaſonable,
Why we be holden ſo abhominable.

By thy trauell thou haſt experience,
Firſt beeing bred in the Orient,
And by thy good ſeruice and diligence,
To Princes made heire in the Occident:
Thou knoweſt the vulgar peoples iudgement,
Where thou tranſcurred the hote meridionall,
And next the Pole the plague ſeptentrionall.

So by thy hye engine ſuperlatiue,
Of all Countreys thou knoweſt the qualities,
Wherfore I thee coniure by God aliue,
The veritie declare withouten lyes,
What thou haſt hard by lande and ſeas
Of vs Churchmen, both good and ill report,
And how they iudge ſhew vs we thee exhort.

Father (ſayd ſhe) I caytiue creature,
Dare not preſume with ſuch matter to meddle,
Of your caſes I know you haue no cure,
Demaund them which in prudence do excell,
I may not ſpeake my paynes be ſo fell:
And alſo perchaunce ye will not ſtand content,
To know the vulgar peoples iudgement.

Yet if that death a little withdraw his dart,
All that lies in my memoriall
I ſhall declare with true vnfayned hart:
And firſt I ſay to you in generall,
The common people ſayes ye be all
Degenerate from your holy primatiues,
As teſtifieth the proceſſe of your liues.

Of your pereles prudent predeceſſors,
The beginning I graunt was very good,

Apoſtles, Martyrs, Virgins, Confeſſors,
Their conuerſation which in true holineſſe ſtood,
Was hard ouer all the world, both lande & flood,
In planting of the Chriſten fayth by preaching,
According to Chriſtes inſtitution and teaching.

To fortifie the fayth they tooke no feare,
Before Princes preaching prudently,
Of dolorous death they doubted not the deare,
But declared the veritie feruently,
And martyrdome they ſuffered paciently.
They tooke no care of lands, riches, nor rent,
Doctrine and deede are both equiualent.

To ſhew at length their works it were gret wonder,
Their myracles were ſo manifeſt,
That in ŷ name of Chriſt they won many hũder,
Rayſing the dead, and purging the poſſeſt,
With peruers ſpirites which had bin oppreſt,
The crooked ran, the blinded had their eyne,
The deafe men hard, ŷ leapers were made cleane

The Prelates ſpouſed were with pouertie,
Thoſe dayes when ſo they flouriſhed in fame,
And with them gendred lady Chaſtitie,
And dame Deuotion notable of name,
Humble they were, ſimple and full of ſhame.
Thus Chaſtitie and dame Deuotion
Were principall cauſe of their promotion.

Thus they continued in this life deuine,
Vntill there raigned in Rome that Citie,
A mightie Prince named Conſtantine,
Who perceiuing the church had ſpouſed pouertie,

With good intent, and moued of pitie,
Cauſe of deuorſe found betwixt them two,
And parted them withouten words mo.

And ſhortly with a great ſolemnitie,
Without any diſpenſation,
The Church was ſpouſed vnto propertie,
Which haſtely by proclamation
To pouertie made narration,
Vnder the payne of loſing hir eyne,
That with the Church ſhe ſhuld no more be ſene.

S. Silueſter that time reigned Pope in Rome,
Which firſt conſented to the mariage
Of propertie, the which began to blome,
Taking on hir the cure with hye courage.
Deuotion drew hir to an hermitage,
When ſhe conſidered the lady Propertie
So hye exalted was in dignitie.

O Silueſter where was thy diſcretion?
Which Peter did renounce thou didſt receyue.
Andrew and John did leaue their poſſeſſion,
Their ſhips and nets, lines and all they did leaue
Of temporall ſubſtance nothing would they haue
Contrarious to their contemplation,
But ſoberly their ſuſtentation.

John Baptiſt went to the wilderneſſe,
Lazarus, Martha, and Mary Magdalene,
Left heritage and goods more and leſſe:
Prudent S. Paule thought Propertie prophane,
From towne to towne he ran in wind and rayne
Vpon his feete, teaching the worde of grace,
Yet ſubiect to riches he neuer was.

The Glede ſayd, yet I heare nothing but good,
Proceede ſhortly and thy matter aduaunce.
The Popiniay ſayd, father by the roode,
It were too long to ſhew the circumſtance,
How Propertie with hir new aliaunce
Grew great with childe, as true men to me told,
And bare two daughters goodly to beholde.

The eldeſt daughter named was riches,
The ſeconde ſiſter ſenſualitie,
Which did increaſe within ſhort proces,
Right pleaſant to the ſpiritualitie:
In great ſubſtance and excellent beautie
Theſe Ladies two grew ſo within few yeres,
That in the world none might be their peeres.

This royall riches and Lady ſenſuall,
From that time foorth tooke all the gouernance
Of the moſt part of the ſtate ſpirituall,
And they agayne with humble obſeruaunce,
Amorouſly their wittes did aduaunce,
As true louers their Ladies to pleaſe,
God wot that then their harts were at eaſe.

Soone they forgot to ſtudy, pray and preach,
They grew ſo ſubiect to dame ſenſuall,
And thought it payne poore people for to teach.
Then they decreed in their counſell generall,
They would no more to mariage be thrall,
Truſting ſurely to obſerue chaſtitie,
And all beguyled through ſenſualitie.

Apparantly they did expell their wiues,
That they might liue at large without bondage,
At libertie to leade their luſty liues,

Thinking men thrall that be in mariage,
For new faces prouoke new courage.
Thus chaſtitie they turne into delight,
Wanting of Wiues is cauſe of apetite.

Dame chaſtitie did ſteale away for ſhame,
From time ſhe did perceiue their prouidence,
And dame Senſuall a letter did proclaime,
And hir exiled Italy and Fraunce,
And in England ſhe could get no ordinaunce,
Then to the king and court of Scotland,
She haſted hir without more demaund.

Truſting in the Court to get comfort,
She made hir humble ſupplication.
Shortly they ſayd ſhe ſhould haue no ſupport,
But charged hir with blaſphemation,
To Prieſts go make ye proteſtation,
It is (ſayde they) many hundred yeere
Since Chaſtitie had any intereſt heere.

Tyred for trauell ſhe to the Prieſts paſt,
And to the rulers of religion,
Of hir preſence ſoothly they were agaſt,
Saying they thought it but abuſion
Hir to receiue, ſo in concluſion,
With one aduiſe they decreed and gaue dome,
They would receiue no rebell out of Rome.

Should we receyue that Romanes haue refuſed,
And is baniſht England, Italy and Fraunce?
Through your flattery then wer we wel abuſed:
Paſſe hence (ſaid they) & faſt your way aduance,
Among the Nonnes go ſeeke your ordinance,

For we haue made an othe of fidelitie
To dame Riches and Senſualitie.

Then paciently ſhe made progreſſion
Towarde the Nonnes with hart full ſore,
They met hir preſence with proceſſion,
Receyuing hir with honour, laude and glore,
Purpoſing to preſerue hir euermore.
Of that came nouels to dame Propertie,
To Riches and to Senſualitie.

They hyed them in poſt right ſpedely,
And ſet a ſiege proudly about the place,
The ſeely Nonnes did yeelde them haſtely,
And humbly of that offence aſked grace,
And gaue their bandes of perpetuall peace,
Receyuing them they caſt ope wickets wide,
And then chaſtitie would no longer abide.

So for refuge faſt to the Friers ſhe fled,
Which ſayd they would of Ladies take no cure.
Where is ſhe now, then ſayd the greedy Glede:
Not among you (ſayd ſhe) I you enſure.
I truſt ſhe is vpon the borow mure,
By ſouth Edenborow, & that right many means
Profeſt among the ſiſters of the Seanes.

There hath ſhe found hir mother Pouertie,
And deuotion hir ſiſter carnall,
There hath ſhe found fayth, hope and charitie,
Together with the vertuous Cardinall.
There hath bene found a Couent yet vnthrall
To dame Senſuall, and of Riches vnabuſed,
So quietly thoſe Ladies be incluſed.

The Pyot ſayd, I dread, be they aſſayled,
They render them as did the holy nunnes.
Doubt not, ſayd ſhe, for they be ſo wel mayled,
They purpoſe to defende them with their guns,
Ready to ſhoote they haue ſixe great Canons,
Perſeuerance, Conſtancy and Conſcience,
Auſteritie, Lowlyneſſe and Abſtinence.

To reſiſt ſubtill ſenſualitie,
Strongly they be enarmed feete and hands,
By abſtinence, and keepe pouertie
Agaynſt riches and all other falſe ſeruaunds,
They haue a bumbarde bound vp in bandes,
To keepe their port in midſt of their cloſe,
Which is called, Domine cuſtodi nos.

Within whoſe ſhot there dare no enemies
Aproche their place for feare of ſtrokes ſtowre,
Both night and day they worke like buſy bees,
For their defence ready to ſtande in ſhowre,
And haue ſuche watches on the vtter towre,
That dame Senſuall dare no ſiege lay,
Nor come within their ſhot any way.

The Pyot ſayd, wherto ſhould they preſume
For to reſiſt ſweete ſenſualitie?
Or dame riches, which rulers be at Rome?
Are they more conſtant in their qualitie,
Than the Princes of Spiritualitie,
Which pleaſantly without obſtacle,
Haue them receyued in their habitacle?

How long (thinke ye) the Ladies ſhall remayne
So ſolitary in ſuche perfection?

The Popiniay ſaid, brother certaine,
So long as they obay correction,
Choſing their heads by election,
Vnthrall to riches or to pouerty,
But as requireth their neceſſity.

O prudent Prelats where was your preſcience,
That toke on hand to obſerue chaſtitie
Without auſter life, labour, and abſtenence?
Perceiued ye not that great proſperitie,
Aparantly doth come of propertie?
Ye know great cheere, eaſe, and idlenes,
To lechery was mother and miſtres.

Thou raueſt vnrocked ſaid the rauen by the rood,
So to reproue riches and property.
Abraham and Iſaac were rich and very good,
Iacob and Ioſeph had proſperity.
The Popiniay ſaid that is verity,
Riches I graunt is not to be refuſed,
Prouiding alway it be not abuſed.

Then made the Rauen one replication,
And ſaid thy reaſon is not worth a mite,
As I ſhall proue with proteſtation,
Let no man take my wordes in diſpite:
I ſay the temporall princes haue the wite
That in the Church ſuch paſtours do prouide
To gouerne ſoules, thẽſelues they cannot guide.

Long time after the Church toke property,
The Prelats liued in great perfection:
Vnthrall to riches or ſenſualitie,

Under the holy ſpirites protection,
Orderly choſen by election,
As Gregory, Jerome, Ambroſe, and Auſtine,
Benedict Barnard, Clement Clete, and Line.

Such pacient prelats entred by the port,
Pleaſing the people by predication.
Now Dichleapers do in the Church reſort,
By ſimony and ſupplication,
Of princes by their preſentation.
So ſeely ſoules that be Chriſtes ſheepe,
Are giuen to hungry wolues for to keepe.

No maruell is though we religious men
Diſgraded be, and in our liues confuſed:
But ſing and drinke none other craft we ken,
Our ſpirituall fathers haue vs ſo abuſed.
Againſt our will thoſe traitours be intruded.
Leud men put religious men out of dores,
And profeſt virgins turne to ſtrong whores.

Princes, Princes, where is your prudence,
In diſpoſition of your benefites?
The garding of your courtiers expence,
Is ſome cauſe of theſe great inormities.
There is one ſort waiting like hungry flyes
For ſpirituall cure, though they be nothing able,
Whoſe gredy thirſtines is vnſatiable.

Princes I pray you be no more abuſed.
To vertuous men hauing ſo ſmall regard,
Why ſhould vertue for flatery be refuſed,

That men for cunning can get no reward?
Alas that euer a bragger ſo hard,
A whoremaiſter, or a common riotour,
Should in the church get any kind of cure.

Were I a man worthy to weare a crowne,
Sure when there failed any benefites,
I would call together a congregation,
The principall of all the premiſſes,
Moſt cunning clarkes of vniuerſities,
Moſt famous fathers of religion,
And by thei rdeuiſe make diſpoſition.

I would diſpoſe all offices and auayles,
To doctours of diuinitie or law,
And cauſe dame Vertue to ſet vp all hir ſayles.
When cunning men had the Church in awe,
Lordes did ſend their ſonnes I you aſſure,
To ſeke ſcience, and famous ſcholes frequent,
And them promote that were moſt ſapient.

Great pleaſure were to heare a prelate preach,
A Deane or doctour in diuinitie,
An Abbot that could well his couent teach.
A perſon flowing in Philoſophie.
I loſe my time to wiſhe that will not bee.
Were not the preaching of the begging Fryers,
Loſt were the faith among the ſeculers.

As for their preaching (quod the Popiniay).
I them excuſe for why they be ſo thrall,
To property and hir daughters two,
Dame riches and faire ladie ſenſuall,

That they may not vſe no paſtime ſpirituall,
In their habits they take ſuch delite,
That they haue renounced Ruſſet and White.

Taking vnto them Skarlet and Crimſon,
With Mineuer, Martrike, Grece & rich Armine
Their hartes are exalted as hie as the ſun.
To ſee their papall pompe it makes me to pine,
Moꝛe rich aray is now with frindges fine,
Upon the garding of a biſhops mule,
Then euer had Paule and Peter againſt yule.

Now faire Ladies may not their chaine eſcape,
Dame ſenſuall now ſuch ſede in them hath ſowne
Leſſe hurt it were in diſpite of the Pope,
That euery Pꝛelate a wife had of his owne,
Then to ſee their baſterds ouer yͤ countrey blown
Foꝛ now adaies they ſkud abꝛod in ſkulles,
They fall to woꝛke as it were common bulles.

Then quod the Glede thou pꝛeacheſt all in vaine,
Ye ſeculer men haue of our caſe no cures.
I graunt (ſaid ſhe) yet men will ſpeake againe,
How ye haue made a hundꝛed thouſand hoꝛes,
Which neuer had bene but foꝛ your filthy lures:
And if I lye hartely I do repent,
Was neuer bird moꝛe penitent.

Then ſhe hir ſhꝛoue without longer continuance
To that falſe Glede which fayned him a Frier.
And when ſhe had fulfylled her penaunce,
Full ſubtilly of hir he did enquire:
Chooſe you (ſaid he) which of vs bꝛethꝛen here,
Shall

Shall haue of all your naturall good the cures,
Ye know none be more holier creatures.

I am content quod the poore Popiniay,
That ye Frier Glede and the Monke your brother
Haue cure of all our goods: thus much I ſay,
Since at this time friendſhip I fynd no other.
We ſhalbe to you true as to our mother
(Quod they) and ſwore to fulfyll hir intent.
Of that (ſaid ſhe) I take an inſtrument.

The Pie ſaid, what ſhall mine office bee?
Muyre man ſaid ſhe vnto the other two.
The rauening Rauen ſaid, ſiſter let vs ſee
Your whole intent, for it is time to go.
The gredy Glede ſaid, brother do not ſo,
We will remaine for to hold vp hir head,
And neuer depart from hir, till ſhe be dead.

The Popiniay them thanked tenderly,
And ſaid, ſince ye haue taken on you this cure,
I depart my naturall goods equally,
All that euer I had or haue of dame nature.
Firſt to the Howlet indigent and poore,
Which on the day for ſhame may not be ſeene,
To hir I leaue my gay garment of greene.

My bright and perfect eyes as Chriſtall cleare,
Vnto the Bat ye ſhall them both preſent,
In Phebus preſence which dares not appeare,
Of naturall ſight ſhe is ſo impotent.
My prety beke I leaue with good intent,
Vnto the gentle piteous Pelicane,
To helpe to pears hir tender hart in twaine.

I leaue the Cuckow, which hath no ſōg but one,
My muſicke with my voyce Angelicall.
And to the Gooſe ye ſhall giue when I am gone,
My eloquence with my tong Rethoricall.
Then take and dry my bones great and ſmall,
And cloſe them in a caſe of Iuory fine,
And them preſent to the Phenix in time,

To burne with hir when ſhe hir life renewes.
In Araby, ye ſhall hir finde in feare,
And ſhall hir know by her moſt perfect hewes,
Gold, Aſure, Goules, Purple, and Sinopeere.
Hir date is for to liue fiue hundreth yeere.
Geue to that bird my commendation.
Alſo I make to you ſupplication.

Since of my corps I haue geuen you the cure,
Ye hie ye to the Court without tarying,
And take my hart of perfect portrature,
And preſent it vnto my ſoueraigne lord the king,
I know he will it cloſe within his ring:
Commend me to his grace I you exhort,
And of my paſſion geue him true report.

Ye three my trypes ſhall haue for your trauell,
With liuer and lung, to part among you,
Praying Pluto the fearefull prince of hell,
If ye fayle that in his feete he fetch you.
Be to me true, though I nothing bequeth you.
Sore I ſuſpect your conſcience is to large.
Doubt not (ſaid they) we take it with the charge.

Adue brethren ſaid the poore Popingo,
More for to talke I haue no time to tary,

But ſince my ſpirite muſt from my body go,
I recommend it to the queene of the Fairy:
Eternally into their Court to cary,
In wildernes among the holts hore.
Then ſhe inclined hir head and ſpake no more.

Plunged with hir mortall paſſion,
Full grieuouſly ſhe fell vnto the ground,
It were to long to make narration,
Of hir ſighes ſore with many a pang & ſwound.
Out of hir wound the bloud did ſo abound,
That a cõpaſſe roũd was with hir red bloud died,
Without remedy aliue ſhe might not bide.

By that ſhe had (In manus tuas) ſaid,
Extinguiſht were hir naturall wittes fiue,
Hir head ful ſoftly on hir ſhoulder ſhe laid,
And yelded the ſpirit with paines plungitiue.
The Rauen began rudely to rage and riue,
Full rauenouſly his empty throte to fede:
Eate ſoftly brother, ſaid the gredy Glede.

While ſhe is hote depart hir euen among vs,
Take thou one halfe and rech to me an other,
In our right I wot no wight will wrong vs.
The Pie ſaid the feend receiue the futher:
Why make ye me baſtard and I your brother?
Ye do me wrong ſir Glede I beſhrew your hart.
Take there (ſaid he) the puddings for thy part.

Then wit ye well, my hart was wondrous ſore,
For to behold the wofull departing.
Hir Angelike fethers flew in the ayre thore.
Except the hart was left of hir nothing.

The Pie ſaid this belonges to the king,
Which to his grace I purpoſe to preſent,
Thou (quod the Glede) ſhalt faile of thine intent.

The Rauen ſaid, then be I hanged in a rope,
If thou get this either to King or Duke.
The Pie ſaid complaine I not to the Pope,
Then by a ſmith be I ſmothred in the ſmoke.
With that the Glede the pece caught in his hoke,
And fled his way: the reſt with all their might,
To chaſe the Glede flew all out of ſight.

Now haue ye hard this little tragedy,
The ſore complaint the teſtament and miſchance,
Of this poore birde which did aſcend ſo hie,
Beſeching you excuſe mine ignorance,
And rude inditing which is not to aduance.
And to the booke I geue commaundement,
Make no repaire where Poets be preſent,

Becauſe thou art with Rethorike ſo at od,
Be neuer ſeene abrode with other booke,
With King nor Queene, ẘ Lord nor man of God,
With folke vncleane claime kindred: to ſome cooke
Steale in a corner when he liſt on thee to looke,
For ſmell of ſmoke mē will abhorre to beare thee,
I counſell thee therfore to lurke go leare thee,

FINIS.

Here followeth the dreame of ſyr Dauid Lindſay of the Mount, familiar ſecular to king Iames the fifth.

The prologue.

WIthin the Calends of Ianuary,
When freſh Phebus by mouing ſecular,
From Capricorne entred was into Aquary,
With blaſts that braunches made full bare,
The ſnow and ſleete troubled all the ayre,
And chaſed Flora from euery banke and buſhe,
Through boyſtrous blaſts of windie Eolus.

After that I the long winters night
Had lyen tumbling in my bed alone,
Through heauy thought ỹ no way ſlepe I might
Remembring diuers things that were forgone,
Up I roſe and clothed me anone.
By this fayre Tytan with his beames light,
Ouer all the lande had ſpred his baner bright.

With cloke and hood I dreſſed me beliue,
With double ſhoes and gloues on my handes.
And although the ayre was right penetratiue,
Yet fourth I fare launching ouer the landes,
Toward the ſea to ſport me on the ſandes,
Bicauſe vnbloſſomed was both bank and bray.
And ſo as I was paſſing by the way,

I met dame Flora in dolefull wiſe diſguiſed,
Which in May was ſweete and delectable,
With vehement ſtormes hir ſwetnes was ſurpriſed,
Hir heauenly hues were turned into ſable,

Which ſometime were to louers amiable.
Fled from the froſt the tender flowers I ſaw,
Under dame natures mantle lurking full low.

The ſmall fowles in flockes ſaw I flye,
To nature making great lamentation,
They lighted downe beſide me on a tree:
Of their complaynt I had compaſſion,
For with a piteous exclamation
They ſayd, bleſſed be thou ſomer with thy flowrs
And curſed be thou winter with thy showrs.

Alas Aurora the ſeely larke did cry,
Where haſt thou left thy balmy licour ſweete,
That vs reioyced mounting in the ſkie?
Thy ſiluer drops are turned into ſleete,
O fayre Phebus where is thy holeſome heate,
Why ſuffredſt thou thy heauenly pleaſant face,
The foggy miſts thus vgly to diſgrace?

Where art thou May, with June thy ſiſter ſhene,
Well bordred with dayſies of delight?
And gentle July with thy manifeſt greene,
Enameled with Roſes red and white?
Now olde and colde Januer in deſpite,
Reeues from vs all paſtime and pleaſure.
Alas what gentle hart may this endure.

Ouerſeeled are with cloudes odious
The golden ſkies, of the Orient,
Chaunging in ſorow our ſong melodious,
Which we were wont to ſing with good intent,
Reſounding to the heauenly fyrmament,
But now our day is chaunged into night:

With that they roſe and flew out of my ſight.

Penſiue in hart paſſing full ſoberly,
Unto the ſea forthwarde I went anone,
The ſea was forth, the ſand was ſmoth and dry.
Then vp and downe I muſed my ſelfe alone,
Till that I ſpied a little caue of ſtone,
Hye in a cragge vpwarde I did aproche
Without tarying, and climbde vpon the roche,

And purpoſed for paſſing of the time,
Me to defende from ocioſitie,
With pen and paper to regiſter in rime,
Some mery matter of antiquitie.
But idlenes the ground of iniquitie
Made ſo dull my ſpirites me within,
That I wiſt not at what ende to begin.

But ſate ſtill in that caue where I might ſee
The weltring of the waues vp and downe,
And this falſe worldes inſtabilitie
Unto that ſea making compariſon,
And of the worlds wretched variation,
To them that fixe all their intent,
Conſidering who moſt had, ſhould moſt repent.

So with my hood my head I lapped warme,
And in my cloke I folded both my feete,
I thoght my corps with cold ſhuld take no harm,
My gloues helde my handes well in heate.
The holow crag me couered from the ſleete.
There ſtill I ſate my bones for to reſt,
Till Morpheus with ſleepe my ſpirite oppreſt.

So through the boyſtrous blaſts of Eolus,
And through my walking the night before,
And through the ſeas mouing maruelous,
By Neptunus with many route and rore,
Conſtrayned I was to ſleepe withouten more:
And what I dreamed in concluſion,
I ſhall you tell a maruelous viſion.

Here followeth the dreame.

ME thought a Lady of portrature parfite
Did ſalute me with bening countenance.
And I which of hir preſence had delite,
To hir agayne made humble reuerence,
And hir demaunded ſauing hir pleaſance,
What was hir name: ſhe anſwered curteouſly,
Dame remembraunce ſhe ſayd called am I.

My comming is for paſtime and pleaſure
Of thee, and to beare thee company,
Bicauſe I ſee thy ſpirite without meaſure,
So ſore perturbed by melancholy,
Cauſing thy corps to waxe colde and dry.
Therefore get vp and go anone with me.
So were we both in the twinkling of an eye,

Downe through the earth, in mids of the center
Or euer I wiſt, within the loweſt hell.
Into that carefull caue when we did enter,
Howling and ſhouting we hard with many yell.
In flame of fire right furious and fell
Was crying many a carefull creature,
Blaſpheming God, and curſing nature.

There ſaw we diuers Popes and Emperours,
And without couer many carefull kings.
There ſaw we many wrongfull conquerors,
Without all right reuers of others things.
The men of Church lay bonden there in bings,
There ſaw we many a carefull Cardinall,
And Archbiſhops moſt pontificall,

Proud and peruers Prelates out of number,
Priors, Abbots, and falſe flattering Friers.
To ſpecify them all it were both care & cumber,
Reguler Chanons, churle Monkes, & Charterers
Curious Clarkes, and prieſts ſeculars,
There was ſome part of eche religion,
In holy Church which did abuſion.

Then I demaunded dame Remembraunce,
The cauſe of theſe Prelates puniſion.
She ſayd, the cauſe of their vnhappy chaunce
Was couetiſe, luſt and ambition,
The which now makes them want fruition
Of God, and heere eternally to dwell,
Within this paynfull poyſoned pit of hell.

For why, they did not inſtruct the ignorant,
Warning them to repent by preaching,
But ſerued worldly Princes inſolent,
And were promoted by their fayned ſeeking,
Not for their ſcience, wiſedome nor teaching.
But by ſimony was their promotion,
More for deneers than for deuotion.

An other cauſe of the punition
Of theſe vnhappie Prelates imprudent,

Was that they made not equall diſtribution
Of holy Church the patrimonie and rent,
But temporally haue it all miſpent,
Which ſhould haue bene departed into three,
Fyrſt to vpholde the Church in honeſtie,

The ſeconde part to ſuſtayne their eſtates,
The thirde parte to be giuen to the poores.
But they diſpoſe that part on other mates,
On cardes and dice, on ribaudry and whores.
Theſe caytiues tooke no heede on their cures,
Their churches decayed, their Ladies were cleſly cled,
And richly ruled both at bord and bed.

For their baſtard babes they proudly prouided,
The Church goods largly they did on thē ſpend,
Throgh their default their ſubiects were miſguided,
And cared not their God for to offend,
Which made them want grace at their latter end.
Ruling that route I ſaw in caps of bras,
Simon Magus and the Biſhop Caiphas,

Biſhop Annas, and the traytour Judas,
Mahumet that prophet abhominable,
Chore, Dathan and Abiron there was,
Heretikes we ſaw innumerable.
It was a ſight right wondrous lamentable,
How that they lay within the flames burning,
With carefull cries greeting and gurning.

Religious men were puniſht painfully,
For vaynglory and for diſobedience,
For breaking their conſtitutions wilfully,
And for not hauing their heades in reuerence.

To know their rule they made no diligence,
Unlawfully they vſed propertie,
Paſſing the bandes of wilfull pouertie.

Full ſore weeping with voyces lamentable,
They cried loude, O Emperour Conſtantine,
We may blame thy poſſeſſion poyſonable,
For all our puniſhment and pyne,
Howbeit thy purpoſe was till a good fine.
Thou haſt baniſht vs from true deuotion,
In hauing ſuche eye to our promotion.

Then we did heare a noyſe full dolorous,
Where that Princes and Lords temporall,
Were racked with paynes rigorous.
But to expreſſe their paynes inſpeciall,
It doth exceede ſkill and wittes all.
Importable payn they had without comforting,
Their bloud royall made them no ſupporting.

Some caitiue kings for oppreſſion,
And other ſome for their wrong conqueſt
Were condemned they and their ſucceſſion.
Some for publike adultry and inceſt,
Some let their people neuer liue in reſt,
Delighting ſo in pleaſure ſenſuall,
Wherfore their payne was there perpetuall,

There was the curſed Emperour Nero,
Of euery vice the horrible veſſell.
There was Pharao and diuers Princes mo
Oppreſſours of the children of Iſraell.
Herod and many mors than I can tell,
Poncius Pilate was there hanged by the hals,
With vniuſt Iudges for their ſentence falſe.

Dukes, Marqueſſes, Erles, Barons & Knights,
With their Princes were puniſht painfully,
Bicauſe they were partakers of their vnrights,
Forwarde he went, and let theſe Lords lye,
And ſaw where Ladies lamentably,
Like wood Lions carefully crying,
In flame of fyre were furiouſly frying,

With Empreſſes, Queenes, & Ladies of honours,
Many Dutcheſes and Counteſes full of care.
Then preſt my hart theſe tenter creatures,
So pined in that pit full of diſpayre,
Plunged in payne with many ruthfull rore,
Some for their pride, and ſome for adultry,
And ſome for tyſing men to lechery.

Some had bene cruell and malicious,
Some had made wrongfull inheritors.
For to rehearſe their liues vicious,
It were but tedious to their auditors.
Of lechery they were the very lures,
With their prouocations of impudicitie,
They brought many a man to infelicitie,

Some women for feare of diſhoneſtie,
Ouerſet with ſhame did them neuer ſhriue
Of ſecret ſinnes done in priuitie,
And ſome repented neuer in their life.
Wherfore without ruth the fiends did them riue
Rigorouſly without compaſſion,
Great was their dole and lamentation.

That they were made they cried oft alas.
Thus tormented with paynes intollerable,

We mended not when we had time and ſpace,
But tooke in earth our luſts delectable,
Wherfore with finds ougly and horrible,
We are condemned for euermore alas,
Eternally without all hope of grace.

Where is the meat and drinke delicious
With which we fed our carefull carions?
Gold, Siluer, Silke, with perles precious,
Our riches, rent, and our poſſeſſions,
Without all hope of our remiſſions,
Alas our paines are now perdurable,
And our torments to count innumerable.

Then we beheld where many a thouſand
Common people lay frying in the fyre,
Of euery ſtate there was a wofull band,
There might be ſeene many a ſorowfull ſyre:
Some for enuy ſuffered, and ſome for yre,
And ſome for lacke of reſtitution,
Of wrongfull good without remiſſion.

Forſworne Marchantes for their decitfull winning
Hourders of gold, and common extorcioners,
Falſe men of law in cautels right cunning.
Theues, Rouers, and publike oppreſſors,
Some part there was of vnlawful labourers,
Craftſmen there ſaw we out of number,
Of eche ſtate to declare it would me cumber.

Lothſome it is to me for to indite,
Of this priſon the paines inſpeciall,
The heat, the cold, the dolour and deſpite:
Wherfore I ſpeake as now in generall,

That dolefull den, that furnes infernall,
Whoſe reward was ruth without all remedy,
Euer dying and neuer dead to be,

Hunger and thirſt, in ſtede of meat and drinke,
And for their clothing, Todes, and Scorpions.
That darke manſion, is tapeſtried with ſtinke,
They ſee nothing but horrible viſions,
They heare nought but ſcorne and deriſions,
Of foule feendes and blaſphemations,
Their feling is importable paſſions.

For melody they haue miſerable mourning,
There is no ſolas, but dolour infinite
In balefull beds bitterly burning,
With ſobbing, ſighing, ſorow, and ſighe.
Their conſcience, their hartes did ſtill bite.
To heare them cry it was a caſe of care,
So in diſpite plunged in diſpaire.

A little aboue that dolorous dungeon,
We entred in a countrey full of care,
Where that we ſaw many a legion,
Greting and howling with many a ruthful fare,
What place is this (quod I) of mirth ſo bare?
She anſwered and ſaid purgatory,
Which purgeth ſoules or they come to glory.

I ſee no pleaſure here but wofull paine,
Wherfore (ſaid I) leaue we theſe ſore in thrall,
I purpoſe neuer to come here againe.
But yet I do beleue and euer ſhall,
That the true Church can no way erre at all,

Such things to be great clarkes do giue ſcope,
Howbeit in Chriſtes bloud is all my hope.

Aboue that in the third priſon anone,
We entred into a place of perdicion:
Where many babes were making driery mone,
Becauſe they wanted the fruition
Of god, which was a great puniſſion:
Bicauſe of Baptime the ſeale they dide without,
Vpward we went and left that mirthles rout.

Aboue that place in a vault of ſome paine,
Vnto the which without tarying we aſcended:
There was the Limbo, in the which did remaine
Our forefathers, bicauſe Adam offended,
In eating the frute, the which was forfended.
Many a yeare they dwelt in that region,
In darknes and in deſolation.

Then through the earth, of nature cold and dry,
Glad to eſcape thoſe places perelous,
We haſted vs right wondrous ſpeedely.
Yet we beheld the ſecretes maruelous,
The Mines of Gold, and ſtones precious:
Of Siluer and of euery fine mettell,
Which to declare, it were long to tell.

Vp through the water ſhortly we intended,
Which inuirons the earth without all dout.
Then through the ayre we ſhortly aſcended,
His regions through beholding in and out,
Which earth and water cloſeth round about:
Then ſhortly vpward through the fire we went,
Which was the higheſt and hoteſt Element.

When we had all theſe Elements ouerpaſt,
That is to ſay, earth, water, ayre, and fyre,
Upward we went without any reſt,
To ſee the heauens which was our moſt deſyre.
But or we might win to the heauen Empire,
It behoued vs to paſſe the way full euen,
Up through the ſpheres of the Planets ſeuen.

Firſt to the Moone, and viſited all hir ſphere,
Queene of the ſea, and beauty of the night,
Of nature weake and cold and nothing cleare,
For of hir ſelfe ſhe had no other light,
But the returne of Phebus beames bright.
The twelue Signes ſhe paſſeth round about,
In .xxviii. daies without all doubt.

Then we aſcended to Mercurius,
Whom Poets call the God of eloquence,
Right doctour like, with tearmes delicious,
In art expert and full of ſapience.
It was pleaſure to write of his prudence.
Painters, and Poets, are ſubiect to his cure,
And hote and dry he is of his nature.

Alſo as cunning Aſtrologers ſayes,
He doth complete his courſe naturally,
In three hundreth and thirty eyght dayes.
Then vpward we aſcended haſtely,
To faire Venus, where ſhe right luſtely,
Was ſitting in a ſeat of Siluer ſheene,
That freſh goddeſſe of luſty loue the Queene.

My hart was pearſt with hir blinkes amorous,
And though that ſometime ſhe is chaungeable,

With countenaunce and cheare full dolorous,
Sometime right pleaſant glad and delectable,
Sometime conſtant and ſometime variable:
Yet hir beaty reſplendant as the fyre,
Swageth the wrath of Mars the god of yre.

This pleaſant Planet, if I can right diſcriue,
She is both hote, and weake of hir nature.
Which is the cauſe that ſhe is prouocatiue
To all them that are ſubiect to hir cure,
To Venus workes while they may indure.
Alſo ſhe endes hir courſe naturall,
In twelue Monethes or therabouts in all.

Then paſt we to the ſphere of Phebus bright
That luſty lampe, and Lantern of the heauen,
And gladder of the ſtarres, with his great light,
And principall of all the Planets ſeuen,
He ſate in the mids of them all moſt euen,
As royall king ruling in his ſphere,
Right pleaſantly in golden charet there.

His influence and vertue excellent,
Giues life to euery earthly thing. (ſpent,
That Prince of Planets whoſe power is neuer
Doth foſter flowers, and make herbes to ſpring
Through the cold earth, and cauſe birdes to ſing.
Alſo his orderly mouing in the heauen,
Is iuſt vnder the Zodiak full euen.

For to diſcriue his Diademe royall,
Bordered about with ſtones ſhining bright,
His golden Charet or throne imperiall,
The foure ſtedes that draw it full right,

I leaue to Poets becauſe I haue no ſlight.
But of his nature he is hote and dry,
In a yeare fulfylling his courſe truely.

Then vp to Mars on hie we haſted vs,
Wondrous hote and drier then the tunder.
His face flaming as fire right furious:
His boaſt and brag, more fearefull then yͤ thũder,
Made all the heauen like to ſhake in ſunder.
He that had ſeene his countenance but a farre,
Might call him well the god of men of warre.

With colour red and looke malicious,
Right colericke he was of complexion,
Grim, angry, cruell, and ſeditious,
Principall cauſe of the deſtruction
Of many a good and noble region.
Were not that Venus his yre doth mitigate,
The world of peace would be full deſolate.

This god of griefe without tarying,
In yeares two his courſe doth complete.
Then paſt we vp where Iupiter the king,
Sate in his ſphere right amiable and ſwete,
Complexioned with weaknes and with heat.
That pleaſant Prince, faire, meeke and delicate,
Prouoketh peace and baniſheth debate.

The old Poets by ſuperſtition,
Held Iupiter the father principall
Of all their gods, for the fruition
Of his prerogatiues inſpeciall,
And for his vertues ingenerall.

Againſt old Saturne he makes reſiſtance,
When in his malice he would worke vengeance.

This Jupiter without ſoiourning,
Paſſeth through all the twelue ſignes full euen,
In yeares twelue: then without tarying
We paſt vnto the hieſt of the ſeuen,
To Saturne which troubles all the heauen,
With heauy chere, and cullour pale as lead,
In him we ſaw but cullour like the dead.

Cold and dry he is of his nature,
Full like an owle of euill condition:
Right ougly he is of portrature,
His intoxicate diſpoſition
Puts all thinges vnto perdition:
He is ground of ſicknes melancolious,
Froward, and crabbed, falſe, and enuious.

His qualitie I cannot loue but hate.
As for his due mouing ye ſhall heare,
About the ſignes of the Zodiacke in date,
He doth fulfill his courſe in thirty yeare.
And ſo leauing him in his froſty ſphere,
Up ward we did aſcend incontinent,
Without reſt till we came to the firmament.

The which was fixed full of ſtarres bright,
Of fygure round, right pleaſant and perfite:
Whoſe influence and right excellent light,
And whoſe number may not be put in write,
Yet cunning clarkes do naturally indite,
How that it doth ende his courſe not in leſſe
Than ſeuen & thirty thouſand yeare doubtleſſe.

Then the ninth ſphere and mouer principall.
Of all the reſt, we viſited all that heauen:
Whoſe daily motion is continuall,
Both firmament and all the Planets ſeuen,
From Eaſt to Weſt, that welken driues euen
within the ſpace of foure and twenty howers.
Yet by the minde of the Aſtronomers,

The ſeuen planets in their proper ſpheres,
From weſt to Eaſt are moued naturally,
Some ſwift, ſome ſlow, as their kind beares,
As I haue ſhowen before eſpetially,
Whoſe motion cauſeth continually,
Right melodious hermony and ſound,
And al through mouing of thoſe Planets round.

Then mounted we with right feruent deſire,
Vp through the heauen Criſtalline,
And ſo we entred into the heauen Empire,
Which to diſcriue it paſſeth mine engine,
Where God in his holy throne deuine,
Raigneth in his glory ineſtimable,
With Angels cleare that are innumerable.

Into orders nine theſe ſpirites glorious
Are deuided: the which excellently
Giue praiſe, with ſound melodious,
Singing right wonderous feruently.
Theſe orders nine are full pleaſantly
Deuided into Hierarchies three,
And three orders in euery Hierarchee.

The loweſt order are of Angels bright,
As Meſſengers ſent vnto this low region:

The ſeconde Archaungels full of might.
Then vertues, powers, & princehoods of ronoun
The ſixt is called domination,
The ſeuenth Thronus, the eyght Cherubin,
The ninth and hyeſt is called Ceraphin,

And theſe are next the bleſſed trinitie,
In his triumphant throne imperiall,
Which is three in one, and one ſubſtance in three,
Whoſe indiuiſible eſſence eternall,
The rude engine of man is to ſmall
To comprehende, whoſe power infinite,
And deuine nature no creature can write.

Therfore my wit is not ſufficient
For to treate of his hye deuinitie,
All mortall men are vnſufficient
To conſider them three in vnitie.
Such ſubtill matter I muſt needes let bee,
To ſtudy on my credite it were more meete,
And leaue ſuch poynts to doctors more diſcrete.

Then we behelde the bleſſed humanitie
Of Chriſt ſitting in his throne royall,
At the right hande of the diuinitie,
With an excellent Court celeſtiall,
Whoſe exerciſe continuall,
Was in louing their prince with reuerence,
And on this wiſe they kept their ordinance.

Next to the throne we ſaw the Quene of Quenes
Well companied with Ladies of delight,
Sweete was the ſong of thoſe bleſſed virgins,
No mortall man their ſolace may indite.

The Angels bright in number infinite,
Euery order in their owne degree
Were officers vnto the deitie.

Patriarkes and Prophets honorable,
Collaterall counſellers in this conſiſtorie,
Euangeliſts and Apoſtles venerable,
Were captaines to the king of glory,
Which Chriſtian like had won the victory.
Of that triumphant Court celeſtiall,
Sainct Peter was lieuetenant generall.

The martyrs were as noble ſtalworth knights,
Diſcomfetors of cruell battels three,
The fleſh, the world, the fiend and all his mights.
Confeſſors, doctors in diuinitie,
As Chapell Clarkes vnto his deitie:
And laſt we ſaw an infinite multitude
Doing ſeruice vnto his celſitude.

All theſe by the hye deuine permiſſion,
Had felicitie inuariable,
And of his Godhead cleare fruition,
With perfect peach vnſpeakeable.
Their glory and honour was inſeperable,
That pleaſant place full of ioyfull reſt,
Was ſure ſo ſweete as can not be expreſt.

There is plenty of all pleaſures perfect,
Euident brightnes without obſcuritie,
Withouten dolour, ſwetenes and delite,
without rancour, perfect charitie,
without hunger, ſaciabilitie:
O happie are thoſe ſoules predeſtinate,
When ſoule and body ſhall be glorificate.

These maruelous myrthes for to declare,
By arithmetike are vnnumerable,
The portrature of that place moſt rare
By Geometry is vnmeſurable,
And by Rethorike vnpronounſeable.
No eare may heare, nor eye may ſee,
Nor hart may thinke their felicitie.

Wherto ſhould I preſume for to indite
That which Sainct Paule that Doctor ſapient,
Can not expreſſe nor in paper write:
Namely that worke moſt fayre and excellent,
Of perfect pleaſure euer permanent
In preſence of that king of glory,
Which was and is and euer ſhall be.

Of Remembraunce humbly I did inquire,
If I might in that pleaſure ſtill remayne.
She ſayd as now thou muſt it not deſire.
Wherfore my friende thou muſt returne agayne,
And for thy ſinnes repent and ſuffer payne,
And abide death with cruell paynes right ſory,
Or thou be worthy to reigne with him in glory.

Then we returned ſore agaynſt my will,
Down through the ſpheres of the heauens clere.
Hir commaundement I muſt fulfill
With ſory hart, as you ſhall heare.
I would full fayne haue taried there a yeare:
But ſhe ſayd to me there was no remedie,
Or thou remayne heere, dead muſt thou bee.

Quod I, I pray you hartily Madam,
Since we haue had ſuch contemplation

Of heauenly pleaſures: yet or we paſſe home,
Let vs haue ſome conſideration
Of earth, and of his ſituation.
She anſwered and ſayd, that ſhall be done.
So were we both brought in the ayre full ſone,

Where we might ſee the earth all at one ſight,
But like a mote, as it appeared to mee,
In the reſpect of the heauens bright.
I haue maruell (quod I) how this may bee,
The earth ſeemeth of ſo ſmall quantitie,
The leaſt ſtarre fixed in the fyrmament,
Is more than all the earth, by my iudgement.

The quantitie of the earth.

She ſayd ſonne, thou haſt ſhewed the veritie,
The ſmalleſt ſtarre fixed in the firmament
In deede is of a greater quantitie
Than all the earth, after the intent
Of wiſe and cunning Clarkes ſapient.
What quantitie is then the earth (quod I)?
That ſhall I ſhewe to thee ſhortly.

After the mindes of the Aſtronomers,
And ſpecially the author of the ſphere,
And other diuers great Philoſophers,
The quantitie of the earth circulet
Is fiftie thouſande legues in feare,
Seuen hundred and fiftie and no mo,
Accounting for a league miles two.

And euery mile in eyght ſtages deuide,
Eche ſtage an hundred paſe twenty and fiue,
A paſe fiue foote, who would them right deſcribe
A foote foure palmes, if I can right diſcriue.
A Palme, foure inches, and who ſo would beliue
The circuit of the earth, paſſe round about,
Muſt it conſider in this wiſe out of dout.

Suppoſe that there were no impediment,
But that the earth without perill were playne,
And if the perſon were right diligent,
And went ech day ten legues certayne,
He might paſſe round about and come agayne,
In foure yeeres, ſixteene weekes, and dayes two:
So reade the author and thou ſhalt finde it ſo.

The deuiſion of the earth.

THen certenly ſhe tooke me by the hande,
And ſaid, my ſonne come on thy ways with
And ſo ſhe let me clerely vnderſtand, (mee
How that the earth departed was in three,
Into Affrike, Europe, and Aſie,
After the minds of the Coſmografers,
That is to ſay, the worlds deſcribers.

Firſt Aſia lieth in the Orient,
And is well more than both the other twaine,
Affrike and Europe in the Occident,
And are deuided by a ſea agayne,
Called the Midlande ſea certayne,
Which at the ſtraite of Marrok entreth nye,
That is betweene Spayne and Barbary.

Towarde the Southweſt lyeth Affrica,
And in the Northweſt Europe doth ſtande,
And all the Eaſt conteyned Aſia.
On this wiſe is deuided the firme lande.
It were too much for me to take in hande,
Theſe Regions to declare in eſpeciall,
Yet ſhall I ſhew their names in generall.

Into many diuers famous regions
Is deuided this part of Aſia,
Repleniſht with Cities, towers and townes,
The great Inde and Meſopotamia,
Pentapolis, Egypt, and Siria,
Capadocia, Seres, and Armeny,
Babilon, Caldea, Parth and Arabie,

Sidon, Iudea and Paleſtina,
Perſia, Scithia, Tyre and Galilie,
Hyberia, Bactria, and Pheleſtina,
Hircania, Campagnia, and Samarie.
In little Aſia ſtands Galathie,
Pamphilia, Ceſarea and Lede,
Regia, Arathuſa and Mede.

Secondly we conſidered Affrica,
With many a fruitfull famous region,
As Ethiope and Tripolitana,
Zewges, where ſtands the triumphant towne
Of noble Carthage, that Citie of renowne,
Garamantes, Nadabar, Libia,
Getulia and Mauritania,

Fezenſis, Numedy, and Tingetain,
Of Affrike are the principall.

Then Europe we conſidered playne,
Whoſe regions ſhortly rehearſe I ſhall,
Three principals I finde aboue them all,
Which are Spayne, Italy and Fraunce,
Whoſe vndercountreys were much to aduaunce.

Nether Scithia, Thrace and Germanie,
Thuſcia, Hiſtria, and Panonia,
Denmarke, Gotlande, Grunland, and Almane,
Pole, Hungary, Boheme, Norica, Rethica,
Dutchlande and many diuers mo.
In foure then was deuided Italie,
Tuſkaine, Ethura, Naples, and Campany.

It was ſubdeuided ſundry other wayes,
As into Lumbardy, Venis, and other mo,
Calaber, Romany and Geno wayes,
Grece, Epirus, and Dalmatia alſo,
Theſſaly, Attica and Illiria,
Achaia, Boetia, and Macedon,
Archadia, Pierie, and Lacedemon.

And Fraunce we ſaw deuided into three,
Belgica, Rethia and Aquitane,
And ſubdeuided into Flaunders, Picardie,
Normandie, Gaſtoine, Burgoine and Britaine,
And other diuers Dutcheſes certayne:
The which were to long for to declare,
Wherfore of them I will ſpeake no more.

In Spayne lieth Caſtell and Aragone,
Nauerne, Galice, Portingale and Granat.
Then ſaw we famous Iles many one,
Which in the Occean ſea were ſituate:

Which to diſcriue my wit were deſolate.
Of Coſmography I am not expert,
For I did neuer ſtudy in that art.

Yet I ſhall ſome of their names declare,
As Madagaſcar, Gades, and Tabrobane,
And other Iles diuers good and fayre,
Situate in the ſea Mediterrane:
As Cyper, Candy, Corſica and Sardane,
Crete, Abidos, Thoes, Sicilia,
Capſane, Eolie, and many other mo.

Who would at length heare the deſcription,
Of euery Ile as well as the firme lande,
And properties of euery nation,
To ſtudie and reade muſt take in hande,
And the famous works well vnderſtande,
Of Plinius and worthy Tholomie,
Which were expert in Coſmography.

There ſhall they finde the names and properties
Of euery Ile, and of eche region.
Then I inquired of earthly Paradiſe,
Of the which Adam loſt the poſſeſſion.
Then ſhewed ſhe me the ſituation
Of that excellent place full of delite,
Whoſe properties were long for to indite.

Of earthly Paradiſe.

THis Paradiſe of all pleaſure therfore,
Situate I ſaw in the Orient.
That glorious garden of euery flower had ſtore,
As luſty Lillies, and Roſes redolent,

Freſhe wholeſome frutes indeficient,
Both herbes and trees there grow euer grene,
Through vertue of the temperate aire ſerene.

The ſwete wholeſome Aromatike odours,
Proceading from the herbes Medicinall:
The heauenly hewes of fragrant flowers,
Was a ſight wondrous celeſtiall:
The perfection to ſhew in ſpetiall,
And ioyes of that region deuine,
Of mankind it excedes the engine.

Alſo the height in ſituation,
Surmounting the mid region of the aire,
Where no maner of perturbation
Of wether may aſcend or repayre.
Foure flouds flowing from a fountaine faire,
As Tigris, Ganges, Euphrates, and Nyle,
Which in the Eaſt do run many a myle.

The countrey cloſed is aboue full right,
With walles hie of hote and burning fyre,
And ſtraightly kept by an Angell bright,
Since the departing of Adam our grandſire,
Who through his cryme incurred gods yre,
And of that place loſt the poſſeſſion,
Both from himſelfe and his ſucceſſion.

When this louely Lady dame remembraunce
All this forſaid had made me vnderſtand:
I prayed hir of hir beneuolence,
To ſhew to me the countrey of Scotland.
Well ſonne ſhe ſaid that ſhall I take in hand.

Then ſodenly ſhe brought me certaine,
Euen iuſt aboue the brode yle of Britaine.

Which ſtandes Norweſt in the Occean ſea,
And deuided is into famous regions two:
The South part England, a full rich countrey,
Scotland by North with many Iles mo.
By weſt England Ireland doth ſtand alſo,
Whoſe poperties I will not take in hand
As now to ſhew at length, this vnderſtand.

But after my ſimple entendiment,
And as remembraunce did to me report:
I ſhall declare the truth in verament,
As I beſt can aud in tearmes ſhort.
Wherfore effectuouſly I you exhort,
Although my writing be not to aduaunce,
Yet where I faile excuſe my ignoraunce.

When I had ouerſeene this region,
The which of nature is both good and faire:
I did put forth a little queſtion,
Beſeking hir the ſame for to declare.
What is the cauſe our lands be ſo bare
(Quod I) or what moues our miſery,
Or wherof doth procede our pouerty?

For through the ſupport of our prudence,
Of Scotland I perceiue the properties,
And well conſider by experience,
Of this countrey the great commodities.
Firſt the aboundance of Fiſhes in the ſeas,
And fruitfull mountaines for our beſtiall,
And for our turnes many a luſty vale,

The rich riuers pleaſant and profitable,
The luſty pondes of fiſh of ſundry kindes:
Hunting, Hauking, for nobles conuenable,
Foreſtes full of Deare, Hartes, and Hindes,
The freſh fountaines whoſe wholeſome ſtrindes,
Refreſh all the faire floriſhing meedes,
That we lacke nothing that nature needes.

Of euery mettle we haue the rich Mynes,
Both Gold and Siluer, of ſtones precious:
And though we want hote ſpices and wynes,
Or other ſtraunge frutes delicious,
We haue as good, and more nedefull for vs,
Meat, Drink, faire clothes that may be gat abūde
The like is not in all the Mappa monde.

Nor fairer people, nor of greater engine,
Nor of more ſtrength great deeds to indure.
Wherfore I pray you that ye would define,
The principall cauſe that we are ſo poore.
For I marueile greatly I yon aſſure,
(Conſidering the people and the ground),
That riches ſhould not in this realme abound.

My ſonne (ſaid ſhe) by my diſcretion,
I ſhall make anſwere as I vnderſtand.
I ſay to thee vnder confeſſion,
The fault is not I dare well take in hand,
Neither in the people nor in the land.
As for the land it lackes no other thing,
But labour and the people gouerning.

Then wherin lyes our vnproſperitie,
(Quod I) I pray you hartely Madam,

Ye would declare to me the veritie?
Or who ſhall beare of all our griefe the blame?
For by my truth to ſee I thinke great ſhame,
So pleaſant people, and ſo faire a land,
And ſo few vertuous deedes taken in hand.

(Quod ſhe) I ſhall after my iudgement,
Declare ſome cauſes in generall,
And in tearmes ſhort ſhow mine intent,
And then tranſcend to more inſpeciall.
So this is my concluſion finall,
The want of Juſtice, Policie, and Peace,
Are cauſe of all this vnhappines.

It is right hard riches to increaſe,
Where Policie maketh no reſidence,
And Policie may neuer haue entres,
But where Juſtice doth not diligence.
To puniſh where there may be found offence.
And iuſtice may not haue domination.

What is the cauſe, that would I vnderſtand,
That we ſhould want iuſtice and policie,
More then doth Fraunce, Italy, and England?
Madame (quod I) ſhew me the veritie.
Since we haue lawes in this countrey,
Why want we ſuch as with diſcretion,
Should put iuſtice in execution?

Wherin doth ſtand our principall remedy?
Or who may make amends of this miſchiefe?
(Quod ſhe) I find the fault in the head,
For they in whom doth lie all our reliefe,

I fynd them ground of all our griefe:
For when the heades are not diligent,
The members of neede muſt be negligent.

So I conclude the cauſes principall,
Of all the trouble of this nation,
Are in the princes in eſpetiall,
The which haue the gubernation,
And of the people domination,
Whoſe continuall exerciſe ſhould be,
The execution of due iuſtice to ſee.

For when the ſlouthfull ſhepehard doth ſlug &
Taking no care in keeping his flocke, (ſleepe
Who will go now among ſuch heards of ſheepe
May happen to find many a ſcabbed flocke,
Going well at large withouten locke.
Then Lupus comes and Laurence in a ling,
And doth wout pitie the ſeely ſhepe down thring.

But be the good ſheepheard true and diligent,
Then are his flocke ruled all at right,
To his whiſtle all are obedient.
And if the wolfe come day or night
Them to deuour, then are they put to flight,
Hunted and ſlaine by their well toothed dogs,
So are they ſure both Yeowes, Lambs, & Hogs.

So I conclude that the negligence,
Of our infatuate heads inſolent,
Is cauſe of all this realmes indigence,
which in iuſtice had not bene diligent,
But to good counſell diſobedient,

Hauing ſmall eye vnto the common weale,
But to their ſinguler profite euery deale.

For when theſe wolues by extortion,
The poore without pitie do oppreſſe,
Then ſhould the princes make inquiſition,
And cauſe the rebaldes for to make redreſſe,
That riches might by policie increaſe.
But right hard it is to remedy the dede,
When that all the fault is in the head.

The complaint of the common weale of Scotlande.

AND thus as we were talking too and fro,
We ſaw a poore man ouer the bent,
Without horſe on fote as faſt as he might go
Whoſe raiment was ragged, riuen and rent,
with viſage lene as he had faſted lent:
And forward faſt his way he did aduaunce,
With a malicious countenaunce,

With ſcrip on ſide and pikeſtaffe in his hand,
As he had purpoſed to runne from home.
(Quod I) good man I would faine vnderſtand,
If you pleaſed, to wit what is your name.
(Quod he) my ſonne of that I thinke great ſhame:
But ſince thou wouldeſt of my name heare tell,
Forſooth they call me Iohn the common weale.

Sir common weale who hath you ſo diſguiſed,
(Quod I) or who makes you ſo miſerable?

I haue meruaile to ſee you ſo ſuppriſed,
Whom I haue ſeene ere this honorable,
To all the world ye haue bene profitable.
And well honoured in euery region,
How happeneth now your tribulation?

Alas (quod he) thou ſeeſt how it doth ſtand
With me, and how I am diſherited
Of all my grace, and muſt go out of Scotland,
And go before, where I was cheriſhed,
Remaine I heare, I am but periſhed:
For there are few that to me haue intent,
That makes me go thus ragged riuen and rent.

My tender friendes are all put to the flight:
For policie is fled againe into Fraunce.
My ſiſter Iuſtice hath almoſt loſt hir ſight,
That ſhe cannot hold vpright the ballaunce.
Plaine wrong is cleane captaine of ordinaunce,
Which vtterly debarres truth and reaſon,
And ſmall remedy is found for open treaſon.

In the South part I was alas neare ſlaine,
Ouer all that land I could find no reliefe:
Almoſt betwene the Mars and Lowmabane,
I could not know a true man from a thiefe,
To ſhew the theft, murder, and miſchiefe,
And vicious workes, it would infect the ayre,
And lothſome for me it were to declare.

In the hie land I could find no reſort,
But ſodenly I was put in exile.
The luſty ſwindgers would make me no ſupport
Nor among them let me repoſe a while,

Much like vnto the out Iles and Argile,
Vnthrift, ſwering, falſhode, and ſtriue,
Put policie in daunger of hir liue.

In the low land I came to ſeeke refuge,
And purpoſed there to make my reſidence,
But ſinguler profite did me ſoone refuſe,
And did me great iniuries and offence,
And ſaid to me thou harlot hie thee hence,
And in this countrey ſee thou take no cures,
So long as my authoritie indures.

And now I make no longer debate,
Nor I wot not to whom to make my mone:
For I haue gone through the ſpirituall ſtate,
Which tooke no compt to heare me complaine,
Their officers had at me diſdaine.
For ſimony ruled all that rout,
And couetiſe that churle did barre me out.

Pride hath chaſt from them humilitie,
Deuotion is fled from the Friers:
Senſuall pleaſure hath baniſht chaſtitie,
Lordes of religion go like ſeculers,
Taking more care in telling their deneers,
Than they do of their conſtitution,
Thus are they blinded by ambition.

Our gentlemen are all degenerate,
Liberalitie and friendſhip both are loſt,
And cowardice with Lordes is laureate,
And knightly courage chaunged into brag & boſt
And ciuill warre miſguides euery coſt;

There is nought els but ech man for him ſelfe,
That makes me go thus baniſht like an elfe.

Therfore adue I may no longer tary,
Farewell (quod I) and with S. John to borow,
But wite ye well my hart was wondrous ſory,
When common weale ſo wrapt was in ſorow.
Yet after night comes the glad morow:
Wherfore I pray you tell me certayne
When that ye purpoſe to come agayne.

What thou requires it ſhall be ſoone deſcribed,
(Quod he) there ſhall no Scot haue comforting
Of me, till I ſee the countrie guided
By wiſdome of a good olde prudent king,
Which ſhall delight aboue all thing
To put Juſtice in execution,
And for ſtrong traytours make prouiſion.

Alſo yet I ſay to thee an other thing,
I ſee right well the prouerbe is full true,
Wo to the Realme that hath an ouer yong king.
With that he turnde his backe and ſaide adue.
Ouer frith and fell right faſt from me he flew,
Whoſe departing to me was diſpleaſand.
With that remembrance tooke me by the hand.

Then ſoone me thought ſhe brought me to ẏ roch,
And to the caue where I began to ſleepe.
With that a ſhip did ſpeedely aproche,
Full pleaſauntly ſayling vpon the deepe,
Which there did ſlake hir ſailes, & forth did ſwepe
Towarde the lande where that I lay.
But know ye well there was a ſhrewd fray.

All hir Canons ſhe let flye at once,
Downe fell the ſtreamers from the top Caſtell,
They ſpared not the pouder nor the ſtones,
They ſhot their bolts, and downe their ankers fel,
The Mariners loude did ſhoute and yell,
That out of my dreame I ſtart right haſtely,
Halfe in a fray, and went home ſpedely,

And lightly dined with luſt and apetite.
Then after I went into an oratore:
And tooke my pen, and there began to write
All the viſion that I haue ſhowne before.
Sir of my dreame as now thou gets no more:
But I beſeech God for to ſende vs grace,
And in this Realme let vnitie haue place.

An exhortation to the Kings grace.

SIr ſince that God of his preordinance
Hath graunted thee to haue the gouernaunce
Of his people, and created thee a king,
Fayle not to print in thy remembraunce,
How he will not excuſe thine ignoraunce,
If thou be retchles in thy gouerning.
Wherfore dreſſe thee aboue all earthly payne,
Of his lawes to keepe the obſeruaunce,
If thou thinke long in royaltie to reigne.

Thanke him that hath cōmaunded dame nature,
To print thee of to pleaſant portrature:
Hir gifts clerely may be on thee knowen.
To dame Fortune thou needeſt no procurator,
For ſhe hath largely on thee caſt hir ſtore.
Hir gratitude ſince ſhe hath on thee ſhowen.

Bicauſe yͭ thou mayſt ſheare as thou haſt ſowen,
Haue all thy hope in God thy creator,
And aſke him grace that thou mayſt be his owne.

And then conſider thy vocation,
That for to haue the gubernation
Of this kingdome thou art predeſtinate.
Thou mayſt well heare by true narration
What ſorow and what tribulation
Hath beene, & is in this poore realm vnfortunate.
Now comfort them that haue bene deſolate,
And of thy people haue compaſſion,
Since thou by God art ſo preordinate.

Take manly courage and leaue inſolency,
Uſe counſell of noble dame Prudence,
Ground thee firmly on fayth and fortitude,
Draw to thy court iuſtice and temperaunce,
And to thy common weale haue attendance,
And alſo I beſeeke thee by Chriſtes blood,
Hate vicious men, and loue them that are good,
And all flatterers put thou from thy preſence,
And falſe report out of thy court exclude.

Do equall iuſtice both to great and ſmall,
And be example to the people all,
Exerciſing vertuous deedes honorable.
Be not in wrath for ought may befall,
To that vnhappie vice if thou be thrall,
To all men thou ſhalt be abhominable.
Kings and knights are neuer couenable,
To rule people be they not liberall:
Without freedome is none honorable.

And take example of the wretched ending,
Which made Midas of Thrace the mighty king,
Who to his goddes made inuocation,
Through greedines, that all ſubſtantiall thing
Which he ſhould touch might turne without tarying
To fine golde, he had his ſupplication,
All that he toucht without dilation,
Turnde into gold both meat, drinke, & clothing,
And he died of hunger without recreation.

Alſo I beſeeke thy maieſtie ſerene,
From Lechery thou keepe thy body cleane,
Taſte neuer that intoxicate poyſon.
From that vnhappie luſt thy ſelfe abſtayne,
Till that thou get a luſty pleaſant Queene,
Then take thy pleaſure with my beniſon.
Take hede how prideful Tarquin loſt his crown
For the inforcing of Lucrece the Shone,
And was depriued and baniſht Romes towne.

And in diſpite of his Lecherous liuing,
The Romaines would be ſubiect to no king,
Many long yeres as ſtories doth recorde,
Till Julius through vertuous gouerning,
Freedome and manhoode wan agayne the ring,
And was choſen Romes Emperour and Lorde,
Wherfore my ſoueraigne in thy minde accorde,
That vicious life makes oft an ill ending,
Without they be through ſpeciall grace reſtorde.

And if thou wilt thy fame and honour grue,
Uſe counſell of thy prudent Lords true,
And ſee thou nought preſumptuouſly pretende,
Thy owne perticuler wealth for to inſue.

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Worke with counſell, then ſhalt thou never rue,
Remembring well thy friends fatall ende,
Which to good counſell would not condiſcend,
Till bitter death alas did them purſue.
From ſuch vnhap I pray God thee defende.

And finally remember thou muſt dye,
And paſſe on this mortall ſea ſodenly.
Thou art not ſure of thy life two howers,
For from that ſentence there is none may flye,
King, Queene, nor knight of low eſtate nor hye,
But all men feare of bitter death the ſhowres.
Where are become theſe Popes and Emperours,
Are they not dead? ſo ſhall it fare of thee,
No remedy in ſtrength, riches nor honours.

And ſo for concluſion,
Make your prouiſiō,
To get the infuſion,
Of his hye grace,
Which bled with effuſiō,
With ſcorne & deriſion,
And died with confuſion
To confirme our peace.

The bewayling of the death of Queene Magdalen.

O Cruell death to great is thy puiſſaunce,
Deuourer of all earthly liuing things:
Adam we may thee blame of this miſchaūce
Thy default this cruell tyrannie brings,
Which ſpares neither Emperour nor kings:
And now alas hath reft foorth of this lande,
The flower of Fraunce, & comfort of Scotland.

Father Adam alas that thou abuſed
Thy free will, beeing diſobedient.

Thou choſedſt death, and laſting life refuſed,
Thy ſucceſſion alas may well repent,
That thou haſt made mankinde ſo impotent
That he may make to death no reſiſtaunce,
Example our Queene, the flower of Fraunce.

O dreadfull dragon with thy dolefull dart,
Which did not ſpare of womankinde the flower,
But cruelly didſt perce hir through the hart,
And would not giue hir reſpite for an houre,
To remayne with hir Prince and paramour:
That ſhe at leyſure might haue had licence,
Scotlande may cry on thee a loud vengeance.

(yere,
Thou ſufferedſt Mathuſalē to liue nine hundred
And threeſcore and nine, but in thy furious rage,
Thou didſt deuour this yong Princes wout pere
Or ſhe was complete ſeuentene yere of age.
Greedy Gorman why didſt thou not aſſuage
Thy furious rage agaynſt that luſty Queene,
Till we ſome fruite had of hir body ſeene:

O dame nature thou didſt no diligence
Agaynſt this theefe which al the world cōſumes,
Hadſt thou with naturall targets made defence,
That briber had not come within our bondes,
She had bene ſaued from ſuch mortall ſtondes
This many a yere, but where was thy diſcretion
That lettedſt hir paſſe ere we had ſeene ſucceſſiō:

O Venus with thine owne ſonne Cupido,
Fye on you both that made no reſiſtaunce,
Within your court ye neuer had ſuch two,
So true louers without diſſimulaunce,

As James the fift, and Magdalen of Fraunce,
Deſcended both of bloud imperiall.
To whom in loue I find no paragell.

Leander ſwam through the raging floud,
To his faire Lady Hero many nights:
So did this Prince through burling ſtreames wood
With Earles, Barons, Squiers, & with Knights,
Againſt Neptune, and Eolus ſtrong mights,
And left this realme in great diſperaunce,
To ſeke his loue the firſt daughter of Fraunce.

And ſhe like prudent Queene Penelope,
Full conſtantly would change him for no other:
But for his pleaſure left hir owne countrey,
Without regard of father or mother.
Taking no care of ſiſter nor of brother:
But ſhortly toke hir leaue and left them all,
For loue of him to whom loue made hir thrall.

O dame Fortune where was thy great comfort,
To hir to whom thou waſt ſo fauourable,
Thy ſliding giftes made hir no ſupport,
Nor hir hie lynage nor riches vnſpeakable.
I ſee thy puiſaunce is but variable,
Seeing hir father the moſt hie Chriſtened king,
To his deare child might make no ſupporting.

The potent Prince hir luſty loue and knight,
With his moſt hardy nobles of Scotland
Againſt that woſull briber had no might.
Though all the men had bene at his commaund,
Of Fraunce, Flaunders, Italy, and England,
With fifty thouſand Million of treaſure,
He might not prolong the Ladies life an houre.

O Paris of all Cities principall,
Which did ceiue our Prince with laud & glory,
Solemnly with Arkes triumphall,
Which day is worthy to be put in memory.
For as Pompey after his victory
Was into Rome receyued with great ioy,
So thou receyued our right redoubted Roy.

And at his Mariage made vpon the morne,
Suche ſolace and ſolemnization
Was neuer before ſince Chriſt was borne,
Nor to Scotlande ſuche conſolation.
There ſealed was the confirmation
Of the well kept auncient alliaunce,
Betwixt Scotlande and the realme of Fraunce.

I neuer did ſee day more glorious,
So many in ſo riche abilliments
Of ſilke and golde with ſtones precious.
Suche bankrteing, ſuche ſound of inſtruments,
With ſong and daunce, and marciall ornaments.
But like a ſtorme after a pleaſant morow,
Soone was our ſolace chaunged into ſorow.

O traytsur death, whom none may coũtermaũd,
Thou might haue ſeene the preparation
Maae by the three eſtates of Scotlande,
With great comfort and conſolation,
In euery citie, caſtle, towre and towne:
And how eche noble ſet his whole intent,
To excell others in abilliment.

Theefe, ſaweſt thou not the great preparatiues
Of Edenborow the noble famous towne?
Thou

Thou ſaweſt the people labouring for their liu[illegible]
To make triumph with trumpe and clarion,
Such pleaſure was neuer in this region,
As ſhould haue bene the day of hir entraunce,
With great gifts hir noble grace to aduaunce.

Thou madeſt a right coſtly ſcaffolding,
Depeynted well with golde and aſure fine,
Ready prepared for the vpſitting,
Flowing with water cleare and wine.
Diſguiſed folkes like creatures deuine,
Were on that ſcaffolde to play a certayne ſtory,
But all to mourning thou turnedſt that glory.

Thou beheldeſt many a luſty freſh galland,
Well ordered for receyuing of that Queene:
Eche craftes man with bent bow in his hand,
Full galantly in ſhort clothing of greene,
The honeſt burges clad thou ſhouldeſt haue ſene
Some in ſcarlet, and ſome in cloth of graine,
For to haue met their Lady ſoueraigne.

The Prouoſt, Baylifs, and Lords of the towne,
The Senators in order conſequent,
Clad in ſilke of purple, blacke and browne,
And the great Lords of the Parliament,
With many knights and Barons went
In ſilke and golde, and colours comfortable.
But thou alas haſt turned all to Sable.

Alſo all the Lordes of religion,
And Princes of the Prieſts venerable,
Full pleaſantly in their proceſſion,
With all the cunning Clarkes honorable,

Came forth, but ſpitefully thou tirant treſonable,
All their great ſolace and ſolemnities,
Didſt turne into dolefull dirges.

Then next in order paſſing through the towne,
Thou ſhouldeſt haue hard yͤ noiſe of inſtruments,
Of tabor triumphant, ſhalme and clarion,
With noiſe redounding through the Elements.
The Heraulds with their royall veſtmentes,
With maces in their either of their handes,
To rule the preſe with burniſht ſiluer wandes.

And laſt of all were in order triumphall,
The moſt renowmed Princes honorable,
And with them the luſty ladies of Scotland all.
Which ſhould haue bene a ſight moſt delectable,
Their rayment to reherſe I am not able.
Of gold and perle and precious ſtones bright,
Twinkling like ſtarres in a froſty night.

Under a canap of gold ſhe ſhould haue paſt,
By Burgeſes borne clothed in ſilkes fine:
The great maſter of houſhold at the laſt.
With him in order all the kinges trayne,
Whoſe ordinance were gloriouſe to define.
On this maner ſhe paſſing through the towne,
Should haue receyued many a beniſoune.

Of virgins and of luſty Burges wiues,
Which ſhould haue bene a ſight celeſtiall,
Viue la royna, crying for their liues,
With an armonious ſound angelicall,
In euery corner mirthes muſicall.

But thou tyrant in whom is found no grace,
Our Alleluia haſt turned into alas.

Thou ſhouldeſt haue hard the ornate oratours,
Making to hir highnes ſalutation,
Both of the Clergy, towne and Counſelers,
With many a notable narration,
Thou ſhouldeſt haue ſeene hir coronation,
In the fayre Abbay of the holy Roode,
In preſence of a myrthfull multitude.

Suche banketing, ſuch cherefull ornaments,
On horſe and foote that time ſhould haue bene,
Suche royall cheere with ſuche inſtrumentes,
And crafty muſick ſinging from the ſplene.
But all this great ſolemnitie and game,
Turned thou haſt into Requiem eternam.

Inconſtant worlde thy friendſhip I defie,
Since ſtrength, nor wiſdome, riches nor honour,
Vertue nor beautie, none can certifie,
Within thy bondes to remayne one howre.
What auayleth to the king and Emperour,
Since Princely puiſſance may not be releaſt,
Nor ſenatours in order conſequent
From death, whoſe dolour can not be expreſt:

Since man in earth hath no place permanent,
But all muſt paſſe by that horrible port,
Let vs pray to the Lorde omnipotent,
That dolefull day to be our great comfort,
That in his Realme we may with him reſort,

Which from hel with his bloud raunſomed bene,
With Magdalene ſometime of Scotland Quene

O death though thou may deuour the body
Of euery man, yet haſt thou no puiſſaunce,
Of their vertue to conſume the glory,
As ſhall be ſeene of Magdalen of Fraunce,
Whom quickly our Poets ſhall aduaunce,
And put hir in perpetuall memorie,
So ſhall hir fame ouer thee haue victorie.

Though thou haue ſlayne the heauenly flower of
Which lickned was to the thiſtle kene, (Fraunce,
Wherin al Scotland ſet their whole pleaſance,
And made the Lion reioyſed from the ſplene.
Though roote be pulled from the leaues greene,
The ſmell of it ſhall in deſpite of thee,
Keepe theſe two Realmes in peace and amitie.

The complaynt and publique confeſſion of the kings olde Hounde called *Bagſhe*, directed to *Bawtie* the Kings beſtbeloued Dog, and his companions: made at the commaundement of King Iames the fifth, by Syr Dauid Lindſay of the Mount, knight, *alias*, Lion, King of Armes. &c.

ALas, to whom ſhould I complayne,
In mine extreame neceſſitie,
Or vnto whom declare my payne?
In Court no dogge will doe for me.

Beſeching ſome for charitie,
To beare my ſupplication
To Scudlar, Luffra, and Bawtie,
Now ere the king forth of town be gone.

The Court I long haue followed ſo,
Till in good faith no more I may,
The countrey knoweth I can not go,
I am crooked, old, and ſore in decay,
That I wot not whither to take my way.
For when I had authoritie,
I thought my credite ſtill would ſtay,
I neuer dread neceſſitie:

I rew the race that Geordie Steill
Brought Bawtie to the kinges preſence,
I pray god let him neuer do weill,
Since that, I gat no audience.
For Bawtie now getteth ſuch credence,
That he lieth on the kinges night gowne furre.
Where I perforce for mine offence
May in the fieldes lie like a curre.

For I haue bene aie to this hower,
Of lambe and hogge a weerier
A Tirant, and a ruffleour,
Of many a dogge a murtherer.
Fine coltes through the thornes I made to ſcour
Wherfore their dames did me weerie.
For they were drowned all in on mier,
Aſke of Iohn Gordon of Pittarie.

Which in his houſe did bring me vp,
And vſed me to ſlay the deere.

Swete milke, and meale he made me ſup,
That craft I toke ſoone to lap cheere,
All other vertue ranne arreere,
When I began to barke and flite:
For there was neither Monke nor Frier,
Nor wife, nor childe, but I would bite.

When to the king the caſe was knowne
Of mine vnhappy hardineſſe:
And all the truth vnto him ſhowne,
How euery Dog I did oppreſſe:
Then gaue his grace commaund expreſſe,
I ſhould be brought to his preſence.
Notwithſtanding my wickedneſſe:
In court I gat great audience.

I ſhewed my great ingratitude
To the Captaine of Badzeno,
Which in his houſe did finde me foode
Two yeare with other houndes mo.
But when I ſaw that it was ſo
That I grew hie into the Court,
For his reward I wrought him wo,
And cruelly I did him hurt.

So they that gaue me to the king,
I was their mortall enemie.
I tooke care of no kinde of thing,
But to pleaſe the kinges maieſty.
But when he knew my crueltie,
My falſhood, and my plaine oppreſſion,
He gaue commaund that I ſhould be
Hanged without confeſſion.

And yet, bicauſe that I was olde,
His grace thought pity for to hang me.
But let me wander where I would,
Then ſat my foes to fang me,
And euery butchers dog downe dang me,
When I hoped moſt a Lord to be:
Then in the Court eche wight did wrang me,
This I obtayned for my remedy.

I had weeried blacke Makeſoune
But knaues came vs a ſundre to part and red,
Howbeit he was baniſhed out of the town,
After the king ſaw how I bled,
He cauſde me be laid vpon a bed,
For with a knife I was miſcheeued.
This Makeſoune for feare he fled
A long time, or he was releeued.

And Patrike Striuſling in Ergile,
I bare him backward to the ground.
And had him ſlaine within a while,
Were not the helping of one hownd.
Yet gat he many a bloudie wound,
As yet his marked ſkin can teſtifie.
Find me a dog where euer ye found,
Hath blouded ſo many ſhirtes as I.

Good brother Lanceman, Lindeſairs dog,
which aie haſt kept thy loiall duetie,
And neuer weeried lambe nor hog,
Pray Luffra, Scudlar, and Bawty
Of me Bagſhe to haue pitie,
And prouide me a portion,
In Dumfermeling, where I may enioyne mee
Penance for mine extortion.

Let there be made by ſolicitation,
A letter from the kings grace,
That I may haue collation
With fire and candle in the place.
But I will liue ſhort time alas,
If fleſh for my gummes I want freſh and good,
Betwixt Aſhewedneſday and Paſke,
I may weerie lambes and ſucke their bloud.

Bawtie, conſider well this bill,
And reade this ſchedule that I ſend you,
And euery poynt thereof fulfill,
And now in time of miſſe amend you.
I pray you that you not pretend you
To climbe ouer hie, nor no wrong to doe,
But from your foes with right defend you,
And take example how I go.

I was, that no man durſt come neare me,
Nor put me forth of my lodging.
No Dog durſt from my dinner driue me,
When I was tender with the king.
Now euery Dog doth me out thring,
The which before were wronged by me.
And ſweares I am fit for none other thing,
But in an haulter hanged to be.

FINIS.

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foote, dwelling in Paules churchyard
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